

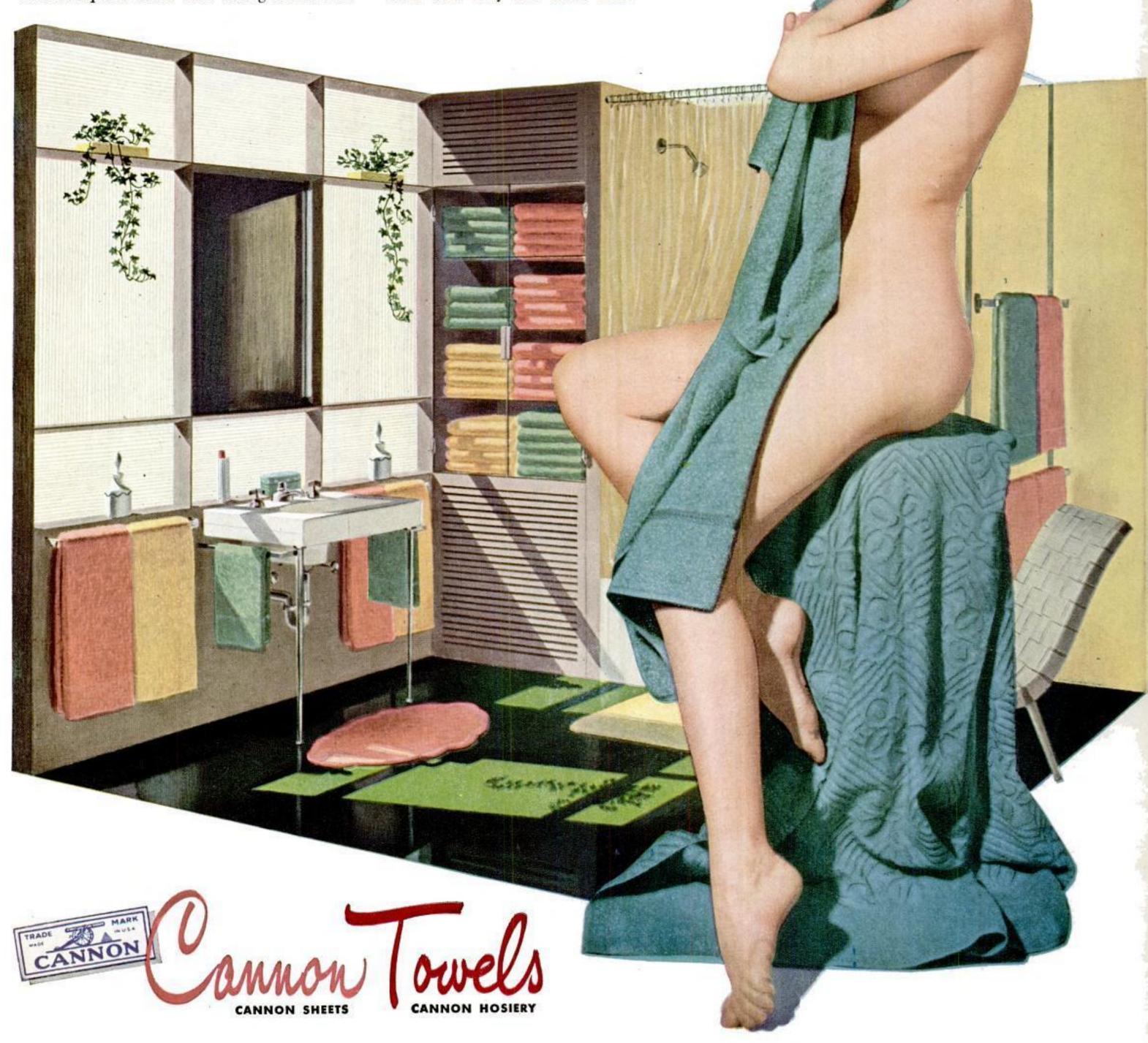
Wake Up and Dream!

There's a room you can call your own shortly after Victory . . . a room that's not a formless fantasy but a perfectly practical modern miracle of crystal, porcelain and harmonious towel textures.

There you will find the towel wardrobe you've longed for, complete in every colorful detail. Not just the limited selection of Cannon towels now available for your waitit-out requirements. But the glorious new shades, patterns and matchless values for every purse and purpose, made possible by Cannon's vast resources and style leadership.

Cannon, the world's largest towel maker, will once again be making fashion talk in the bathroom of tomorrow.

Just two things more are needed: your dreams and plans for the bathroom you really want . . . and a backlog of War Bonds to make sure they will come true.



WAR BONDS BOUGHT NOW will help speed Victory and some day will help decorate a room for you as lovely as the one you see here. One feature, of course, will be the treasure of its own wardrobe of perfectly matched

and color-schemed Cannon bath and face towels, wash cloths, finger-tip towels, bath mats and rugs. But that must wait until our Armed Forces no longer need so much of our production.



Cars on snowshoes

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

WHEN there was danger that the Japs might invade Alaska the army needed a new kind of vehicle to travel fast on deep snow—or on ice, through water, swamps or on hard roads. It had to have "tank treads", not wheels, and it had to be so light it would "float" on snow.

B. F. Goodrich men had developed light rubber-covered treads for "half-track" vehicles, but even those were too heavy. Could they be made much

lighter? Could "fins" be added to push against snow, but which still wouldn't touch ground on a hard road? Could they get the answers quickly?

For fastening rubber to metal, rubber men had always used molds—and molds took six months to make. B. F. Goodrich developed a method of blowing the rubber on the metal with compressed air. It was faster and worked just as well. They designed new treads while an automobile company was designing the machine itself. The "weasel", as it is called, is one of the fastest things off wheels. They used it in France instead of Alaska, but the snowshoes turned out to be the best kind of sandshoes and mudshoes.

B. F. Goodrich research goes on in war or peace and applies to every kind of tire—passenger-car, truck, farm, industrial. No tire is too good to be improved or too standardized to change when needs of users or materials available have changed.

Urgent military needs like this have

caused a temporary shortage of truck tires. During that shortage, B. F. Goodrich dealers offer you special service to help make your present tires last longer. Let them help you, and when you must have new tires get those backed by this policy of constant improvement. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

B.F. Goodrich Truck & Bus Tires



Bring out natural lustre in your hair like Tovely Fowers Mon



Models have to be up on every beauty trick. And just leave it to these gorgeous "million dollar" Powers Models to discover the remarkably beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo.

The Beauty-Benefits Of Kreml Shampoo

Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp scrupulously clean of dirt and loose dandruff. You'll be thrilled the way it brings out the natural sparkling beauty-the shining highlights that lie concealed in your and every girl's hair.

Notice how much softer, silkier and easier to set your hair is after you glamour-bathe it with Kreml Shampoo. It leaves hair gleaming with its natural silken-sheen beauty, which is dynamic date-bait!

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry or Brittle

There are no harsh chemicals or caustics in Kreml Shampoo. Instead it's a mild gentle shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out so easily and never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.

Kreml Shampoo is excellent for every color of hair and for every type whether oily or dry. At all drug or department stores.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC Good Houseke



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

"MARY MARLIN"

In your Sept. 11 picture spread on The Story of Mary Marlin you said that the 9-year-old radio show was sponsored by General Foods. I understand that you were able to correct this error in later copies and to give credit to Standard Brands Products, Tenderleaf Tea and Fleischmann's Yeast, as the sponsor of this popular program. I am writing you to set the record straight for all your readers, many of whom are no doubt also constant listeners-in on The Story of Mary Marlin.

> JAMES S. ADAMS President

Standard Brands, Inc. New York, N.Y.

 LIFE's sincere apologies to Standard Brands for incorrectly identifying the sponsors of one of radio's most successful and long-lived "soap operas."-ED.

Mary Marlin's story does not start with Joe Marlin's going to the U.S. Senate. I recall hearing earlier broadcasts of when they were first married. Joe had an affair with a girl in the town who even tried to dupe him into believing that he was going to be the father of her child, all of which turned out to be a ruse.

MRS. M. GENDERSON Washington, D. C.

 Reader Genderson is correct. Joe Marlin redeemed himself so completely that he was elected senator, where LIFE's story took up the plot.

SPIRIT OF FRANCE

Sirs:

Ralph Morse has captured the real essence of the true spirit of France (LIFE, Sept. 4) with his picture of the kneeling Frenchman in U. S. uniform, the mud of France trickling through his fingers, the rapt serenity on his face easing its tired lines, holding in his hand



the symbol of all the things which make life dear to him—those things which were ruthlessly swept from his grasp four years ago.

To me there could not be a more fitting symbol for the retaking and liberation of France, the relationship and unity of purpose between nations than this Frenchman in American uniform getting back his handful of freedom.

MRS. WM. A. SPRINGER Asperment, Texas

GREECE

I have read with great interest Mr. Perlin's article which you published in your Sept. 4 issue. Please convey my warmest congratulations to Mr. Perlin for giving such a marvelous picture of the heroic Greek guerrilla warfare.

(continued on p. 4)



With the Armed Forces, it's CHAP STICK ten to one. From Alaska to the torrid tropics, it's the favorite comforter for chapped, cracked lips.

CHAP STICK for men who fight



... Soothing on young, tender lips. CHAP STICK is the friendly comforter when baby drools or has a cold.

CHAP STICK for sore, parched lips



"I'm no quiz kid, but my Ma sure knows the answer for chapped, sore lips. Every one in my house gets his own private CHAP STICK."

CHAP STICK for every member of the family



CHAP STICK . . . a national best seller for chapped lips! A boon companion to menat war. A troubleshooter for the lips of millions in all walks of life. After exposure to heat or cold-sun, wind or weather ... Use specially-medicated CHAP STICK! It keeps lips fit!

Chap Stick Co.... Lynchburg, Va.



Volume 17

BUT MISS CHASE, SONOTONE SELLS



HEARING — NOT JUST A HEARING AID

"F JUST buying a standardized, over-the-counter hearing aid could solve your hearing problems, why that would be pretty wonderful for you and all the hard-of-hearing millions in America. You'd just lay down a few dollars, put on your new instrument, and 'tune in' good hearing for the rest of your lucky life!

"But unfortunately", continued Sonotone Consultant W. L. Fawcett of the Hartford, Conn., office, "hearing just doesn't happen that way. Years of experience with hundreds of thousands of hard of hearing people has proved to us here at Sonotone that no 'ready-made' instrument can help all ordinary hearing problems.

"We know that to give you better hearing, we have to give you more than a hearing aid. And in every one of our 160 offices you will find this Sonotone Creed which lists in specific detail the service that Sonotone believes you have to have in addition to your hearing aid, to give you better hearing.



(1) "Sonotone's ambition is to give you UNINTERRUPTED HEARING! So I start by making a picture (Audiogram) of your hearing loss, showing which tones in the speech range you have lost and where your hearing needs amplification.



(2) "Hearing problems aren't standardized. Every case is different, so from a choice of hundreds of possible fitting combinations your Sonotone hearing aid is 'tailor-made'—individualized to your personal hearing needs.



(3) "Then comes a "conversation" test to see how well you can understand the spoken word. If this test shows adjustments are needed, Sonotone's many fitting combinations allow the amplification to be fitted more closely to your needs.



(4) "Next, research specialists in Sonotone's laboratories compare your Audiogram and the fitting it indicates with experience gained from studying over 250,000 other such Audiograms now in our records. They may advise further adjustments.



(5) "Then, I want to see you regularly, to check your hearing, make new Audiograms, readjust your fitting, if needed, and in every possible way give you UNINTERRUPTED HEARING!



(6) "This is our service Creed in action . . . and personal help is its cornerstone. We start with the finest hearing aid yet developed, and add to it all this service to make sure your hearing is uninterrupted. THAT IS WHAT YOU GET FROM SONOTONE!"

DO YOU WANT THE HAPPIEST JOB IN AMERICA?

A lifetime job? A fascinating, satisfying job that makes you a good living . . . a respected and looked-up-to member of your community . . . and lets you go to sleep each night with the comforting knowledge that you have made somebody else's life happier that day.

As you realize from reading this page, 14 years' experience has convinced Sonotone that you get your hearing from a man! The hearing aid is important, of course, but the man, the technical specialist, the Sonotone Consultant who fits it, adjusts it, teaches you to use it and watches over your hearing, is vastly more important.

Sonotone sales are jumping fast. Each new user is a new obligation to give service. There is a new national interest in better hearing. There will be thousands of battle-deafened men from the armed forces to care for. And we need many more sincere, hard-working men and women to be trained as Consultants. Do you want such a job? For details visit your local Sonotone office or write King Cooper, Vice President, Sonotone Corporation, Elmsford, N. Y.

SONOTONE

A personal service that seeks to give you BETTER HEARING FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

> Accepted by the Council on Physical Medicine of the American Medical Association

There are over 160 Sonotone offices. The office nearest you is listed in your local telephone directory. Phone for information or write SONOTONE, ELMSFORD, N. Y. In Canada: write 229 Yonge St., Toronto. In England, 144 Wigmore St., London, W. 1. Also available in the world's principal countries. If you live in the U. S. A. write for a free copy of "Hearing Through the Years".

BUY MORE WAR BONDS TODAY!





"I wouldn't do that again for any man!"



GIRL: Look, Boss... there's a limit! This is the last time I'll copy that letter! If you don't like it now...

BOSS: How could I like it? I can't even read these blurred, sloppy carbon copies!

GIRL: That's your fault! I've told you about *Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper, but you wouldn't listen. So I bought a box of Park Avenue just to show you what I can do when I have the right tools to work with. Look at this:

See how sharp, clean, and legabel this carbon copy is. It's made with deep-inked Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper.



GIRL: And that funny spelling is on purpose . . . just to show you how neatly and quickly I can make erasures on a copy made with Roytype's clean-handling carbon paper. Take a look!

See how sharp, clean, and

this carbon copy



BOSS: You win, sister! This office is switching to Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper! Now what can we do to make our originals crisp and snappy, too?

GIRL: I've already done it! I put a Roytype Ribbon in my machine. Roytype Ribbons are made by a special process that permits the ink to flow through the fabric into the used parts. This keeps 'em full of life, and helps you turn out clean, sharp-looking letters. See?

BOSS: I see a couple of things. I see that you're a very smart girl . . . and I see that it's Roytype around here from now on.

See your Royal Representative or Roytype Dealer today. Buy on the Coupon Plan and save money.

ROYTYPE

Carbon Papers and Ribbons made by the

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

*Trade-mark Registered U.S. Pat. Off.

Copr. 1944, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Mr. Perlin's courageous participation in the Greek war, together with the gallant British Commandos, stirs our hearts with admiration. It is another contribution of the glorious American forces and people to the fight for liberty, for which Greece is grateful.

NICHOLAS G. LELY New York, N. Y.

PAWLING CHURCHGOERS

Sirs:

In your "Dewey's Pawling" story (LIFE, Sept. 11), the line about attendance at the Quaker Hill Church being "high because the Deweys and Thomases attend regularly" brought a quick reaction. This past weekend, when I was on a tour of Alabama and Florida air bases, I received the following wire from a Quaker Hill neighbor: "Knowing she would see neither Tom Dewey nor you, my wife put her foot down and refused to go to church today. It's the first time I have been able to duck church this year. Hope you both stay away indefinitely!"

LOWELL THOMAS

New York, N. Y.

KOREA

Sirs:

I was greatly interested in your timely article on Korea (LIFE, Sept. 4). It might have been to our advantage to have made more use of Korea's efficient espionage system prior to and following the start of the war. I have never yet read any official denial of the widespread rumor that Korean spies had given our State Department forewarning of the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, even to the very day it was to take place.

Regarding the Koreans' love for white garments mentioned in the article, I should like to relate an incident which illustrates the Japanese attitude toward subject peoples. Several years before Pearl Harbor a young lady of this community accepted an offer to teach in a mission school in Korea. A year or so later when she returned home, she spoke of the Koreans' pride in their dazzling white clothes and the amount of time expended by Korean women in washing them. She related how, one evening when the Koreans were out on

(continued on p. 6)

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October 2, 1944

Volume 17 Number 14



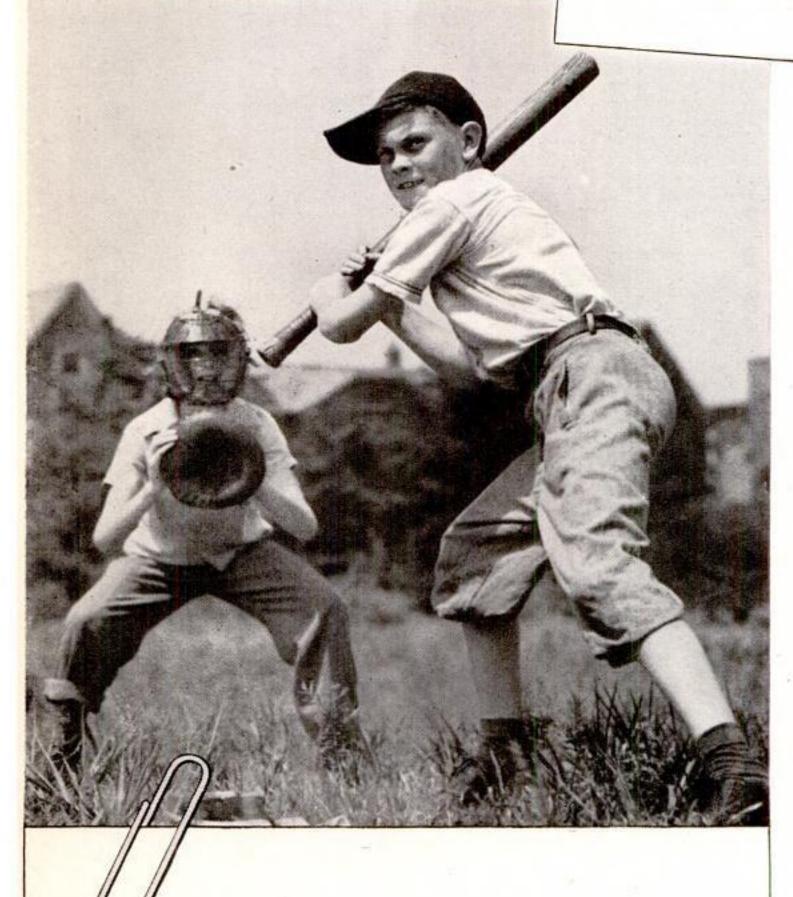
Their beauty of line, correct support and wearing comfort "stand up" gloriously . . . because Maiden Form uses only quality materials and tailors each brassiere with scrupulous care, to make sure it gives you long and faithful service.

If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16. BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS!



EPILEPSY-

Controlled or Uncontrolled?



Controlled

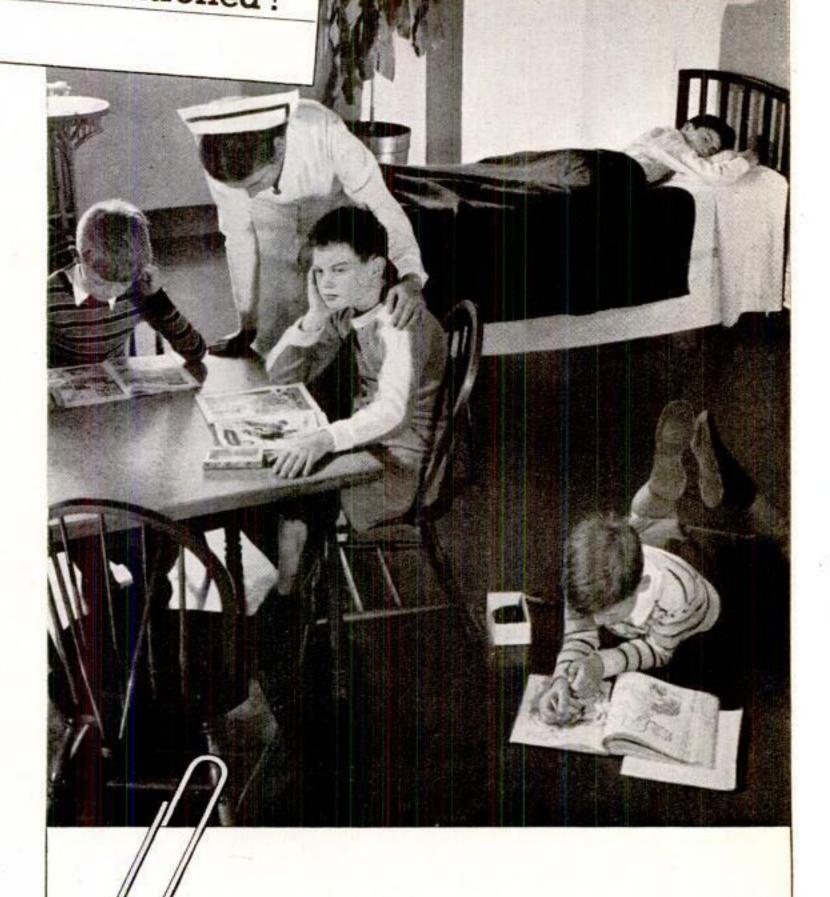
Roger A.: Had first attack when ten years old.

Promptly placed under doctor's care.

Seizures controlled by medical treatment.

Attacks much less frequent, and steadily less severe, under continued treatment.

Boy alert, healthy, intelligent. Can look forward to normal, useful life.



Uncontrolled

Thomas B.: Had first attack when ten years old.

Family felt little could be done, so did not consult doctor.

Attacks steadily more frequent, more intense. Doctor summoned when child was hurt in convulsive fall.

Too late to do more than give temporary aid during severe attacks.

Boy's mind and general condition weakened by long succession of unrelieved seizures.

Today, the whole outlook on epilepsy has changed.

Thanks to new scientific discoveries, the child suffering from epilepsy is now afforded a better-than-even chance of living a normal life. The doctor should be consulted at the first sign of this disease, for it is now possible to lessen the frequency of attacks, prevent very serious after-effects...

And, in a large percentage of cases, to completely control the malady.

A HEALTHY NATION FIGHTS BEST-SEE YOUR DOCTOR

PHARMACEUTICALS • BIOLOGICALS • SURGICAL DRESSINGS

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURING LABORATORIES
DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

Advertisement No. 189 in a Parke, Davis & Co. series on the importance of prompt and proper medical care.



Accent on freedom ...

• Yes, indeed, here's freedom for you! You feel free and unrestrained, easy as a breeze, whatever day of the month it is.

How's it done? Let others tell you ...

49,701 women who recently switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins gave as their reasons "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!"

Those 49,701 recently discovered new comfort. So isn't it time you tried this new kind of freedom?

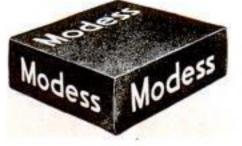
You'll fully agree with Miss D. L. F., who says, "Modess' extra comfort and protection give me more freedom."

You'll find Modess is much softer—because of its gentle, softspun filler. So much safer—because a triple, full-length safety shield at the back gives full-way (not half-way) protection!

So today-more than ever-you ought to try Modess. It costs no more.

Discover the Difference-Switch to





LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

the streets in their snowy best, she saw a Japanese policeman take his stand alongside a building on a busy street corner, with a bucket of tar and a brush. Curious as to his intentions, she paused to watch. As each Korean strolled past, the policeman would dip his brush in the tar and, stepping out from his place of concealment, bring it down the victim's back, leaving a broad black streak on the erstwhile immaculate garment. The idea, doubtless, was to discourage the wearing of white, so that the time and labor spent on their clothes could be devoted to the Japanese war effort against China.

GEORGE EVERLINE

Hagerstown, Md.

Sirs:

The story "Korea" makes no mention of the Korean admiral Yi-Sun Sin of whom Admiral Bullard, England's naval historian, wrote: "It is always difficult for an Englishman to admit that Nelson ever had an equal in his profession, but if any man is to be so regarded it is surely this great naval commander of Asiatic race who never knew defeat . . ."

L. E. WIMAN

Schenectady, N. Y.

◆ Admiral Yi-Sun Sin was the inventor of the "Tortoise Boats," the world's first iron-clad warships. In 1592 he sailed against the Japanese Navy and employed his ships so brilliantly that he utterly routed the five Japanese fleets sent against him. At his hands the Japanese suffered the only naval defeat Japan acknowledges in her entire history.—ED.

POLAND

Sirs:

It was indeed a great pleasure for me to see the articles by Jan Karski and R. L. Buell about Poland (LIFE, Aug. 28.)

May I thank you and your collaborators for this friendly gesture to my country, especially at this time. The gallant fight of Warsaw closely coincides with the fifth anniversary of the outbreak of the war, which started with Germany's aggression on Poland on Sept. 1, 1939.

I trust that the Polish people, who in these five years have never given up resisting and fighting, will soon have an opportunity to see this fine issue of LIFE which they will deeply appreciate and for which they will be truly grateful.

> JAN CIECHANOWSKI Ambassador of Poland

Washington, D. C.

MATH LESSON

Sirs:

In the story about the class of '86 (LIFE, Sept. 4) you stated that Teacher Elizabeth Roberts was 21 years old in 1886; however, a few sentences later you say that she is now 79 years old. If she was 21 in 1886 she would now be 82 years old. Let's make up our minds now. Is she 79 or 82?

JOHN E. BACON JR. Corpus Christi, Texas

• Try again.—ED.

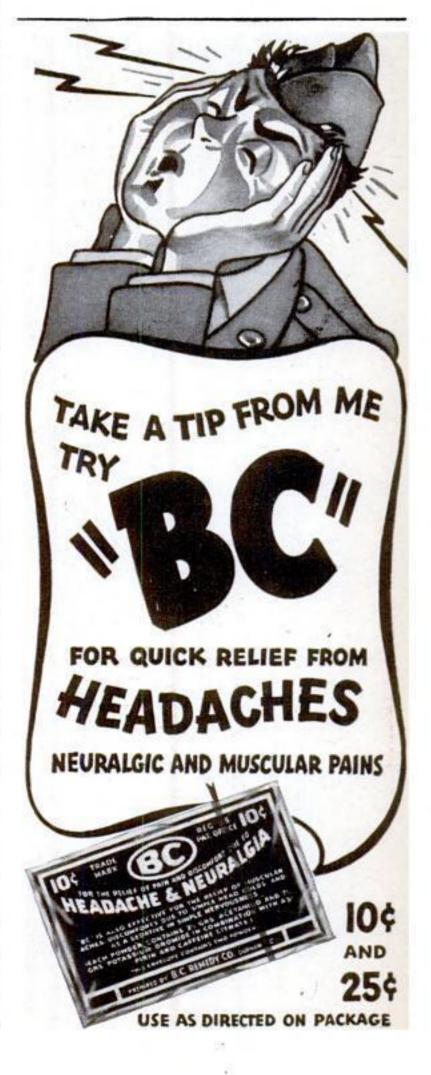
FASHIONS

Sirs:

What has happened to the American women correspondents? Do they intend to give the women in this country an inferiority complex? Since the liberation of Paris (LIFE, Sept. 11) we keep reading about the immortal charm and taste of the European woman, especially the Parisienne.

Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush



(continued on p. 8)



Use TAVERN WAX__ it RESISTS WATER SPOTS!

TAVERN Non-Hab

on linoleum floors. And it's the only type of wax for rubber or asphalt tile! A cinch to apply. Just spread it on—let it dry for 20 minutes—and your floors have a finish that lasts and lasts—gets brighter with use. Damp mopping won't wash it away.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

TAVERN PASTE AND LIQUID WAXES clean as they polish!

Give months of protection to woodwork, wood floors, furniture, and all painted surfaces. Ideal for heavy traffic spots. Both waxes need a bit of buffing, but the shine you get is worth it! Like Tavern Non-Rub Wax, they resist water spots!



Tavern is a symbol of welcome and hospitality. Typical is Sir John Falstaff Inn at Gad's Hill. England

Try these other Socony-Vacuum Aids to Easy Housekeeping...





from every kind of paint except water-mixed paints. Harmless to hands, clothes. Non-inflammable.

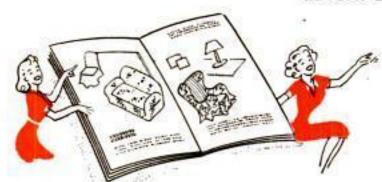


TAVERN WINDOW CLEANER gives glass a million-dollar sparkle! Doesn't streak, doesn't chap your hands, has a nice scent.



job on rugs, upholstery. Makes them look bright and new. Noncaustic, non-inflammable.

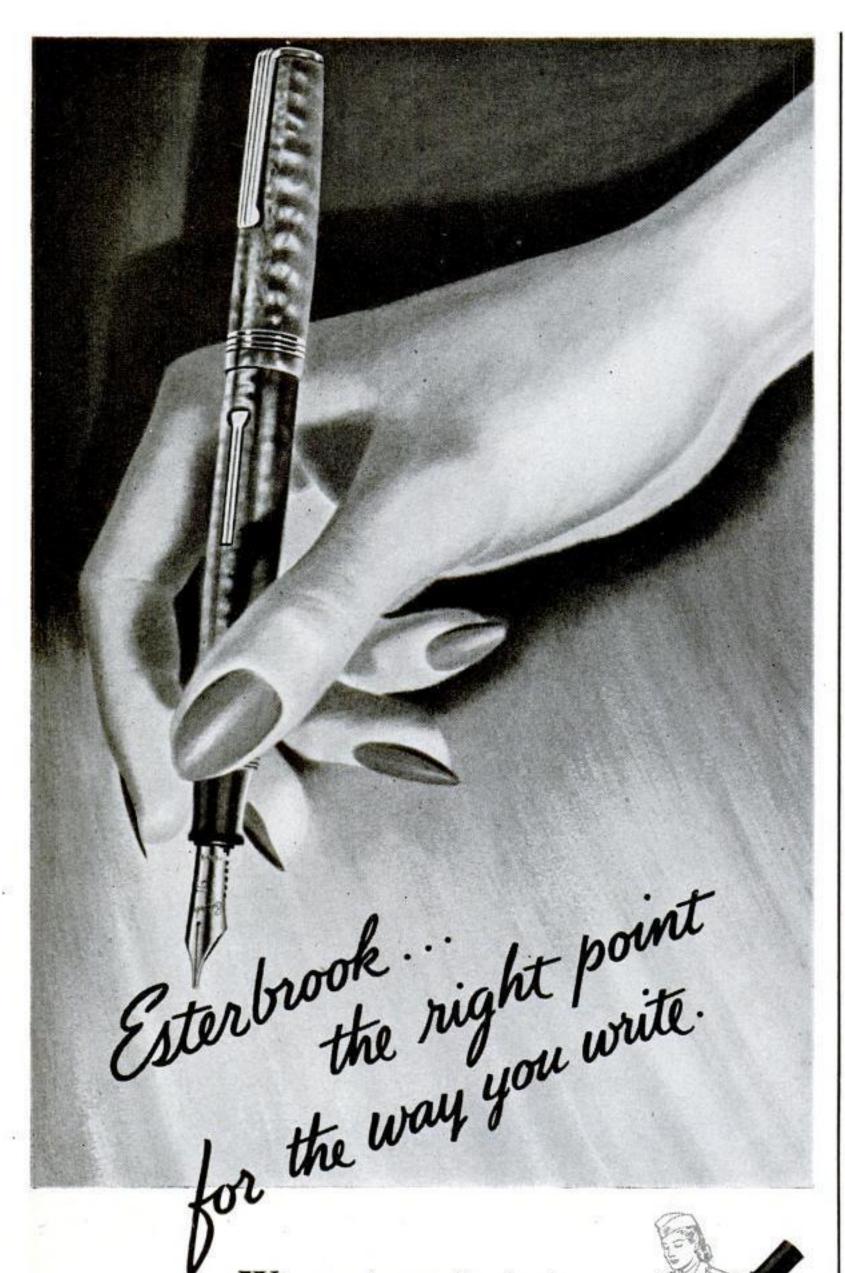
Clio: Tavern Lustre Cloth • Tavern Furniture Gloss • Tavern Parowax or Paraseal Wax • Tavern Candles
Tavern Leather Preserver • Tavern Electric Motor Oil



Bright reading for home decorators!

WRITE FOR "BETTER HOMEMAKING"—a picture-packed book with 33 doit-yourself decorating ideas for your home! Written by Effa Brown, famous artist and decorator. Mail 10¢ to Socony-Vacuum, Dept. B, 26 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.

ASK FOR TAVERN HOME PRODUCTS AT YOUR FAVORITE DEPARTMENT, HARDWARE OR GROCERY STORE



When you buy an Esterbrook Fountain Pen, your stationer will ask you to choose your point from a selection of precisionmade Renew-Points. Your hand will tell you when you come to the right Esterbrook Point for the way you write . . . Then you have a pen that is precisely yours. You can keep it faithfully yours with a new Renew-Point in case of point damage -no repair delay-simply specify your Renew-Point number and screw it in the barrel yourself.

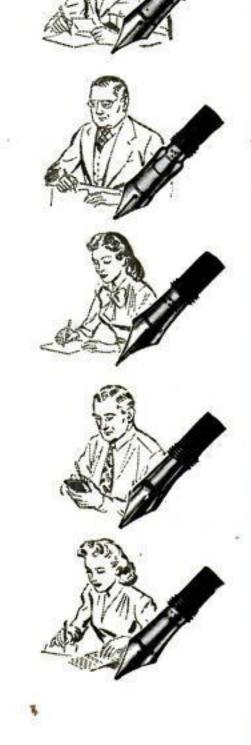
> Sold by leading stationers and fountain pen dealers everywhere

THE ESTERBROOK PEN CO., Camden, New Jersey

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Esterbruok PENS





LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

We two Viennese sisters, who came to this country four years ago, always admire the youthful beauty, the excellent cut, the lovely color combinations of the American ready-to-wear clothes. We who had all those so-called blessings of dressmaker and shoemaker are happy to have escaped them and to know that, whether we spend \$7 or \$15 for a ready-



PARIS FASHION 1944



U. S. FASHION 1944

to-wear dress, without the agony of endless fittings, we are still better dressed than our European sisters. . . .

It annoys us greatly to see American women correspondents stand in awe before anything European, whereas the average American woman is far superior to the average European woman as far as beauty, figure, clothes and makeup are concerned-let alone her magnificent hair and beautiful legs.

Why must everything foreign and imported be admired unconditionally? American women should get over this fashion inferiority complex.

JUDITH AND EVA SANDER New York, N. Y.

WASHINGTON'S STAR

In your Sept. 4 issue there is a picture of George Washington's "own flag" with 13 six-pointed stars.

The Washington stars are all fivepointed. His own seal, taken from the family crest, is described as "Argent, two bars and in chief three mullets gules." "Mullets" are five-pointed stars and "gules" means that they are red. This should dispose of the legend of our childhood that Betsy Ross designed the five-pointed star.

HENRY L. PERRY

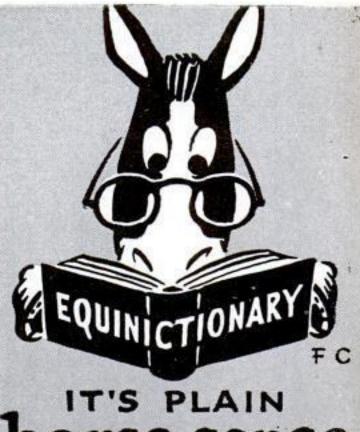
San Francisco, Calif.

• True. America's five-pointed star comes from the Washington family crest, not from the legerdemain of Betsy Ross.-ED.

ERIC JOHNSTON

Sirs:

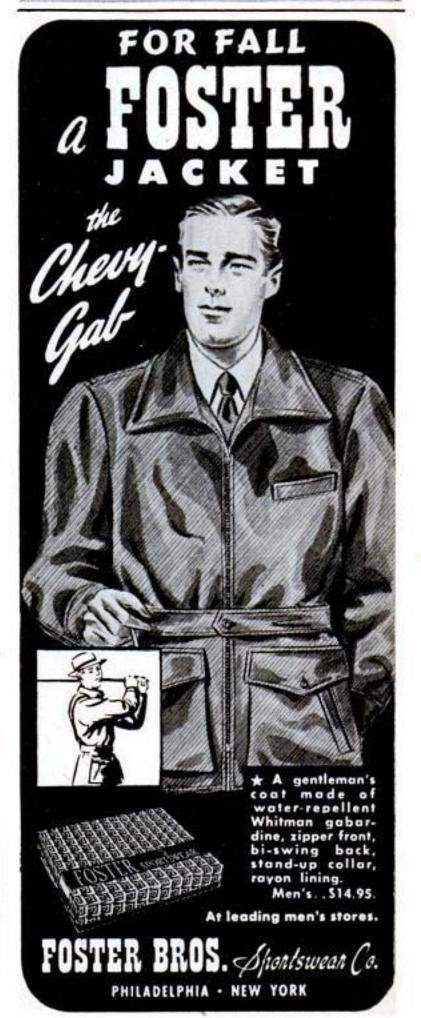
Like the sundial which counts only the sunny hours, Eric Johnston's report of his visit to Russia (LIFE, Sept. 11) dwelt only on the good there. I was getting restive until I read: " . . . when the guest accepts the hospitality of the host



horse sense

Those unsightly flecks are a business and social handicap. Banish loose dandruff completely . . . relieve unpleasant scalp itching and keep your hair lustrous and easy to groom by massaging daily with





(continued on p. 11)

Blacksmiths by the millions!

"And the children coming home from school Look in at the open door; They love to see the flaming forge, And hear the bellows roar . . ."

CHILDREN dropping into General Motors nowadays would see both flaming forges and roaring bellows — lots of them.

But they would see, in addition, millions of little, mechanical blacksmiths doing a strange and fascinating job.

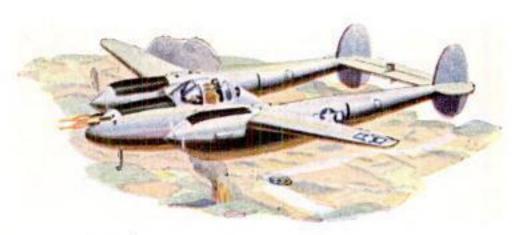
We call it "shot-blasting," and it consists of shooting little steel balls by compressed air at steel surfaces. Every time a little ball hits, it puts the surface under compression. It hardens, strengthens, and the breaking point moves up.

Up to wartime, shot-blasting was one of the many techniques General Motors engineers adopted and developed to make more and better things for more people. Your own car benefited from it.

But suddenly the sky began to fill with rolling, leaping, stunting planes — training for combat. And the straining connecting rods and other vital parts in those planes needed special treatment to keep surface cracks from opening.

Shot-blasting moved in on the job. And those millions of little blacksmiths beat and hard-ened the surfaces of those parts until they were the toughest ever known.

This very day, pilots diving our cannon-bearing planes on enemy tanks ride safer because of this peacetime technique. And that white-starred streak you see in the sky — twisting, rolling, climbing — flies on shafts able



to resist the great strains and stresses set up in action.

America's industrial records are filled with many such highly developed techniques because, in our land, men receive just rewards for their enterprise.

This idea of just rewards helped make our country so good to live in. It has clearly demonstrated its value in war. And it holds the certain promise of more and better things for more people in the fruitful years ahead.

GENERAL MOTORS

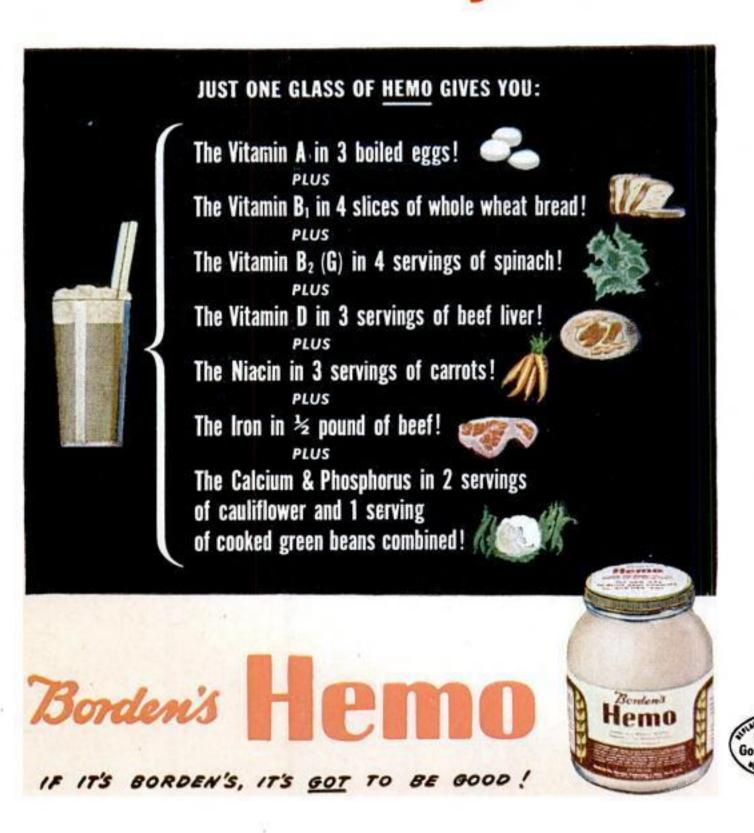
CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network





Pep up the easy Hemo way— Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!



Hemo really does things for oldsters, youngsters-everybody!

Because HEMO supplies vitamins and minerals you need every day—and may not be getting enough of!



HEMO gives you these vital elements in a real food. For HEMO is not a medicine.

HEMO is a delicious, malty, chocolate milk drink...a real food, fortified with MORE vitamins and minerals for your protection!

Look what you get in HEMO!

YOUR ENTIRE DAY'S NEEDS of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂(G), D, and Niacin; and of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus from two glasses of HEMO mixed in milk... according to government standards!

And, lady! How your family will go for refreshing HEMO! They'll love
the way it helps them feel better, work better, act "alive"!

Yes!—and HEMO'll give them extra pep for play when work is done!

Costs so little! The full pound jar of HEMO costs just 59¢ at drug and grocery stores. And it takes only 2 heaping teaspoons (no, you don't need more) mixed in milk for each delicious drink. So let the whole family enjoy the taste-tingling thrill and the



wonderful benefits of HEMO every day! Start 'em off today!

HEMO exceeds adult requirements!

Minimum daily needs set 2 servings of HEMO, by U. S. nutritionists mixed in milk, give 4000 USP units VITAMIN A 4900 USP units 333 USP units VITAMIN B1 400 USP units VITAMIN B2 2 milligrams 3 milligrams 400 USP units VITAMIN D 410 USP units NIACIN. 10.3 milligrams (Not set)

10 milligrams IRON 15.7 milligrams
750 milligrams CALCIUM 950 milligrams
750 milligrams PHOSPHORUS 750 milligrams

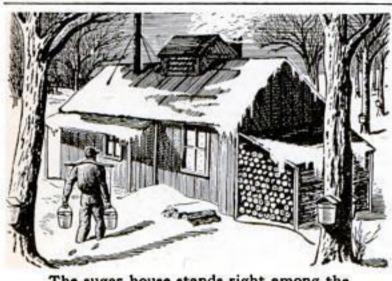
@Borden Co.



In Australia they say: Bonzet



Australian women have always appreciated beauty. That is why they prefer Kayser fashions, fit, and quality. And that is what has made Kayser "The One Brand Name That's a Grand Name the World Over in fabric gloves, lingerie, hosiery, and underthings."



The sugar house stands right among the maple trees so the sugar can be made from freshly gathered sap.

Taste this real maple sugar flavor

The flavor of real maple sugar is a heart-warming and unforgettable treat. And that's the flavor we give you in Vermont Maid Syrup!

First, we choose maple sugar with a full, rich flavor. Then, by skillfully blending it with a combination of cane sugar and other sugars, we enhance the maple flavor-make it richer . . . more delicious.

You get a uniform, real maple sugar flavor every time you pour our Vermont Maid Syrup on your pancakes or waffles. Get Vermont Maid at your grocer's.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

and, after departure, proves himself by making disparaging unworthy remarks."

Mr. Johnston is a diplomat! And an able reporter. Because he's a businessman, too, I hereby nominate Eric Johnston for President in 1948.

HENRY L. LUOMA

Ahmeek, Mich.

Sirs:

Are there any befuddled, bewildered Americans anywhere, in any position, who wouldn't give thanks to have Mr. Eric Johnston representing them abroad as they deserve to be represented? He could give all of us at home and especially those men overseas the confidence in the future so desperately needed at the present time.

THOMAS P. CHAMBERS Jefferson City, Mo.

BATTLE OF THE "PRETTIEST"

Sirs:

Because feminine beauty, in relation to over-all good grooming, is my business, I feel that in all fairness I must protest LIFE's (Sept. 4) photographic survey and its announced deductions as shown in "Which Are The Prettiest?"

Further, . . . I believe that in making a comparative test of this kind, the young ladies all should fall within approximately the same age and money groups. The debutantes of Dallas certainly cannot be compared in grooming and beauty with the teen-agers of Des Moines. Either group would look ridiculous in the other's clothes, for grooming is a matter of age and knowledge and an integral part of beauty. . . .

... I think LIFE has a fight on its hands!

PERC WESTMORE

Burbank, Calif.

■ LIFE has (see below).—ED.

Yes suh! The prettiest, the loveliest, most radiant, charming and heartbreaking-are Texas girls. . .

... I have the honor to be a Texan....

E. L. SITTON

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

Maybe it's because I'm cornfed myself, but I disagree with your selection of the prettiest girls. As far as I can see, the Des Moines Tribune knows what it is talking about.

CHARLES HARKNESS Greenleaf, Kan.

Sirs:

I am a Texas boy myself and indeed grateful to see the pictures of some beautiful girls after having to look at these cornfed Kansans here for six months.

DAVID BORST Lawrence, Kan.

Sirs:

. . . What's the matter with Cleveland? Too-stiff competition?

M. TRATTER Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

To leave San Antonio out of a survey of this nature is like leaving the New York Yankees out of a baseball sur-

HAROLD R. JANSING San Antonio, Texas

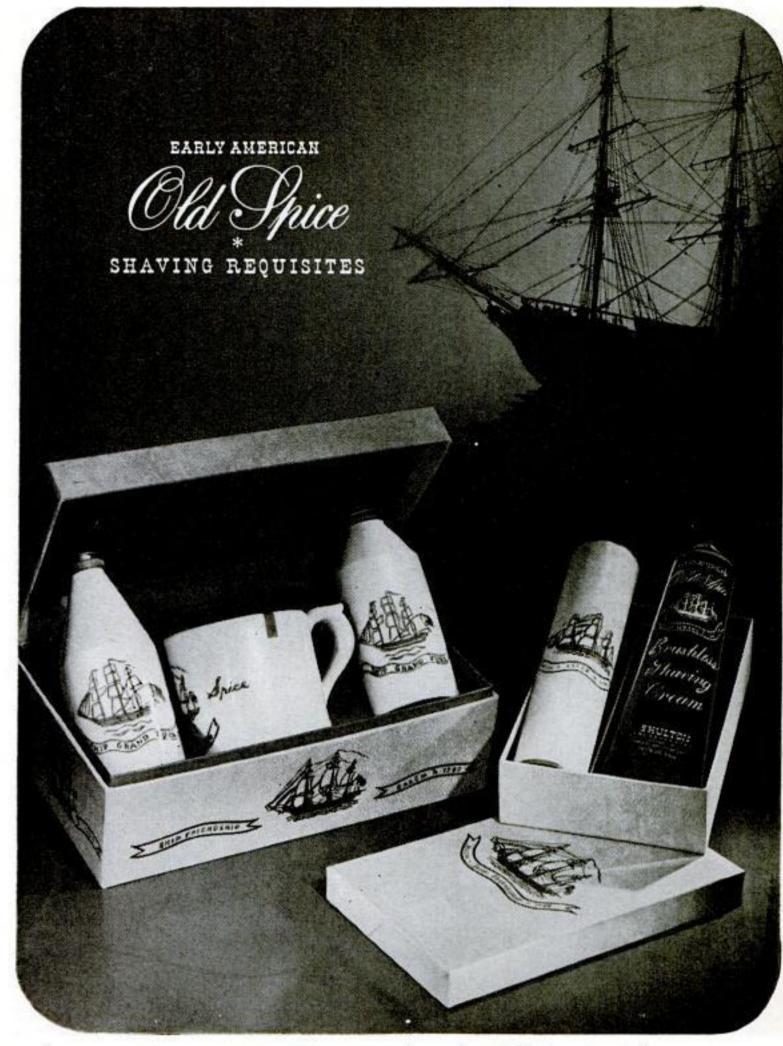
Sirs:

The prettiest girls of all are to be found not in Des Moines, Iowa nor in Dallas, Texas, but right in that haven of feminine grace, beauty and charm. Brooklyn, U. S. A.

JOEL POMERANTZ

Brooklyn, N. Y.

They Click in All Climes



SHIP RECOVERY, 1794-A trade mark of Old Spice for Men

stationed, Old Spice brings a bit of home. Typically American in scent, efficiency and packaging. In handsome gift chests and pottery containers, trading ship decorations. \$1.00 to \$5.00. Each a Shulton Original.

COMPACT SET that travels light. Brushless Cream, paperboard tube of Talcum. \$1.00.

(Proper weight for mailing overseas)

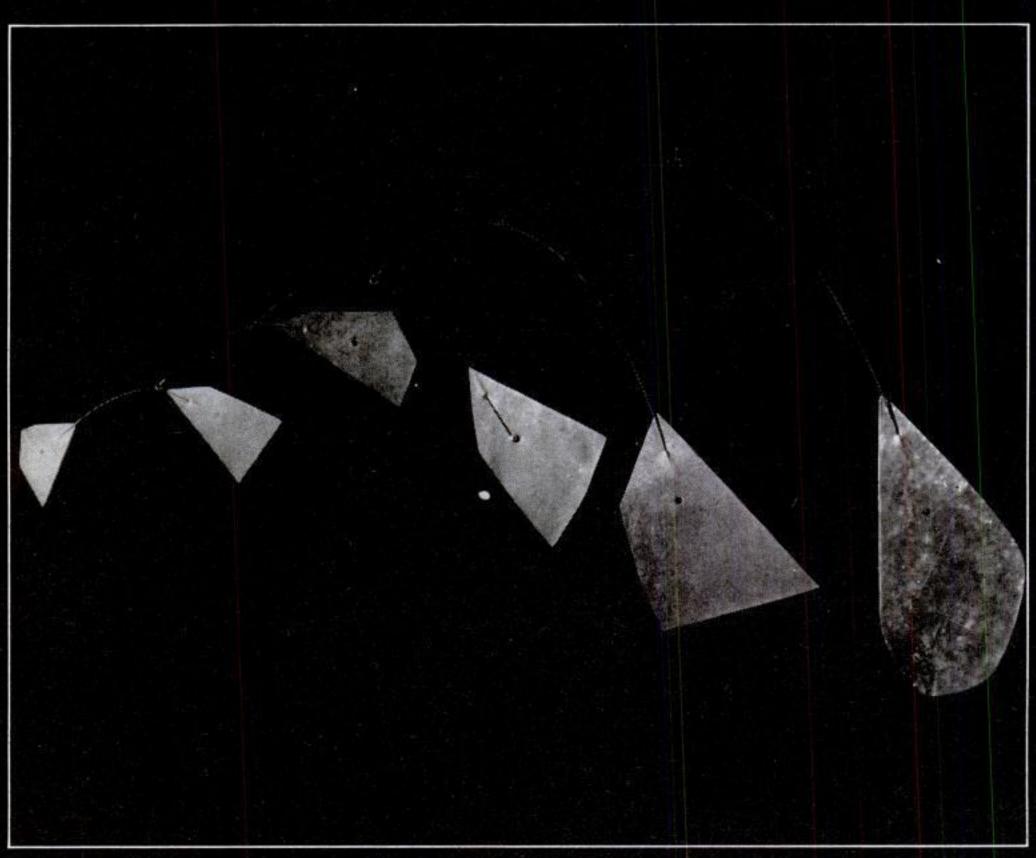
SHAVIN SOAP in pottery mug \$1.00. After-Shaving Lotion \$1.00, Invisible Talcum 75¢. (For Servicemen in this country)

SHOP NOW for Overseas Christmas . . . Mail to the armed forces before October 15, 1944.

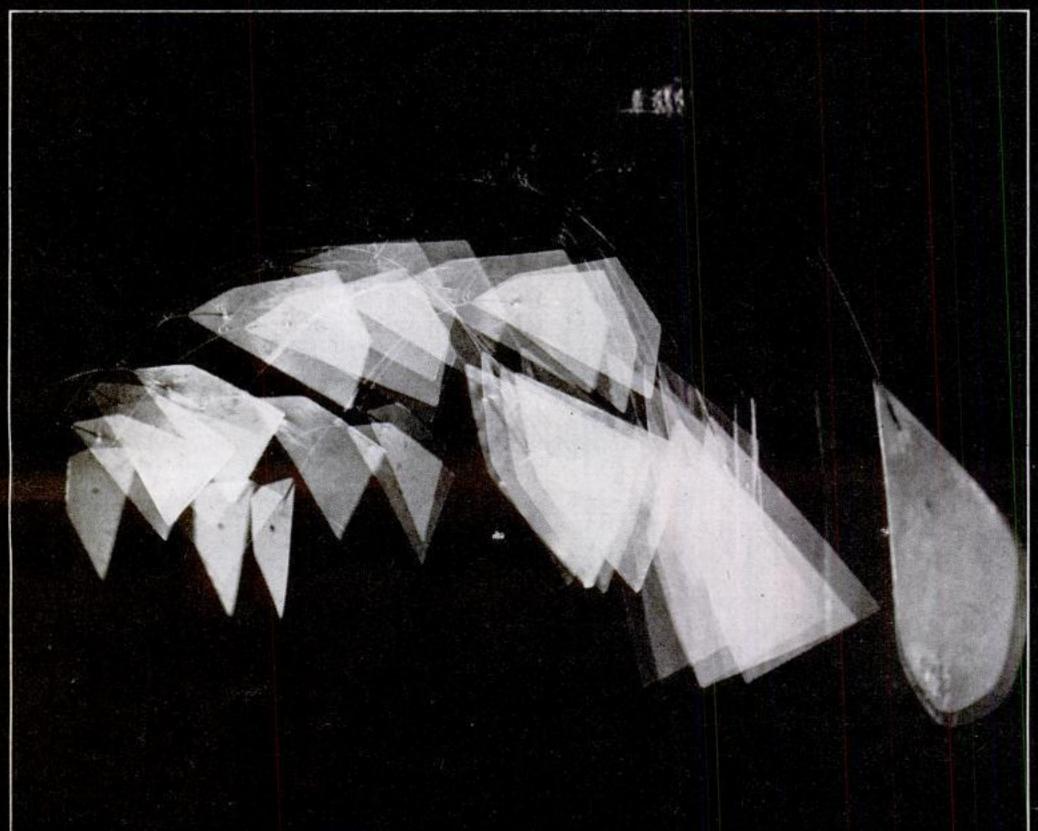
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. . SHULTON, INC. . ROCKEFELLER CENTER . NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

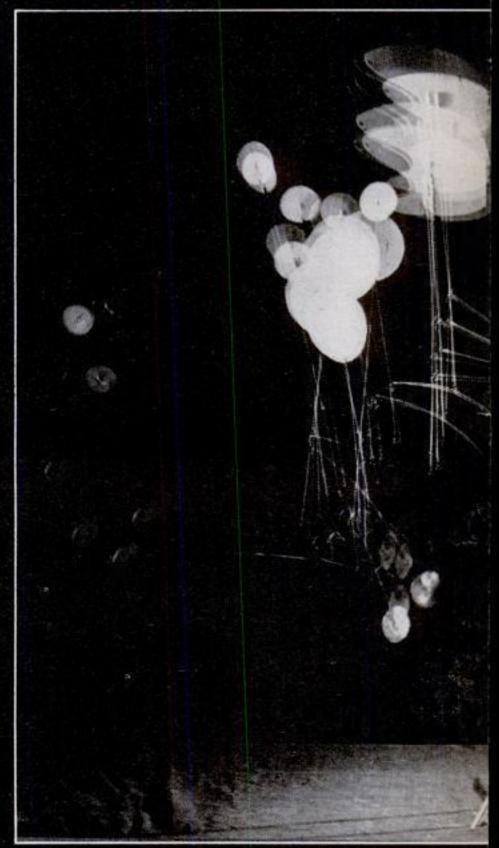
THESE MOBILE SCULPTURES MAKE FANCIFUL PATTERNS



PIECES OF SHEET METAL ARE SUSPENDED BY THIN WIRES. IN MOTION (BELOW) THEY FLUTTER LIKE LEAVES IN A GALE

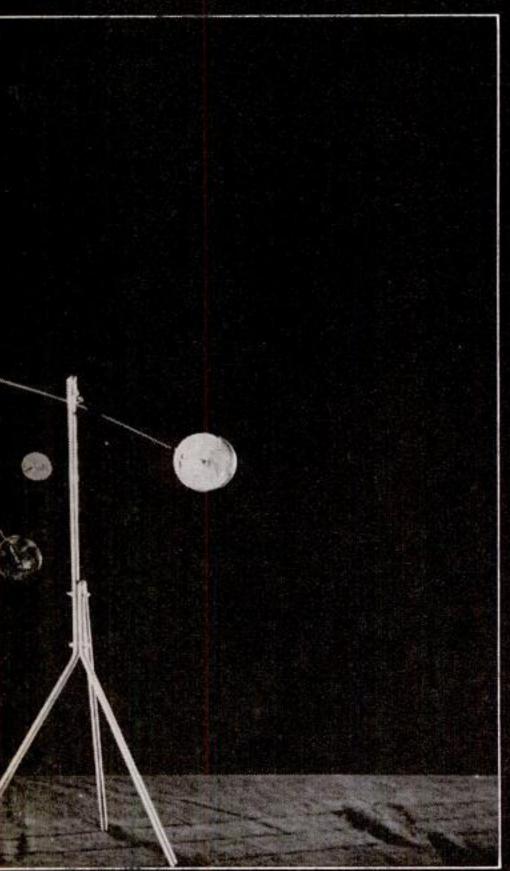


MECHANICALLY BALANCED DESIGN RESTS ON TRIPOD.



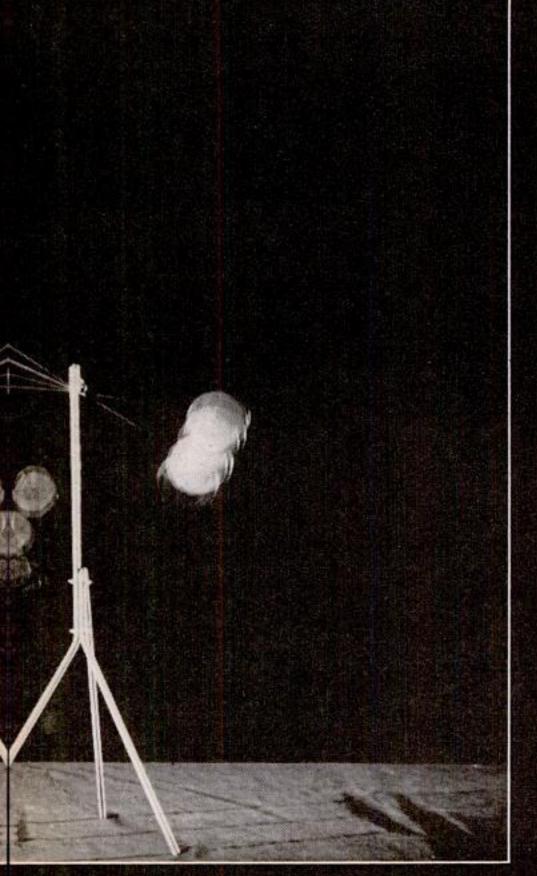
The restless shapes that are pictured here are something called mobile sculpture. They are constructed from bits of metal, wood and wire in a balanced system of weights and counterweights. When still, these "mobiles" form interesting abstract designs. A slight nudge

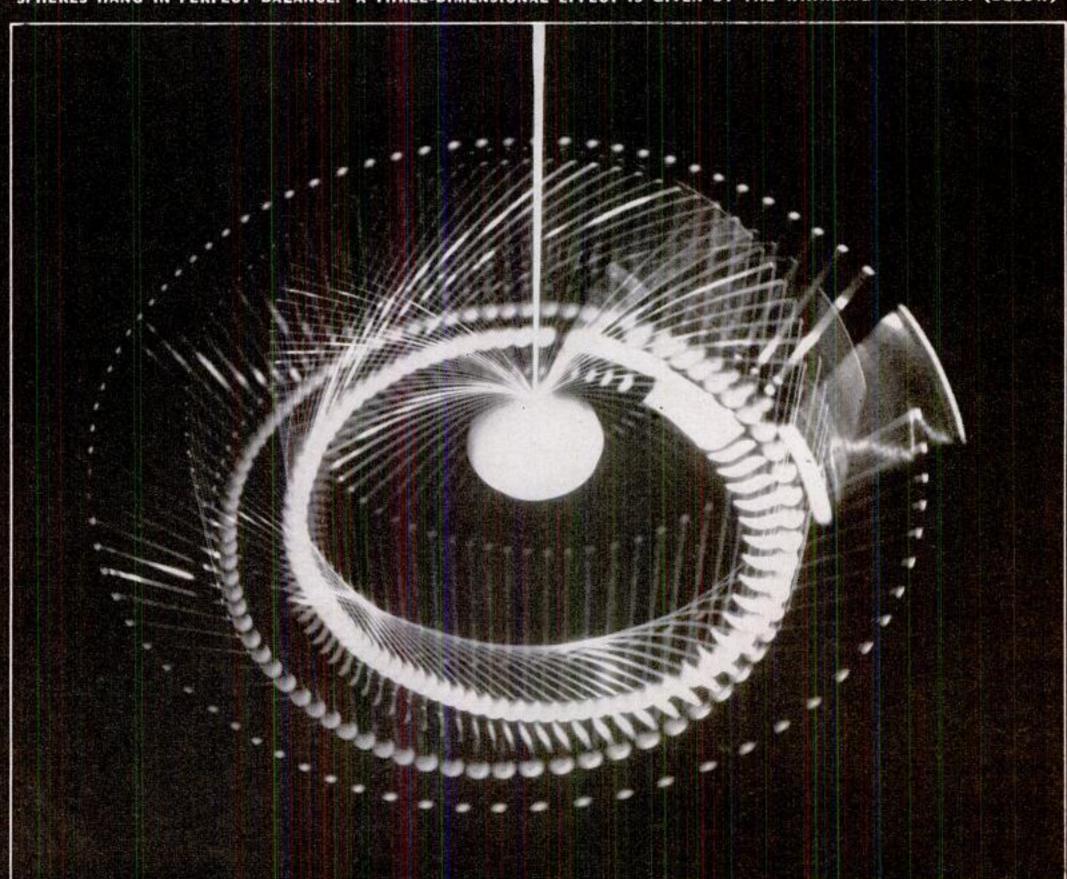
or even a draft from the window starts the odd bits of metal describing fanciful arcs and designs. At bottom the moving mobiles are shown in photographs taken by time exposure. When set in motion, the mobile at right looks like a high-speed picture of a golfer's swing. Creator of this strange art form is 46-year-old Alexander Calder who was born in Philadelphia, has often been compared with Picasso as a pioneer in abstract art. Often he incorporates taillights, bedsprings or parts of a water closet in creations.

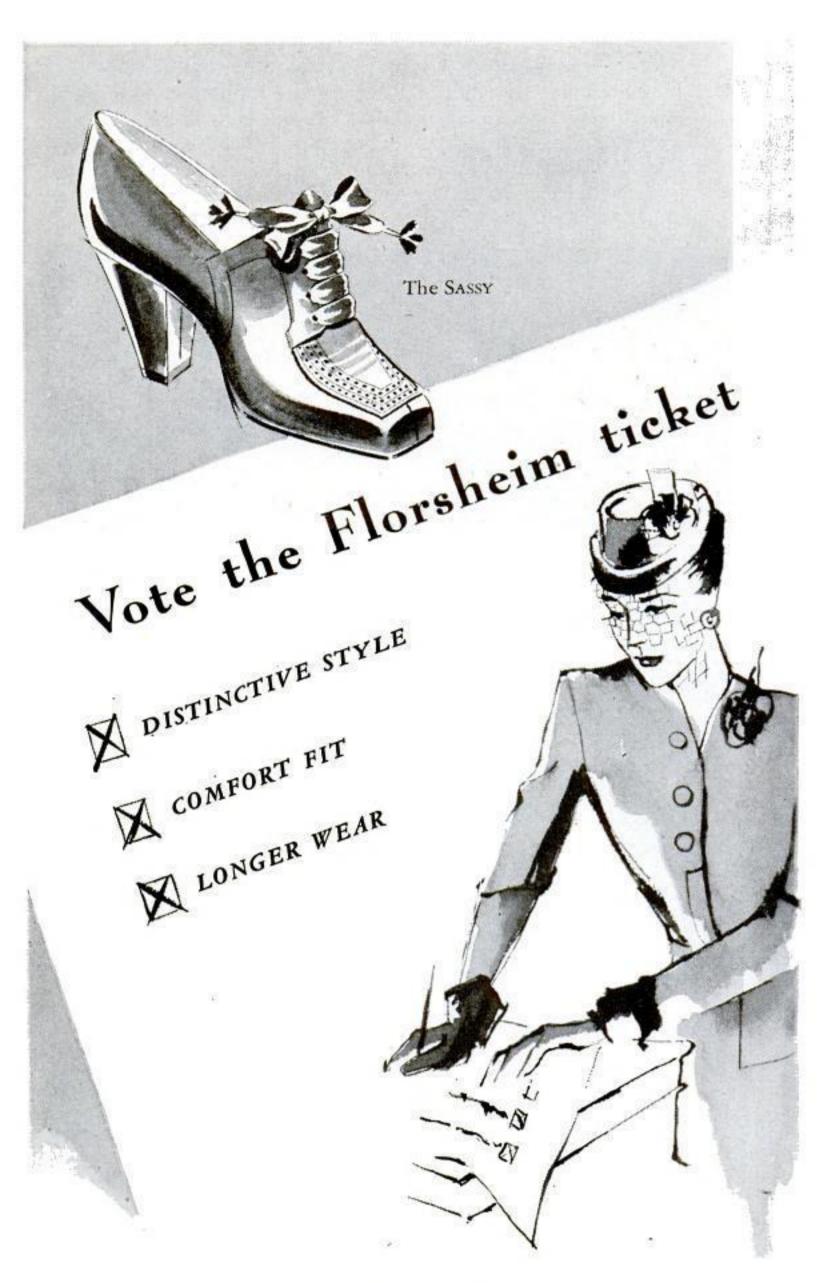


MOVED, IT LOOKS LIKE NERVOUS FLAMINGO (BELOW)









Choose this winning combination for all your walking-working hours . . . and you'll be on the band-wagon, cheering for Florsheims, the most walked-about shoes in America.

Most Styles \$1095 to \$1295

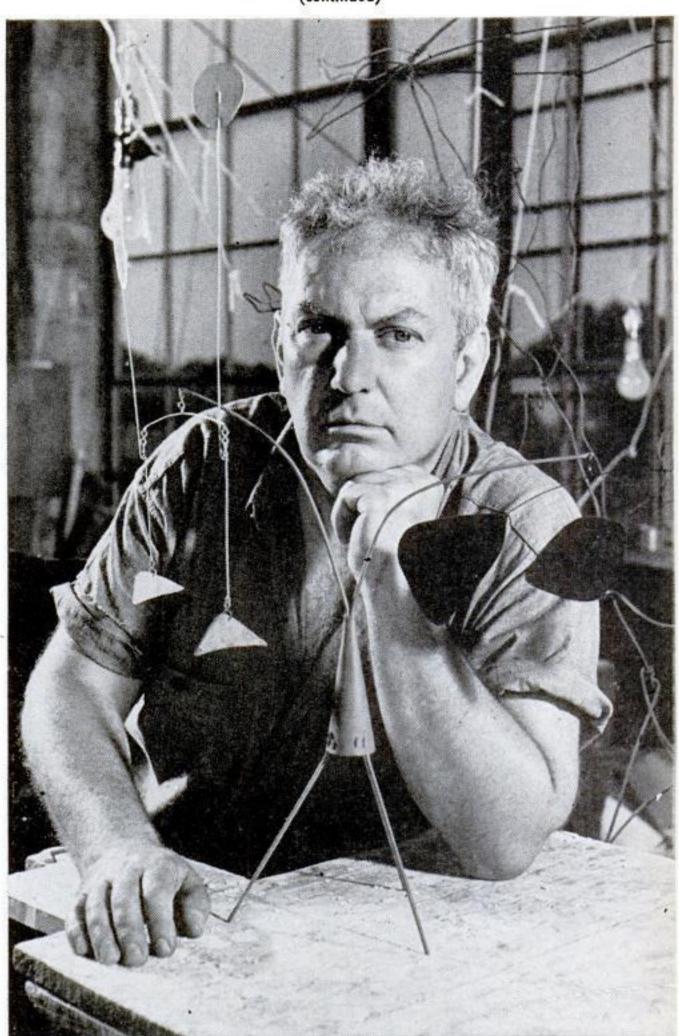
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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY . CHICAGO

Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

SPEAKING OF PICTURES



Alexander Calder ponders over one of his imaginative, mobile creations. He gives his designs names like Lobster Trap and Fish Tail, Calderberry Bush or Hollow Egg.



Calder's large workshop in Roxbury, Conn. is cluttered with his sculptures, materials and working tools. His designs range in height from one foot to more than 15 feet.



RESEARCH IS "MOVING THE SUN"

NO, this picture wasn't taken at some ultra modern school where they have classes out under the trees.

It's specially posed to show you what G-E lamp research is planning for you after the war-amazing indoor light that no longer merely competes with darkness, but actually compares with sunshine.

For G-E lamp research long ago stopped thinking in terms of lamps that are only better than candles or other forms of arti-

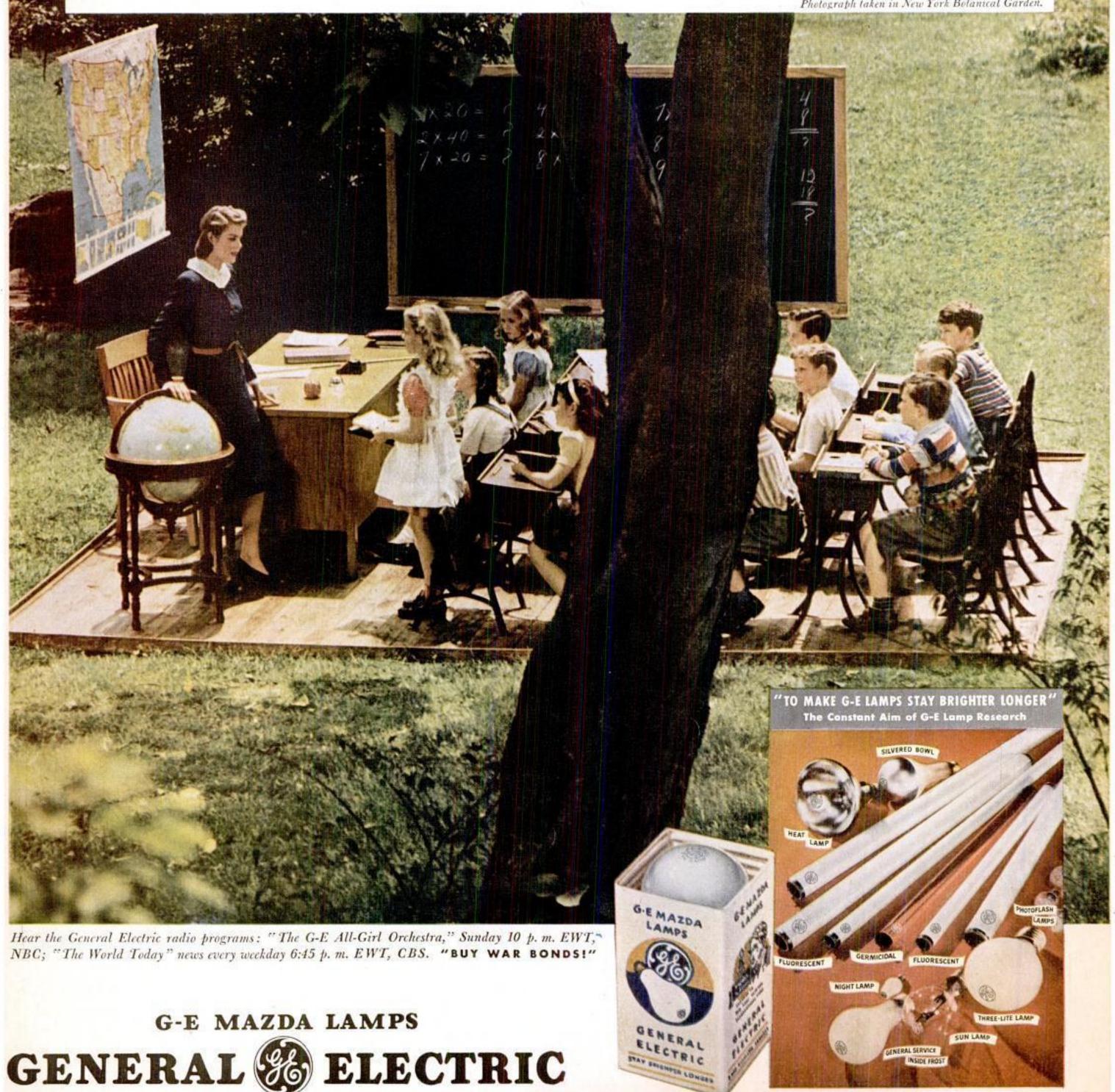
ficial light. It is concentrating on a bigger job, that of "moving the sun," with all its blessings, indoors where you live and work and play.

It's gotten past theoretical postwar plan-ning. As soon as the national production program permits, you can have these benefits of the sun in your children's school, in offices, factories, stores, and right in your own home: • Softer, more abundant light for easier seeing. • Ultraviolet light

that produces essential Vitamin D. Short-wave ultraviolet that kills germs in the air around you. . Soothing, penetrating heat.

The research that started with Edison's first lamp is still working to make new and better lamps which will give more light at less cost. Remember this when you buy lamps now and after the war. Look for the G-E Monogram—it's the signature of lamp research that is "moving the sun."

Photograph taken in New York Botanical Garden.



Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor



"First of the Season" Niblets Brand whole kernel corn is now making its bow in the fine food stores of America . . . This famous "corn-on-the-cob without the cob" is grown from a special breed (D-138, exclusive with us) and picked at its peak of sweet farm-fresh goodness. It's the name of names in canned corn.

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, LeSueur, Minnesota, and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.

Also packers of Green Giant Brand peas.

"NIBLETS" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT OFF



Look for the Green Giant on the label

LIFE'S REPORTS

WE TOOK 20,000 GERMANS

U. S. officer tells of huge haul in France by LIEUT. SAMUEL WALLACE MAGILL



No junior officer in the history of U. S. warfare has ever had an experience quite like that of Sam Magill (left) of Ashtabula, Ohio. Fortnight ago in France he and his platoon talked a German general and his 20,000 men into surrendering without firing a single shot. This is his story as told to Time and LIFE Correspondent Mary Welsh.

Paris (by wireless)

On Sept. 2 orders came from regimental headquarters for my platoon to check on enemy strength south of the Loire River. We were assigned an area about 40 miles long between Blois and Orléans and told to make our reconnaissance as deep into that territory as we could penetrate.

The first couple of days we were held up by heavy small-arms fire on the south bank of the Loire but by Sept. 4 two of my men and a Maquis lieutenant assigned to us managed to slip across. They reported back that the Germans, not because of any fight we had shown them, were withdrawing. We got our jeeps across the river by hitching two rowboats together and laying planking across them. Then for the next four days we barged around our territory, penetrating 20 miles in from the river. We ran into a few Germans, mostly rear guards of outfits which had been defending the riverbank, and captured 30 of them. We made contact with local Maquis near the village of Romorantin and I went to meet their chief, a Colonel Martel, who controlled about 3,000 Maquis in that district.

One of Martel's patrols reported there was a German general at Château Neuf, farther south, who wanted to surrender but only to Americans and, for the sake of his honor, only after a token battle, against two battalions of Americans. I sent two of Martel's Maquis and two of my own men down to Château Neuf to see this general. He turned out to be Major General Erich Elster, who commanded the Biarritz area from the Pyrenees Mountains to the Bay of Biscay. Under him were nearly 20,000 Wehrmacht, Luftwaffe and Marine troops.

"They wouldn't believe me"

It wasn't a good insurance risk to send my men to General Elster's headquarters, but they got through all the guards without getting shot. One of them was a terrific fellow named Van de Walle, a Belgian 'irregular' attached to my platoon, who speaks half a dozen languages. Van de Walle got a chance to talk directly with General Elster. He managed to bluff the general into believing that, if he insisted upon a token battle, there were two American battalions and more in the area who could oblige. But, said Van de Walle, nothing could save Elster's lines from a terrific hammering from the air if the battle were joined. When Van de Walle got back to my command post he reported he had arranged for a surrender meeting with General Elster for the afternoon of Sept. 10 at the village of Issoudun.

It was just what I wanted. But how could a lieutenant take formal surrender of a major general on his own hook? Our little radios wouldn't reach as far back as regimental headquarters so there was nothing I could do but ferry back across the river and race for headquarters about 45 miles away. I started at midnight and had to be there and back in 12 hours in order to reach Issoudun in time to receive General Elster.

When I got to our regimental command post at Château Renault about 5:30 in the morning, I woke up both Colonel "Pete" Crabill and our division commander, Major General Robert Macon. It was

DOCTOR I.Q. says, "I LOVE YOU" with Flowers-by-wire

In Boston, Dr. I. Q. (Jimmy McClain) remembers an important event and says it with flowers by telegraph to his wife in Dallas.



It's easy as 1-2-3, and not at all expensive

- 1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers—state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire—except standard rate for telegram.
- 2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.
- Listen to the Dr. I. Q. program every Monday night at 10:30 EWT over the N.B.C. Network.
- 3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere—but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.

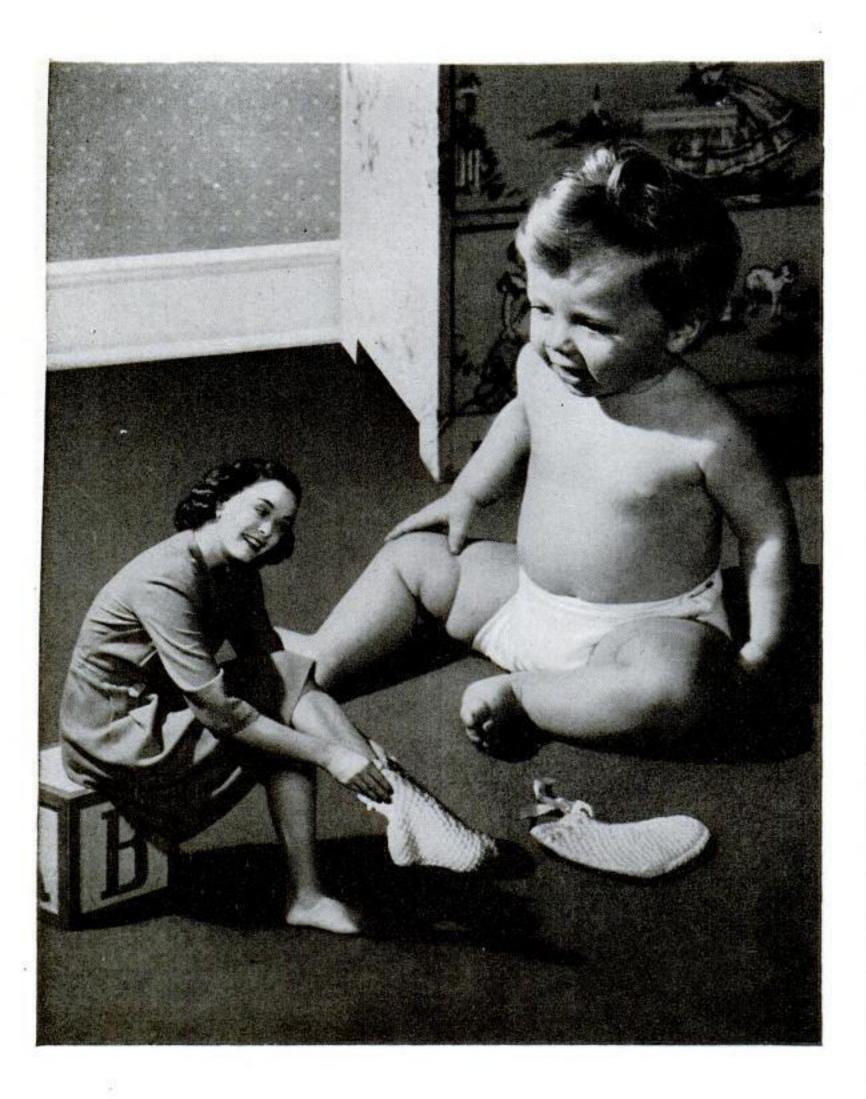
Look For This F.T.D. Seal on Florist Window



BUY MORE WAR BONDS

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan



"Put yourself in my booties, mother!"

BABY: See what I'm getting at, Mom?

MOM: No, I don't ...

BABY: Well, it's this way. Plenty of things bother my skin. Even my softest woolies do, sometimes. Just pretend you're me, and you'll find out...

MOM: Goodness! Is that what's been making you yowl! I'd decided you had Uncle Elmer's temper . . .

BABY: I was merely trying to attract your attention. Gosh, mother, I'm the only baby on the block who doesn't get Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder. My skin feels like a porcupine's!

MOM: Not to mention your disposition...

BABY: Get busy with the Johnson's, and I'll be a little lamb with pink ribbons! Sometimes, you can rub me with ni-ice, soo-oothing Johnson's Oil. And other times, just chase those chafes and prickles with Johnson's cool, silky Baby Powder!

MOM: If I get you some, will you stop those midnight serenades? And take your nap like an angel child? And smile at nice ladies who pat your head?

BABY: Well, Mom-with my skin feeling all soft and smooth and comfortable—what do you think?



Johnson's Baby Oil Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson Johnson



LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

the first time in my life I ever woke a major general out of a sound sleep, but Macon was pretty good about it. He and Crabill thought I'd been sold a load of phony information. They simply wouldn't believe me. But Macon got a message off to Army headquarters right away asking for some other high officers to get down to Issoudun and make surrender terms. Macon also agreed to come down to Issoudun, but both he and Crabill were skeptical that the Army would believe my story. I felt plenty worried that we were going to miss this surrender just for lack of high officers to parley with Elster, and I told them: "If I can't get anything else, I am going to try to get a show of airpower."

I got some breakfast and started south again. All the way down I kept going over the thing in my mind. When we reached my command post at Romorantin there was no message there waiting for me saying what kind of support I was going to get, if any. I decided that if nobody showed up I'd try to pull off the deal on my own hook. I asked the Ninth Air Force for a strong show of power over Issoudun at 2 o'clock and arranged signals—a white air panel, a big strip of cloth, to be laid at the crossroads if they were to withhold bombs and strafings, and a cerise panel if they were to renew attacks. Then

I hit the road for Issoudun myself.

We had arranged with Elster to meet in the Prefecture of Police at Issoudun. Van de Walle, some of our other fellows and I got there early. Van de Walle prepared to be the interpreter again and I to be as persuasive as possible although I am not accustomed to persuading major generals. You'd have thought it was Bastille Day the way the mayor and police chief made speeches at us and trotted out their cognac, and the townspeople were just as excited. Despite Germans everywhere in the vicinity they crowded the street outside the prefecture and its doorway yelling: "Vive les Américains."

Then Elster and a bunch from his staff arrived and for a minute I felt awful and weak in my joints remembering I was a mere lieutenant. The general came into the room, stopped and gave a smart Nazi salute. It was a big room with long windows and fancy chandelier and carpet and, while Van de Walle explained our generals were slightly delayed, I kept wondering whether I might not leave that room either as a German prisoner or under American court-martial. When our generals still failed to arrive I stalled for time by asking Elster routine questions about the number of his troops, where his units were disposed and whether they could travel to the Loire under their own power.

A good two weeks' work

Finally General Macon and Colonel Crabill and some officers from the Ninth Army arrived and they all sat down around a big table in the room and Macon presented our terms. They were simple enough. General Elster's columns were to keep their weapons, although the Maquis wanted them, until they reached the Loire. But the Germans were not to use the weapons under any circumstances. They would go north in three columns by three different routes. Macon told him there would be air-force patrols covering the movement just in case some part of his columns failed to comply with orders.

Elster looked at our memo of terms and talked with his staff. You could see he was hesitating. Just then our air force arrived and began buzzing the town. That fixed him. He signed with a few minor stipulations. One was that at the formal surrender we would mount

him a guard of honor.

It took just a week for those three slow-moving columns to reach the Loire. En route a small band of Maquis who had not heard of the surrender fired on them. But Elster stuck to his terms-the Germans who returned fire were court-martialed and shot. And we stuck to ours. When we got to the south bank of the Loire we gave Elster a guard of honor-presented arms and everything-and doggone if he didn't inspect our guard. I figured my platoon had put in a pretty good two weeks' work. Of course, we can't claim credit for having captured that crowd all by ourselves. The Maquis and the Ninth Air Force certainly helped persuade them to surrender. Besides, they faced the little fact that their gateway of escape to Germany was being closed hour by hour by the advance of the Third and Seventh Armies on the Belfort Gap.

As the Germans filed across the Loire bridge in columns of four (the Marine first because they had been hardest to handle), goosestepping and promising us they would drop paratroops all over America in the next war, we counted them-19,360 men, 500 trucks, 400 civilian cars they had commandeered, 1,000 horses and wagons, 2,000 bicycles, dozens of ack-ack guns and 4,500 machine guns. The 30 fellows in my platoon and I got a 24-hour pass after that.

1. A newspaper photographer caught this one at North Phila, Station. Back in the days when Bert was billed as "Penn's plunging football powerhouse"—though obviously defenseless against Mary's blonde beauty.



2. Now her adoring fiance, Bert helps Mary groom her prize English Pointers. Says Mary: "Show dogs need exercise, rain or shine. But no matter how much I'm out, my skin stays soft with Woodbury's lovely, mild care."

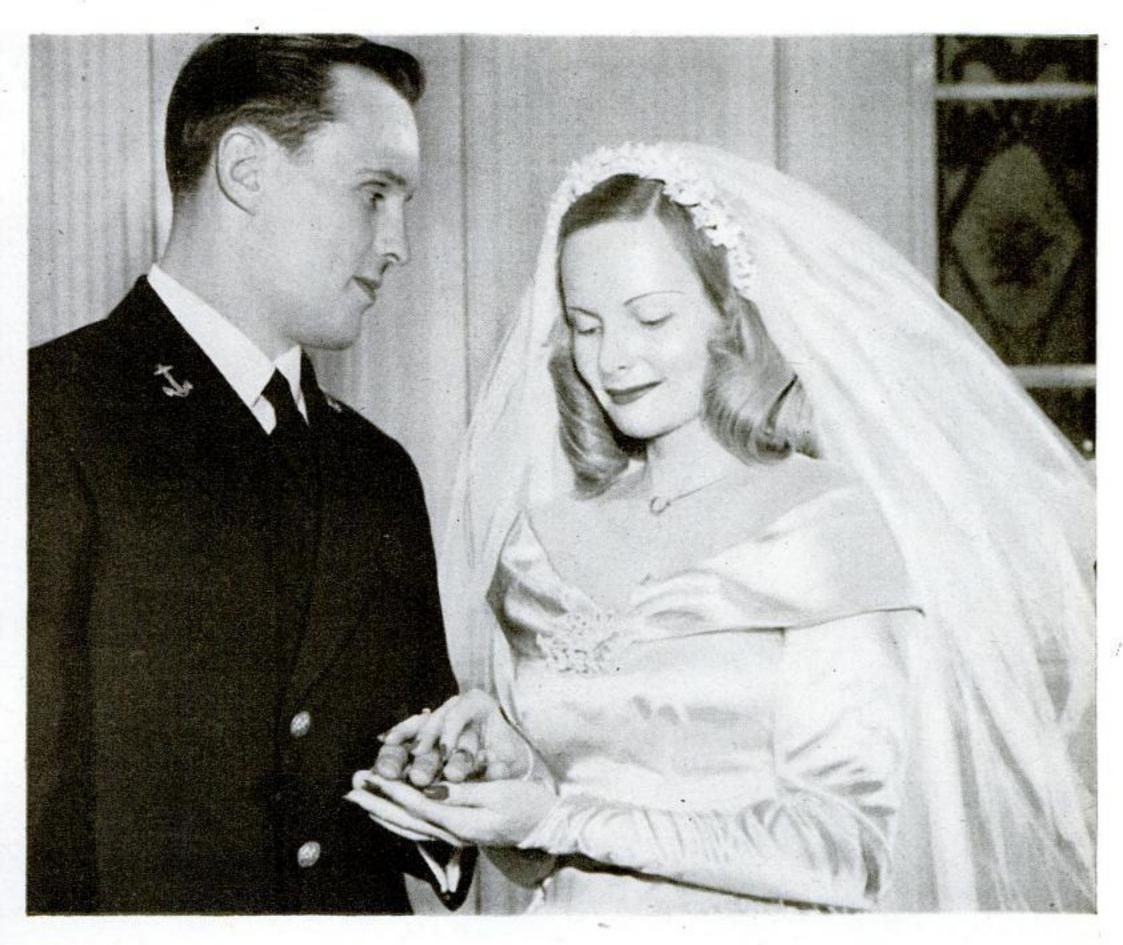


3. Making their getaway in a shower of rice, they start off on their honeymoon. Leave it to Mary—and the beauty rite she learned as a deb—to keep her complexion soft and smooth for many an anniversary to come.

BRING THEM BACK
SOONER
BUY BONDS



FOR ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB



Slipping the gold band on his finger, Mary Remer, darling Phila: delphia deb, becomes the bride of Midshipman Bertram Stiff, Jr. For "I Thee Wed" loveliness like Mary's try Woodbury, the Facial Soap made for one purpose only—to keep skin luscious.



4. In Navy League uniform Mary packs gift bags for servicemen. "I think it's important, too, to stay as happy-looking and attractive as possible. And that's where my Woodbury Facial Cocktail comes in!"



5. "Round and round I go," says Mary, "till Woodbury lather has my face sparkling clean. Then I put on the finishing touch—two clear-water rinses, first hot then cold. Feels wonderful!"



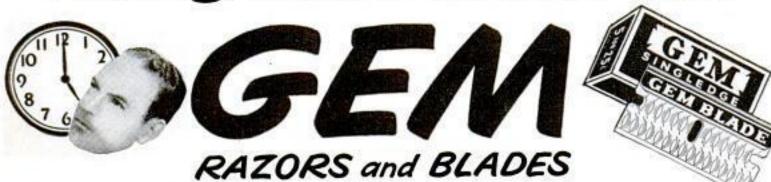
6. Follow the marrying Woodbury Debs! When romance comes your way be ready—with a complexion that's soft, smooth, de-lovely. Get Woodbury Facial Soap, with the special costly ingredient for extra mildness.



"I just love getting close to nature, Mr. Parker, now that you avoid '5 o'clock Shadow'."

Nature looks good with foliage-you don't! So take no chances; switch to genuine Gem Blades and get clean, cool, refreshing shaves which keep you face-neat far longer. Gems are made by the makers of your Gem Razor. They fit precisely!

AVOID 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH



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WRITE OFTEN-WRITE V-MAIL! IT'S SURE · SAVES TIME · SAVES SPACE

LIFE

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LIFE'S COVER

Lieut. General Lucian King Truscott Jr., a one-time Oklahoma schoolmaster now with the U. S. Seventh Army, is one of a group of generals who have risen in the Army by test of battle but who are not yet widely known in the U. S. Two weeks ago the Senate added a third star to Truscott's helmet by confirming his appointment as lieutenant general. On pages 96–111 is Will Lang's close-up of this tough and skilful soldier.

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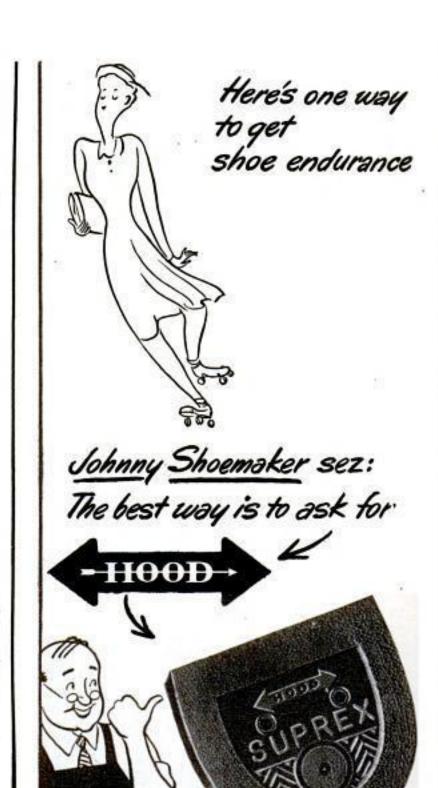
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· I felt sick, and I know I looked it. Right off, I knew what was the matter - worms! I had them before and knew the signs.

Fortunately, my Master did, too. Before they'd had a chance to make me really sick, he got rid of them in a hurry-with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. (Puppy Capsules for young dogs.) Then he gave me Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets), and now I feel fit as can be.

My Master got the low-down on taking care of me from Sergeant's Dog Book. It's a great help to dog owners. You can get it free at drug and pet stores,



Sergeant's, Dept. 3-J, Richmond 20, Va. FREE Please mail the NEW, 40-page, illus-trated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

City

Sergeants DOG MEDICINES

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 13 of a series, Naval Aviation



Navy dive bombers—about to strike! In each rear cockpit rides a radio gunner—trusted protector of his pilot and plane. His skill with radio and detection devices permits his pilot to concentrate on flying the plane and blasting the objective. His marksmanship makes enemy planes scarcer, brings V-Day nearer.



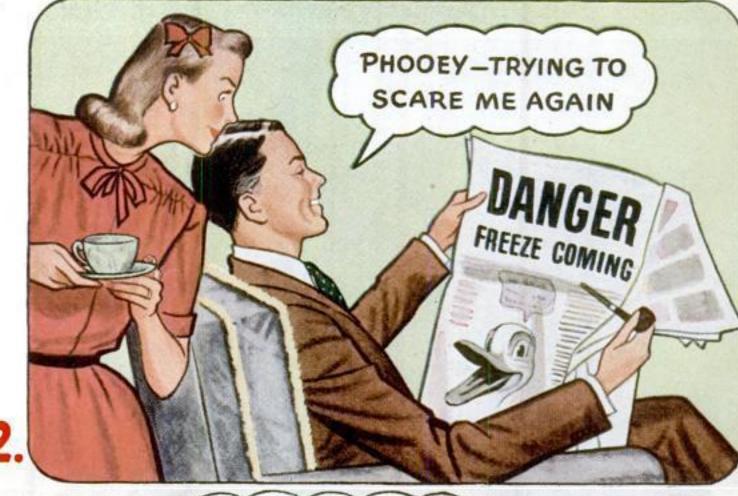


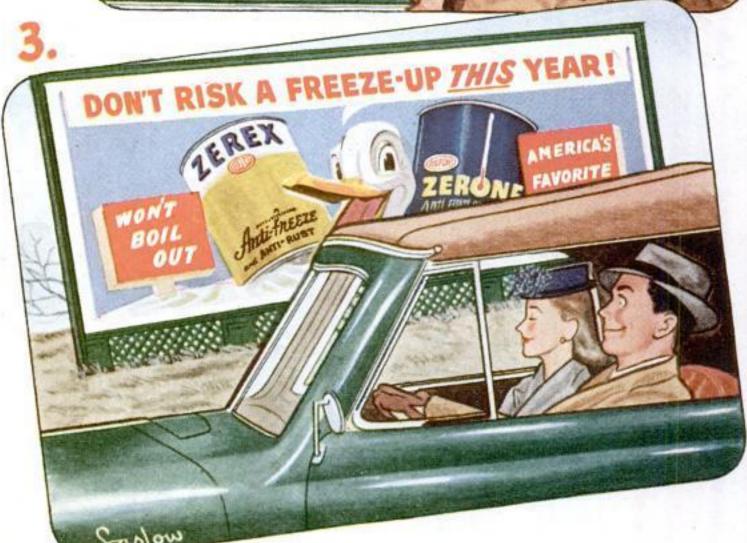
Hats Off to Naval Aircrewmen!

They're the highly trained Radiomen, Machinist's Mates or Ordnancemen who man rear or turret guns in dive bombers, torpedo bombers and multi-engined planes. By their combat record of skill, bravery and unfailing teamwork, they've won their place among the Navy's finest! Back them up—by buying more War Bonds!

Why doesn't somebody tell me these things?









YOU CAN'T BLAME THE OTHER FELLOW

if a "freeze-up" wrecks your engine

All right, so you don't pay much attention to advertising! But as sure as it will freeze this winter, some car owner who doesn't heed this message will find a sudden freeze-up has wrecked the cylinder head, engine block or radiator of his car. He'll learn too, that these parts are mighty hard to get—that replacements, if available, may take weeks.

Your car is needed to help relieve crowded trains, trolleys and busses. That's why the War Production Board has seen to it that there is enough anti-freeze to meet the real needs of every automobile in the country.

But please don't waste a drop

Remember, anti-freeze is made from war-critical materials, so avoid over-buying and wasteful over-protection.

To save anti-freeze and money, have your cooling system checked by your dealer *before* installing anti-freeze. He'll make sure that all parts are tight to avoid leakage. He can also clean out

rust and scale which may cause overheating and so waste gas and oil.

See your dealer today. Have him service your cooling system and give it two-way protection—against freezing and against rust—with a Du Pont anti-freeze.

FREE BOOKLET! This booklet—"Take Care of Your Cooling System"—contains money-saving facts every car owner should have. Send a penny postal card now to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), 2496 Nemours Bldg., Wilmington 98, Del.



* BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



"ZERONE"* is made from methanol. Gives maximum protection at low cost. Odorless. Anti-acid. Anti-rust. \$1.00 a gallon.

"ZEREX"* is non-evaporating. One shot lasts all winter! Money can't buy better anti-freeze. Anti-acid. Anti-rust. Limited supply. \$2.65 a gallon.

WAR EMERGENCY "ZERONE" is made with an ethanol base. Requires only occasional check-up for winter-long driving. Anti-rust. \$1.40 a gallon.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Vol. 17, No. 14

LIFE

October 2, 1944

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Carl Mydans (left) photographed the executions at Grenoble (pp. 69-72) and the extraordinary Gertrude Stein at her home in Culoz (pp. 83-84). Mydans has been covering the war in the Mediterranean since last May. He expects to return home soon to rejoin his wife Shelley, who has just completed a novel, The Open City, based on experiences in the Philippines and China where the Mydanses were interned by the Japanese for almost two years.

he following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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122, 123—WALTER SANDERS

124—ALISON STILWELL EXC. T. NEW YORK
HERALD TRIBUNE-FEIN

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; CEN., CENTER; EXC., EXCEPT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; INT., INTERNATIONAL; M-G-M, METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

BEAUTY IS A PRECIOUS BRACELET ...



ADV. BY N W. AYER

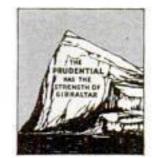
Are more boy babies born in wartime?

Even in normal times more boy babies than girls are born, and the ratio is actually increased during and after wars, say statistics . . . but whether your infant be boy or girl, the most important human experience you can know is this miracle of birth.

As you watch the gradual, fascinating unfolding of this new personality—with its hopes and problems—you realize that while society is geared to protect your new son or daughter upon arrival, the protection of your baby's future lies in your own hands. You must train and guide it and provide for its future development. And you want peace of mind regarding its future security.

Here life insurance . . . a protection which every thoughtful father and mother insists upon . . . comes to your assistance. It provides for the future with a certainty which savings alone cannot equal.

Through Prudential Life Insurance you can provide a cushion against unpredictable death . . . money for the simple basic needs of daily living . . : for college expenses . . . for the other extras that can be so important. Your family's future may depend upon the provision you make for it now. Prudential representatives are experienced in planning this security and one of them will be glad to show you how your needs can best be covered. Remember, he represents the company with "the strength of Gibraltar"!



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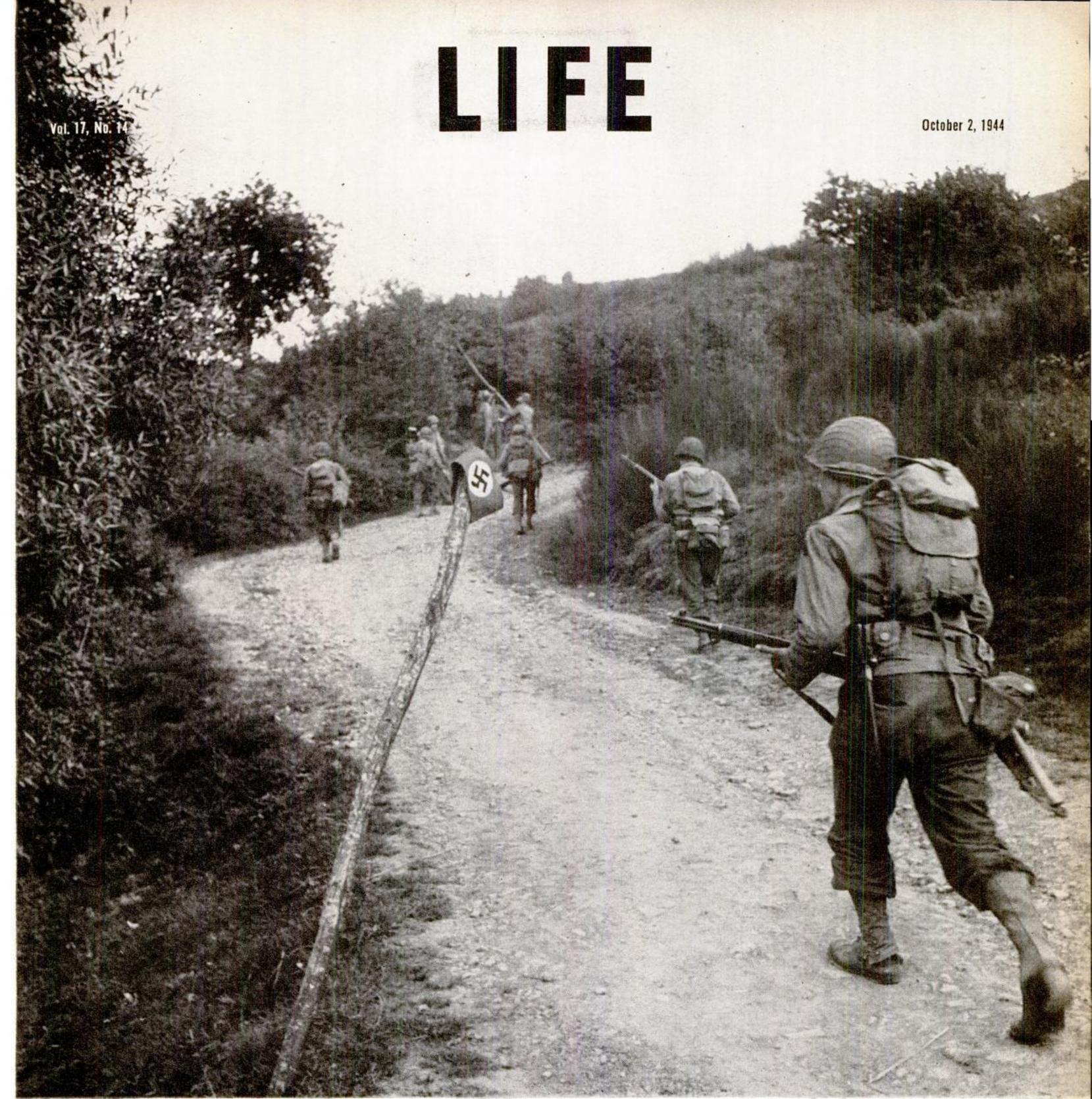
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A mutual life insurance company

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



OVER BORDER OF GERMANY, MARKED WITH SWASTIKA ARM BAND BY U.S. SCOUT, AMERICANS SNEAK ON INTO OUTPOSTS OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE AND TOWARD TOWN OF PRUM

FIRST BATTLE OF GERMANY BEGINS

From end to end the western front last week turned into a howling brawl, steeped in a wet mist. A series of bloody and desperate battles was being fought that would determine the duration of the war. In Alsace, Patton and Patch had run into the greatest mass of German tanks seen since Normandy. Hodges had broken into the Siegfried line on D plus 99 (Sept. 13) near Prüm (above) and east of Aachen at the Hütgen forest (see story next page). Then the Germans began to counterattack with skill and violence, sometimes

advancing shoulder to shoulder, screaming hoarsely. But none of this was as crucial as the Allied attempt to get around the Siegfried line in the north to debouch on the flat north German plain.

An American airborne division had captured the bridge at Nijmegen. A British airborne division had dropped on Arnhem, 10 miles ahead, together with a Polish division. These landings meant that the Allies had crossed all three of the last major water barriers: the Maas, Waal and Lek Rivers, the latter

two outlets of the Rhine. But the Germans made a frantic attempt to isolate and destroy the British and Poles at Arnhem. The battle for Arnhem was the battle for the highroad into Germany.

One German prisoner said: "In Russia there was at least some purpose in our fighting. . . . Here we are crushed before we see even an enemy rifle. This is sheer madness." The madness extended to Berlin where a spokesman announced that the Nazi high command viewed the losses with "sovereign calm."



Into Germany the Americans of General Hodges' army probe cautiously. This is the village of Grosskampenberg in the rolling country where Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany meet. The unit is the 109th Infantry of the 28th Division. It met no resistance except artillery fire.

The Germans of Grosskampenberg, who had not obeyed the stern Nazi order to evacuate, were mostly dead-pan. In doorway a mother hustles her child indoors with a look of alarm, more for the photographer than for the soldiers. The Americans, however, were friendly and cheerful.



INTO THE WESTWALL

White flag greets the Americans in a hostile land by JACK BELDEN

By wireless

Sept. 13, Belgium. It wasn't so much a line on a map or a painted signboard on a lonely country road that marked the German border for us. It was the darkening forests and the Westwall, that giant piece of masonry which the GIs now call the "Ziegfeld" line. It had lured the French and British armies into a passive, phony war while Poland was being overrun. It was somewhere up ahead now, waiting for us with its concrete forts, its mine fields, its rolled steel joists and its fabled dragons' teeth.

A strong reconnaissance outfit, backed up by six batteries of guns and protected by an ever-changing yet ceaseless fighter cover, took off across country to where our maps showed the line was located. Our force floundered in mud until half the vehicles were stuck right in front of the line and well within range of its guns. But nothing had fired on them and everyone again referred to the widespread theory that the Germans would fall farther back to the Rhine and there prepare any do-or-die defense.

We supposed we were still in Belgium, for a few hundred yards back the people had been waving at us. Now, however, there was no one but ourselves on the road, and all seemed strangely silent as we came out of a small wood. A house loomed on our left. It was silent, grim and foreboding, and from a second-story window hung a white rag on a bamboo stick. There was not a civilian in sight, but that flag seemed to shout "Don't shoot."

Those houses standing there seemed haunted and that drooping white rag appeared ghostly, in such contrast to the boldly waving national banners of France, Holland and Belgium behind us that we drew in our breath with a sharp gasp. Here was hostile land.

Sept. 15, the German border. At the time we were crossing into Germany other American forces on our right and left had also crossed the German border. The infantry force on our left, before the city of Aachen, had actually broken into the forts of the Siegfried line.

When the Germans realized that we actually had an armed fist in the heart of their defenses they launched a counterattack, but it came too late and our troops held on. Then they moved on to the second and last belt of forts beyond Aachen, usually by frontal assault. Fort after fort fell in this manner, many of them manned by only two or three soldiers instead of a squad. Troops were scarce after the losses in France and Belgium. Others had deserted.

The forts were cleverly concealed and well-enough equipped with air ventilators, bunks and electricity, but there has been a great deal of bluff about the line. Just as the French failed to extend their Maginot defenses to the coast, the Germans also failed to extend theirs. The hole we had bored was small in comparison with the Westwall's entire length, but it comprised the extensions north and south. When all of it is taken there will be no particular barrier ahead but the Rhine. There is a widespread belief among our troops that the war will end in a few days.

Sept. 22, near Aachen. The German civilians we have encountered have readily handed over their arms. They have been frightened by Gestapo threats and by our businesslike attitude. The people we have seen are all obedient but aloof. That is probably because our high policy is to have the soldiers keep to themselves, also because the Germans are still frightened of us, and partly because obedience is so ground into them. There has been no evidence of sabotage although there was a slight spy scare. There hasn't been any scorched earth in the areas we hold, and in all the towns that I investigated I found only one Nazi official who had not gone. He was 75 years old. The police have also fled. It is reasonable to assume that their next job will be to combat any revolution against the Nazi regime. In the various border towns I visited, which cannot be considered typical of the Reich as a whole, American civil administrators had difficulty finding German civilian helpers. In Brand they had to name a Nazi Party member as mayor.

Civilians deny being Nazis and will not speak openly against the Nazi Party. Very little criticism can be heard. Even if it were, our approach seems to be that of a U. S. colonel who said, "We are not interested in what the German attitudes are." There is little evidence of joy or even relief on the part of the civilians at being released from Nazi suppression. These stolid farmers and townspeople outwardly show no guilt at not having opposed the Nazis on their rise to power, nor any shame at having plunged the world into war. They have a little song which is addressed to a mythical RAF flier:

Dear Tommy, fly on farther, only poor farmers live here; Fly on to Berlin. There people yell "Yes" loudest.



Old Rhinelander watches in front of Herr Schmitz's Gasthaus (Inn). The sign painted on lamp over door advertises Simon's beer.

The first smiling taces seen were on these girls. In city of Rötgen, however, the Germans threw boiling water on the American troops.









THE ELECTION: I

BARRING OTHER ISSUES, FOURTH TERM WOULD BE REASON ENOUGH TO "TURN THE RASCALS OUT"

This is the first of a series of editorials about the election. Since LIFE is a politically independent magazine, it must indulge in a good deal of reason and prayer before deciding what candidate, if any, to support. Here goes.

The most striking thing about this election is the seeming apathy of the voters. The war, of course, puts everybody's "national unity" on its best behavior and keeps electioneering in a low key. But, in addition, the crusading elements in both parties—the followers of Wallace, Willkie and Colonel McCormick—were told back in June that this is not their year. Neither presidential candidate seems to want a crusade. As for the conscientious independents, they don't know what to do. A public-opinion expert describes their plight thus: "It's hold your nose and vote for Roosevelt or close your eyes and vote for Dewey."

The Issues

The apathy and confusion do not mean there are no issues in this campaign. Rather, there is no visible crisis. This is not an election like that of 1828 (the Jacksonian revolt) or 1860 or 1932, when what Gerald Johnson calls "a tremendous upsurge from the depths" threatened not merely the party in power but the government itself. The issues of 1944 are more rational, less emotional than usual. They are nevertheless issues, reasons for voting one way or the other. They are, as we see it, three.

The first issue is the Fourth Term. Practically everybody would be against the fourth term, if it were not for the second issue. This is Roosevelt's usefulness—or, as some call it, "indispensability"—as an experienced and successful leader for the rest of the war and for the dangerous postwar years. This issue is relative, however, and means nothing without the third issue: the dismal record of the Republican Party for most of the last 24 years, whether in or out of office.

There may be a fourth issue, less rational than these three. Call it "progress." Dewey's campaign speeches have begun to assert this issue, but have not brought it out clearly as yet. In any case, the present editorial deals only with the first issue; namely, the Fourth Term.

The Fourth Term issue is not to be confused with the Third Term, which broke George Washington's precedent. A country that confines itself to the narrow grooves of precedent will not get very far. As Justice Holmes said, "Continuity with the past is not a duty; it is only a necessity." By holding office for three terms without becoming a dictator, Roosevelt has demonstrated anew one of the basic strengths of the American political system: its flexibility.

But the fact that the precedent is shattered does not mean that the issue is shattered, too. On the contrary, the Fourth Term issue is several times as grave as the Third Term issue ever was. For the real issue was never the precedent; it was the reason behind the precedent. This reason is self-evident to anyone who understands the American constitutional system and the nature of power.

Power and Change

Power always corrupts. "The time to guard against corruption and tyranny," said Jefferson, "is before they shall have gotten hold of us." Roosevelt is obviously not a tyrant. But he has had more power longer than any previous U. S. President, and his administration would by now be somewhat corrupted even if all Democrats (and all Roosevelt's Republican friends) wore wings.

Corruption need not take financial forms. No U. S. President, even Harding, has ever been caught with his personal hand in the till. Political corruption is also a relative matter. When certain WPA jobs were traded for votes and campaign contributions in 1938, it was not a political innovation that was shocking; it was the degree of cynicism. Similarly when Roosevelt tried to make Ed Flynn our ambassador to Australia. Indeed such acts seem boyish and healthy alongside the Democratic corruption of 1944. The Democratic corruption of 1944 is a corruption of the spirit.

In the early days of the New Deal any visitor to Washington got a sense of something going forward: of progress, change, reform. Like them or not, the New Dealers were men of vigor and ideas: they wanted to make a better U. S. A. A visitor to Washington today receives quite a different impression. The New Deal's great legislative reforms were confined to Roosevelt's first three years -most of them to the first hundred days. Since then, in George Fort Milton's phrase, there has been a gradual "atrophy of the experimental urge" and an exfoliation of mere bureaucracy. Numerically, there are 3,000,-000 federal employes today as against 565,-000 in 1933 or 1,000,000 in 1940.

Like the New Dealers, whose name they use, the current bureaucrats still think they are saving the country from some nameless catastrophe. They identify their jobs, most of which are essential jobs under any administration, with the party which created them. But their creative days are over. They are not so much governing the country as sitting on it. "The flies have conquered the flypaper."

In John Dos Passos' State of the Nation an anonymous bureaucrat analyzes the corruption question as follows: "In the old days money was power. . . . Now it's the other way around. . . . A man who's been in government, even who's made a flop in government,

comes out so magnetized with power that the greenbacks fly right to him."

Since Roosevelt's revolution is largely irreversible, all bureaucrats, Republican or Democrat, will henceforth be magnetized with some degree of power. The naked essence of the Fourth Term issue is not who wields the power, or even for what purpose. The essence of the issue is that no man or group of men should get too used to power. The new centralization of power makes frequent change far more important than it was in George Washington's day. To a greater degree than ever before in our history, change is a good in itself.

"We"

Pervading the bureaucracy, an atmosphere of staleness also surrounds the White House. The Inner Circle gets more inward, more circular, and more and more remote from the country's healthier impulses. It is significant, though perhaps excusable in wartime, that the President himself no longer enjoys press conferences. He showed no faith in a free press at Casablanca, Hot Springs, Dumbarton Oaks. When he says "we" nowadays, he does not mean what he meant when he said "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." At Dumbarton Oaks he said, "The four of us have to be friends." He did not even mean the U.S., Britain, China and Russia. He meant himself and Churchill, himself and Chiang, himself and Stalin.

Is this difference inevitable in the nature of war and of the changing world? Maybe; it is certainly a difference. And it means a different psychological relationship between the man and his job, between two terms and four, between one and another degree of power.

In 1932 Roosevelt said, "The genius of America is stronger than any candidate or party. This campaign . . . has not shattered my sense of humor or my sense of proportion. I still know that the fate of America cannot depend on any one man. The greatness of America is grounded in principles and not on any single personality. I, for one, shall remember that even as President." Had the President retired voluntarily from politics this year, no one could accuse him of having forgotten this particular promise, even after 12 harrowing years. By running, he has had to take one (or both) of two positions: either that power does not corrupt, and the Fourth Term is no issue; or that only he can see us through, that he is indispensable.

As to his indispensability, especially as a war leader, we shall discuss that next week. As to the Fourth Term, it is an issue. If it is the issue, the conscientious independent must vote against Roosevelt; not merely to rebuke his personal vanity, but in line with that old, sometimes reckless, but essentially healthy slogan: "Turn the rascals out."

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

On Sept. 10 a group of 20 Civil War veterans, including two Negroes, met in Des Moines, Iowa for 78th National Encampment of the Grand Army

of the Republic. The veterans represented a GAR membership which has dwindled from a peak of 409,489 in 1890 to 249. Fred Fisher, 94, came to

the Encampment but was not admitted because he had entered the Civil War to help his father and had not legally been a member of the Army.



In Green Room of the Hotel Fort Des Moines, entire 78th National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic sits for a formal portrait



Cycling dress by Molyneux is a black and yellow wool plaid, has divided skirt. Slacks are not popular in Paris.



Ensemble by Patou has full coat, no fur. Detachable gilet on the dress makes it adaptable for day or evening wear,



Another bicycle ensemble by Suzanne Lecadre, has flannel skirt. Blouse has epaulet for an enormous handbag.

PARIS CREATIONS

New drawings show styles French designers have for fall opening

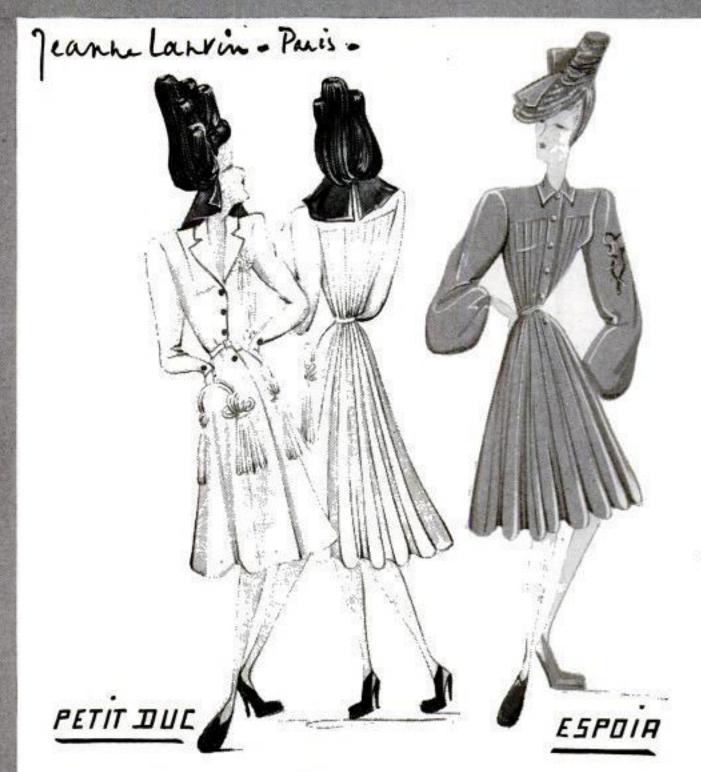
Paris was liberated just in time for the fall season. Its famous salons are working day and night to present their first big style show since 1939. These drawings give Americans their first good preview of the dresses top French couturiers are about to display. This year, instead of putting on their customary individual style parades, designers are joining forces to give one big show, and U. S. clothes manufacturers and fashion reporters are making

frantic attempts to get to Paris to view the opening.

The fall styles recognize two big Paris facts: 1) most Parisiennes ride bicycles (see pp. 90-91) and 2) bicycling and wartime diet have made Parisiennes uncommonly thin. Styles, therefore, feature the "swingy" skirt for bicycling and the "nippedin" middle. Famed Parisian Stylist Lucien Lelong forecasts that new Paris styles "will be wonderful...but not crazy.... Our jubilation will be sober."



Coat-and-dress ensemble by Jeanne Lanvin can be worn for walking or cycling. "Chain" trimming is made of same material as the dress. A new fashion note is very full sleeve.



Afternoon dresses like these are what smart Parisienne is starting to wear along Avenue Matignon. Narrow waist shows off stylish French figure. Shoes have wooden platform soles.



LA GHANDE MADEMOISELLE MELLE DE LA SABLIERE

This Jeanne Lanvin creation is black gown that can be worn either for afternoon or evening. The three different aprons shown here can transform the dress into three separate outfits.

The pompadour hair style was originated to irritate close-cropped Germans. Even Frenchmen wore their hair long during Nazi occupation. German taste in dresses was "incroyable."



Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt, wearing bow ties, one smoking a cigar and one a cigaret in a long holder, face 160 correspondents and photographers after the

end of their Quebec meeting. Churchill wore his black zipper shoes and Fala slept at the President's feet. Both men look older than they did a year ago at their first Quebec conference.



Churchill rubs his baldening head as Roosevelt gives an 11minute report on the conference. Later Churchill gave 16-minute report. The most serious difficulty encountered, they said,

ROOSEVELT ENTERS ELECTION BATTLE

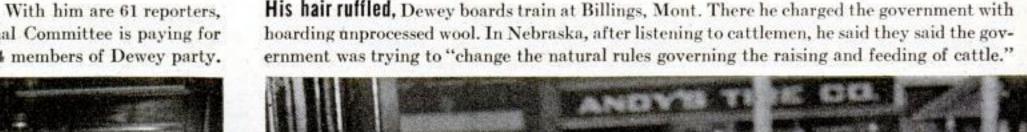
He addresses the Teamsters' Union as Dewey climaxes tour in Los Angeles The election was only six weeks away. The preliminaries were over, the contestants for the main bout ready in the ring. The bell clanged.

Returning from Quebec (above), where he and Prime Minister Churchill planned and promised "the destruction of the barbarians of the Pacific," Democratic Nominee Roosevelt made his first political speech of the 1944 campaign to the International Teamsters' Union (A. F. of L.).

On the Pacific coast, before 90,000 people in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, Republican Nominee Dewey climaxed his transcontinental campaign tour in a burst of Hollywood showmanship produced by Cecil B. DeMille. As the last of the speakers from moviedom, including Ginger Rogers, Walt Disney and Victor Moore, praised his youth and his vigor, Dewey arrived in a cream-colored open automobile and walked up 109 steps to the speaker's platform. There in the glare of searchlights and framed by a 70-foot American flag, he demanded social security benefits for everybody and wider unemployment insurance.

Thus Dewey nailed down the final planks of his domestic platform. The New York Times commented that he had "just about completed the process of running for the Presidency on the domestic platform of the New Deal." In Seattle, a stronghold of organized labor, he came out for the Wagner Act, urging full employment, a high wage level and collective bargaining. In San Francisco he sanctioned government regulation of business and finance, the fixing of

Dewey holds a press conference in the lounge of his 13-car train. With him are 61 reporters, photographers, each of whom paid \$413 fare. Republican National Committee is paying for Dewey's private car (about \$6,000) and for accommodations of 14 members of Dewey party.









was how to marshal the massive forces at their disposal against Japan. The only friction arose, said Churchill, over the desire of the British to play a bigger part in the final Pacific campaign.



Said Churchill: "... the fact we have got to know each other so well and understand each other so well" makes for full understanding in international deliberations. This remark stirred

up a hullabaloo among some Republicans who immediately accused the Prime Minister of campaigning for Roosevelt. Churchill also referred to Roosevelt as "my august friend."

farm prices, the stabilization of interest rates. "The country does not want to go back," said he, "to the reactionary philosophy of dog-eat-dog."

But Dewey did not diminish the bitterness of his attacks on "one-man government" and the "atmosphere of studied hostility toward our job-producing machinery." In Seattle he blamed Roosevelt for labor troubles in wartime and cited the welter of government bureaus. He blamed the Democrats for the Smith-Connally Act and promised that, if elected, he would appoint a Secretary of Labor who would come from the ranks of labor itself and have the powers the post implies. In Portland he insisted there was no such thing as an "indispensable man," that peace is too important to be dependent upon any two or three indi-

viduals. In San Francisco he repeated his charges that the New Deal is defeatist and declared the future prosperity of the country depends on the ability of business, industry and agriculture to provide jobs, not on any "ingenious scheme concocted by a social dreamer in a government bureau."

Reporters on the Dewey special could not be sure how well this was going over with the country. Some spoke of the "spontaneity" of his audiences. Others said that not since Charles Evans Hughes has a nominee crossed America and left such a chill behind him. Certainly it was a professionally managed tour, with all Dewey's exits and entrances timed to the exact split second. If the train was early at a scheduled stop, it was held in the yards. Even Dewey's manner of speaking (110 words to a minute) was precise and studied.

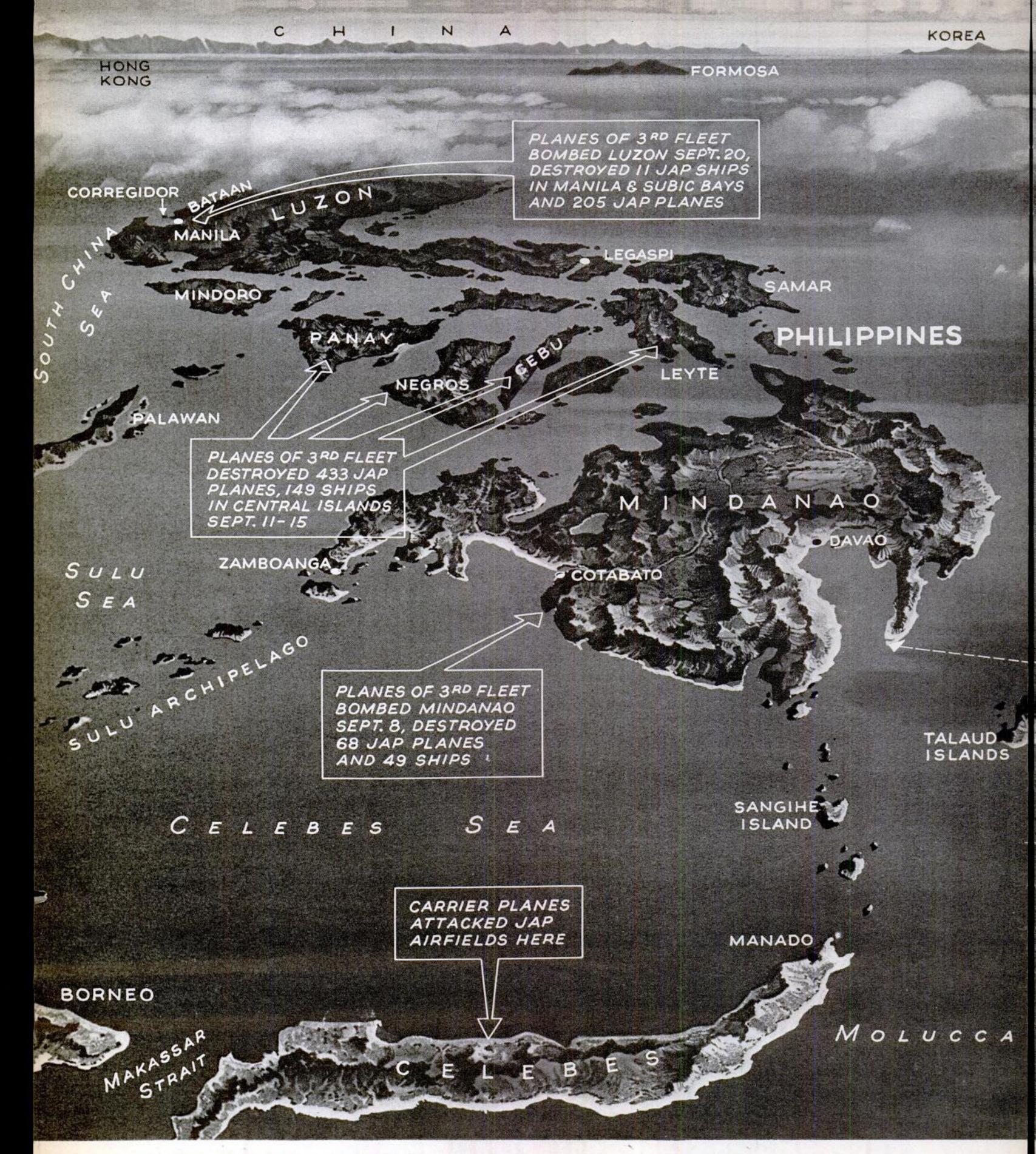
Before the Teamsters' Union, Mr. Roosevelt accused the Republicans of fraud in attempting to claim credit for social gains of the New Deal. "We have all seen many marvelous stunts in the circus," he said, "but no performing elephant could turn a handspring without falling flat on his back." He also labeled as a "callous and brazen falsehood" the Republican charge that the administration plans to keep men in the Army after the war, saying the purpose of his reconversion program is to provide jobs. Ahead, he said, is the task of setting up international machinery to keep the peace. The task was "botched by a Republican administration" once before. "That must not happen this time."

On a Walk through the special train Dewey and Mrs. Dewey stop in diner to talk to reporters. Deweys did not eat in diner but instead took all meals in their private car. At each scheduled stop, Dewey went in a 25-car caravan to a hotel and there met with representatives of local groups.



Dewey inspects a wreck. Between Seattle and Portland his train ran into the rear of another. He was hit on the head by a piece of luggage and Mrs. Dewey banged her head against the wall, but neither was hurt. Four reporters, including one woman reporter, suffered broken ribs.



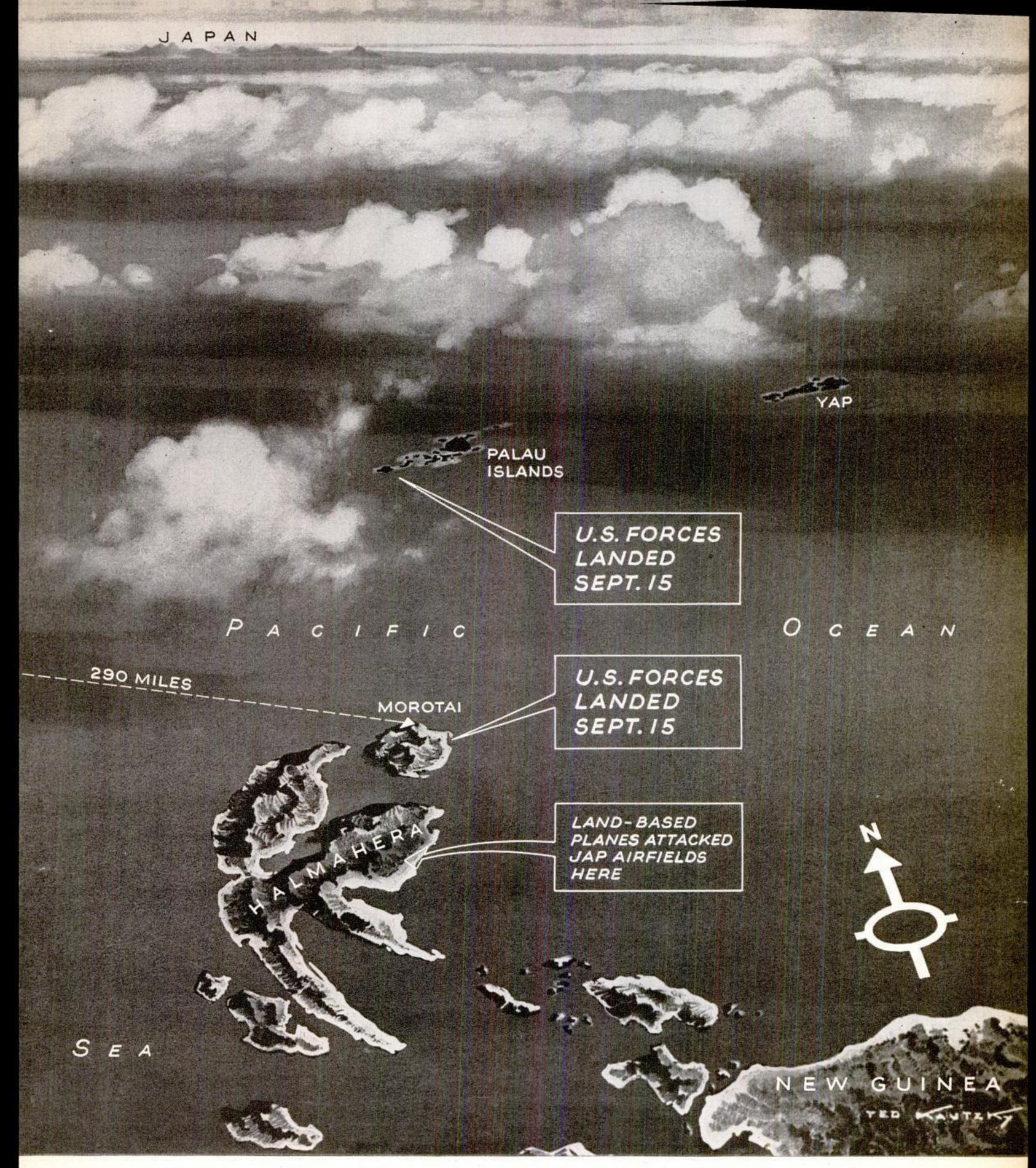


THE PACIFIC WAR

New moves aim at the Philippines

Something big is brewing in the Pacific—in the island-crowded ocean mapped above. On Sept. 15 General MacArthur's Sixth Army, moving northwest from New Guinea, plowed ashore at Morotai Island, north of Halmahera. Same day Admiral Nimitz' marines landed on Peleliu Island in the Palau group. Three days later Army troops had invaded two more Palau islands.

Meanwhile planes of the Third Fleet had been sinking ships and shooting up planes in the Philippines, first striking along the southern coasts, then moving north over the central islands and finally, on Sept. 20, raiding Manila itself. After 2½ years U. S. airpower came back to Luzon as Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's carrier planes snarled in over Manila, Clark and Nich-



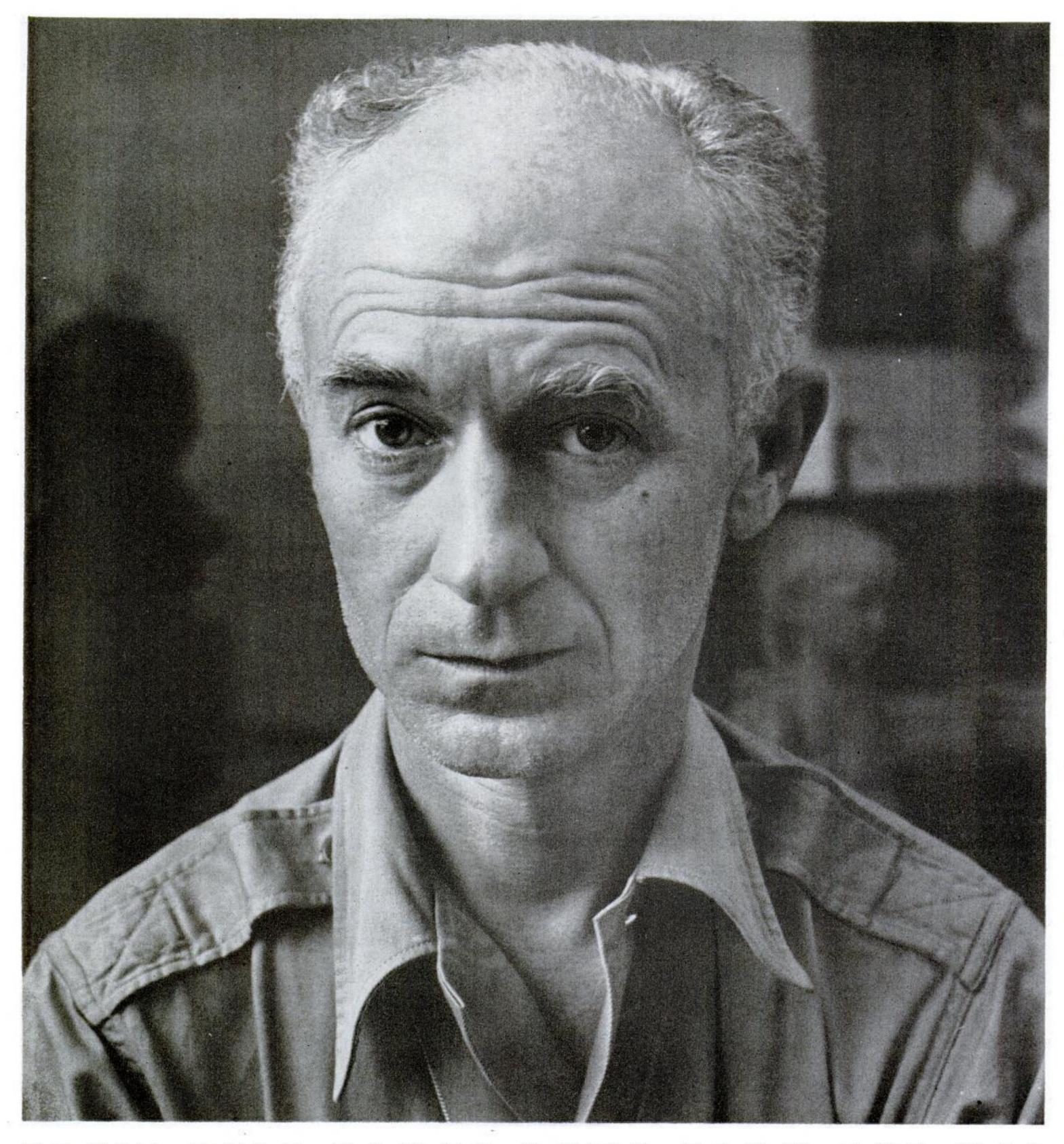
ols Fields and the big Cavite naval base. The bombing and strafing knocked out 205 Japanese planes, one warship, five tankers, five freighters.

These were no token raids. Admiral Chester Nimitz calmly labeled them "superlatively successful." But the Japanese, who had already ordered Filipinos to look to their bomb shelters, grew more frenzied than

ever. Apparently fearful of a rising Philippine underground, they placed Manila under martial law. Japan's Philippine quislings declared war on the U. S. and warned the people to prepare for the invasion.

All these moves seemed to be early steps in an amphibious war which would take many months. MacArthur was placing himself for an attack on Mindanao

Island whose capital, Davao, the Japs said was evacuated. The Navy at Palau was getting its best base west of Pearl Harbor and was softening up Manila, for a steppingstone to Formosa and the China coast. From Palau to Manila is 1,000 miles. From Manila to Formosa is 400 miles, and to the China coast near Hong Kong is 600 miles and from Formosa to Japan is 600 miles.



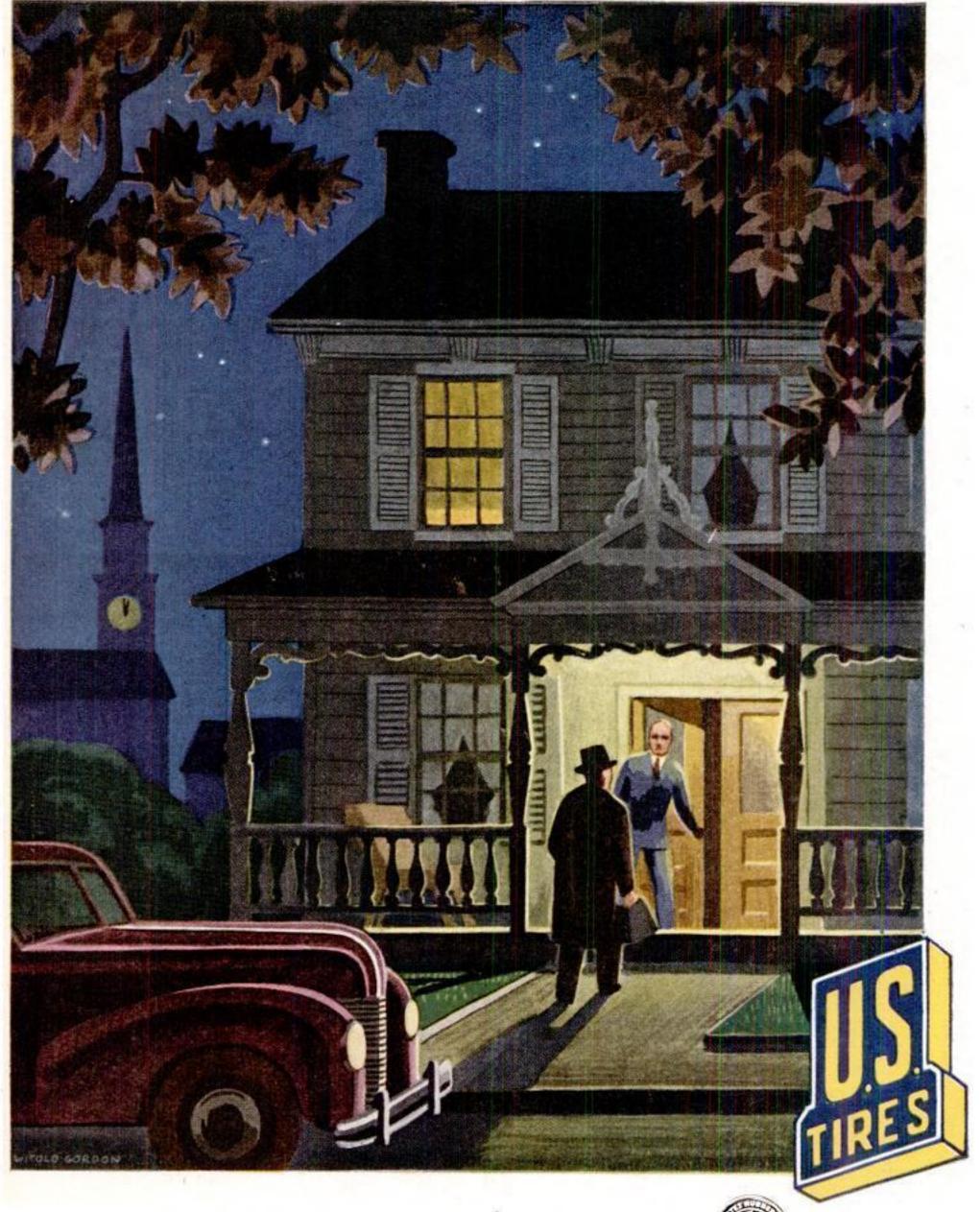
ERNIE PYLE COMES HOME FROM THE WAR

After 29 months overseas, nearly a year of them in the front lines, 44-year-old Ernie Pyle admitted he had had all he could take "for a while." During that time he had written 700,000 words about war, most of them about GIs themselves. "I do hate terribly to leave right now," he wrote in last column from France, "but I have given out. My spirit is wobbly and my mind is confused. The hurt has finally become too

great. All of a sudden it seemed to me that if I heard one more shot or saw one more dead man I would go off my nut. And if I had to write one more column I'd collapse. . . . Even hating the whole business as much as I do, you come to be a part of it. And you leave some of yourself here when you depart."

Ernie Pyle came home as he wanted to come home
—on a hospital ship loaded with wounded Americans.
As usual he could sympathize with the sick because

he himself has always been sick or worried about being sick. When Ernie Pyle arrived in the U. S. he wanted to go straight to his little white house in Albuquerque, N. Mex. But first he stopped in New York to talk business—United Artists is making a movie of his book, Here Is Your War—and to sit for a bust by Sculptor Jo Davidson. It was while he was at Davidson's studio that LIFE Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt took this fine portrait of him.



The Doctor's Here!

His face looks grey and lined and tired...but he's here! He's doing his best to look after the whole community—until the other doctors come back home.

That's why his tires have such a vital job to do. They must keep right on rolling day or night—without a single second lost on the way.

And it's the same with the fire truck and the bus line and the telephone repair truck and the farmer's truck and tractor and the other essential cars and trucks that make the old town run.

There never was a day when your town, any town, depended so much on tires as it does today. And there never was a day when that local, independent businessman, your tire dealer, had such important work to do.

It's his job to keep those tires rolling...right on through the war...by regular inspection, expert repair and skillful recapping. He has a stake in the community. He guards the tires that make it run.

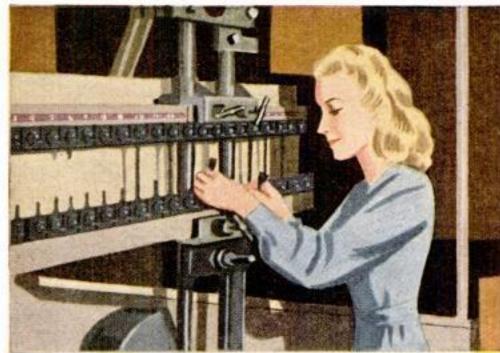


When you see this sign, you will find that kind of tire dealer. It is the sign of a local, independent business built on experience, knowledge, skilled service and products of quality.

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



TO BUILD A BETTER WORLD



SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE—Hundreds of scientists and technicians in United States Rubber Company laboratories are ceaselessly checking, testing, developing new materials to build better and better products from rubber of every type—natural or synthetic. Years of work have given them the skill of craftsmen to use every ounce of material so that it will give the greatest measure of service and dependability.



TIRES FOR THE FARM—Without rubber, the modern farm—like the modern town—could not run. For plowing, planting, cultivating—the countless chores that stand behind America's dinner table, farm tractors ride on U.S. Farm Tires. The farmer's truck hauling his produce to town—and his passenger car—roll on U.S. Royals, too. U.S. Farm Tires are built the way the farmer wants them for the jobs they have to do.



TODAY'S TIRES—The new U. S. Royal DeLuxe synthetic rubber tire is built by craftsmen who have learned how to use every ounce of material to best advantage. This new tire is doing a job even beyond expectations. Reports from car owners across the country show that the new U.S. Royal DeLuxe is piling up performance records close to pre-war tires made of natural rubber. "U.S." synthetic tires are good tires.

Listen to the Philharmonic-Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



Still up there!

IF YOU'VE TASTED Four Roses recently, you know it's still on top of the world. The quality of Four Roses has not been changed in the slightest. It's the same magnificent whiskey it was before the war.

And if you haven't tasted Four

Roses lately, make it a point to ask for it at your favorite bar or package store today.

Its full, rounded flavor, and its gloriously mellow richness will tell you instantly why so many men call it America's top whiskey.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.





TOPPLED BY THE HIGH WINDS, AN OLD ELM TREE CRASHED THROUGH THE ROOF AND THE TOP FLOOR OF THIS CAPE COD-TYPE HOUSE IN EDGARTOWN ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD

1944 HURRICANE

It kills 27 people, sinks three warships, does \$50,000,000 damage

At first the hurricane—a black funnel of a storm with a 140-mile-an-hour gale circling its core of calm—looked as if it would move harmlessly out to sea. Weathermen had spotted it near Puerto Rico, watched it swing 800 miles east of Miami. Just as they thought the danger was past, however, it turned freakishly and headed for the coast of the Carolinas. On Thursday, Sept. 14, with a violent rainstorm and flooding tides, it hit New Jersey, Long Island and the New England coast.

The next day, in pale sunlight and with a rising

barometer, storm-struck inhabitants of the coastal communities began counting the hurricane's toll. At least 27 people were killed, one Navy destroyer and two Coast Guard ships sunk, \$50,000,000 worth of damage done and thousands of homes deprived of water, telephones and electricity for a week or more. On the Jersey and Cape Cod shores whole houses had toppled into the water. And in many a New England village the great elm and pine trees had fallen to the ground, some of them crashing through the attics and top floors of beautiful old homes like the one above.

1944 Hurricane (continued)



In New York City small plane trees in Rockefeller Plaza were knocked down symmetrically. The winds in the city reached a velocity of 95 mph, an all-time record.

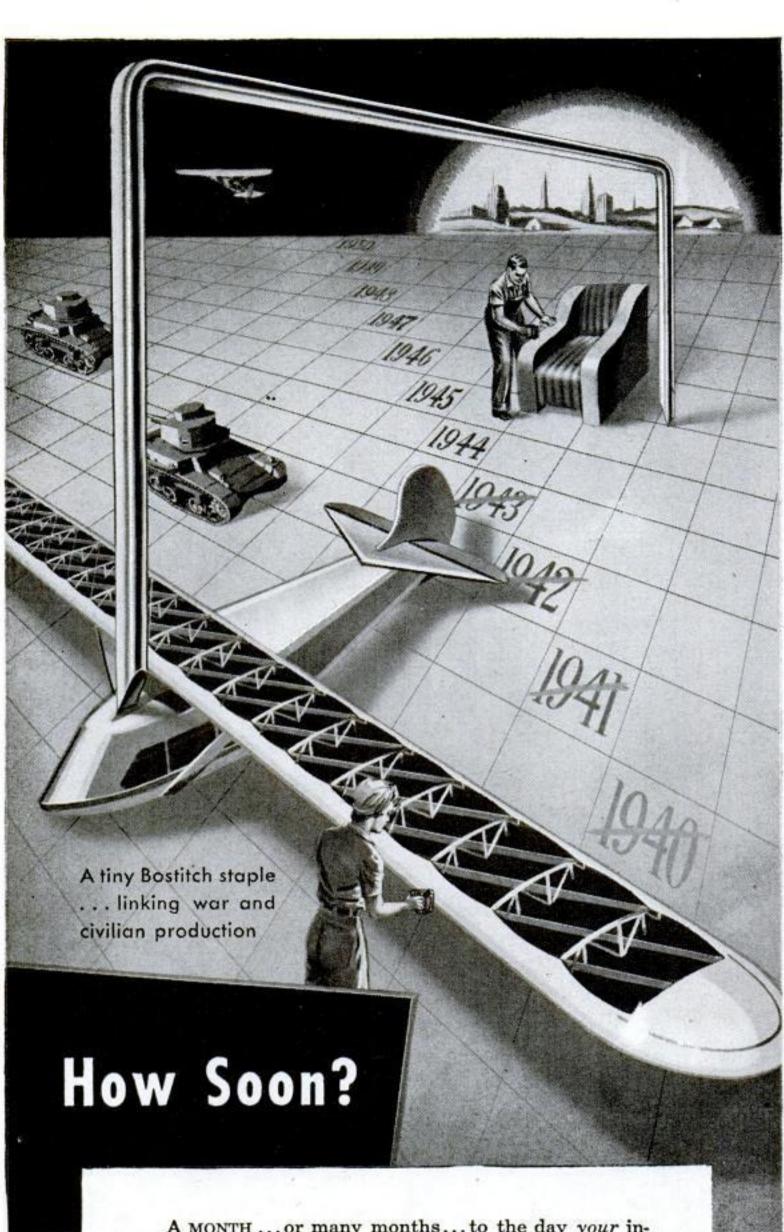


In Brooklyn an elm fell on top of a car. Nobody was hurt, but in greater New York 10 people were killed, most of them by being electrocuted when wires blew down.



In Cedarhurst, Long Island fallen trees made Rugby Road impassable. For 12 hours there were no trains between New York and Boston. Other trains were hours late.





A MONTH ... or many months... to the day your industry will get the "go-ahead" on civilian goods...to create jobs for men as they are released from service or war work?

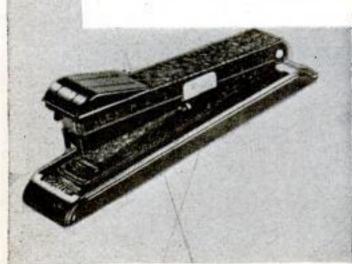
How soon? What products can come first? Most important - will you be ready ... on that day ... to change quickly from gliders to furniture...jeeps to cars... shells to cosmetics...or whatever it may be?

If your planning involves fastening...Bostitching offers you speed ... often 50% more speed ... over nailing, riveting, welding, glueing or tieing. Nearly 800 models . . . staplers, tackers, hammers, wire stitchers ... to fasten metals, wood, cloth, paper, plastics ... in any combination... faster and better.

Investigate Bostitching now...the advantages of 40 years' specialized stapling experience...of unrivalled engineering resources a field force of exclusive stapling specialists...the "When-Available" plan that offers you priority on equipment you'll need when your conversion begins. Write for "W-A" folder.

Bostitch (Boston Wire Stitcher Company), 52 Division Street, East Greenwich, R. I. (Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal).

Bostitch B-8 Desk Fastener. Smallest of nearly 800 models. Weighs but 6 oz., loaded yet does practically everything done . by fasteners 3 times its weight and cost.



BOSTITCH

AND FASTER

fastens it better, with wire

ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES



Buy War Bonds - to Have and to Hold

Another Boeing Superfortress starts for Japan

They're beginning to roll off the assembly lines in ever-increasing numbers . . . these Boeing B-29 Superfortresses, only a few of which have yet seen action.

They have behind them one of the most gigantic production programs ever conceived for any weapon of war. It is considered a major achievement that the Superfortress is a quantity-production airplane as well as a high-performance airplane.

As creator of the Superfortress, Boeing is charged with the responsibility of providing all engineering data to hundreds of co-operating companies . . . making all design changes and passing them along . . . supplying master gauges that control the

interchangeability of parts . . . making available to the other companies tooling and production information, including new Boeing-developed manufacturing techniques, and successfully co-ordinating all the combined activities.

The group of manufacturers participating in this huge production program includes the Martin and Bell aircraft companies, also producing completed Boeing B-29's, and other companies producing major sub-assemblies — Briggs, Cessna, Chrysler, General Motors, Goodyear, Hudson, Murray and A. O. Smith.

While fulfilling the imposing responsibility of servicing this network of co-operating companies,

Boeing also carries the major loads in producing completed B-29's. When all facilities reach capacity, Boeing will produce approximately 75 per cent of all B-29's.

The Superfortress and the famous Flying Fortress represent Boeing's effort to provide the Army's great bombing crews with the best possible airplanes to accomplish their hazardous and important missions.

When the war ends, Boeing principles of design, engineering and manufacture will be turned to peacetime products . . . and you may know of any product that, if it's "Built by Boeing," it's bound to be good.

BOEING



ALL THE VITAMINS Gov't Experts and Doctors agree are essential ... and IRON, Calcium, Phosphorus

RIGHT NOW, thousands of people are just dragging around—feeling are just dragging around—feeling listless, under par, always tired-simply because they aren't getting all the vitamins and minerals they need. You -yes, you-may be running this risk yourself! For it's a fact that a U. S. Government survey-and other surveys, too-showed that 3 out of 4 people weren't getting enough vitamins and minerals from their meals.

All the essential Vitamins

Don't depend on half-way measures! Vimms give you not just Vitamins A and D, not just the essential B Complex Vitamins and costly Vitamin C, but all the vitamins Government Experts and Doctors agree are needed in the diet.

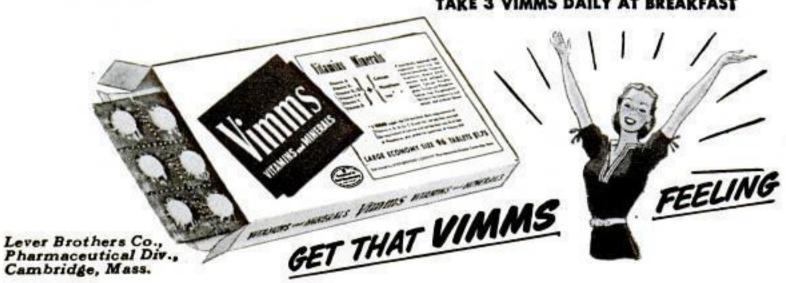
Iron for good red blood

Vimms also give you Iron-necessary for good red blood-that does so much to help you enjoy the buoyant energy that's rightfully yours. You also get Calcium and Phosphorus necessary for strong bones, teeth and body tissues.

No product that offers you only one tablet or capsule per day can give you the benefits of all these vitamins and minerals. That's why Vimms come in three tablets a day.

Vimms are pleasant-tasting-no fishy or yeasty taste or after-taste. They cost only a few cents a day. Get Vimms from your druggist.

TAKE 3 VIMMS DAILY AT BREAKFAST

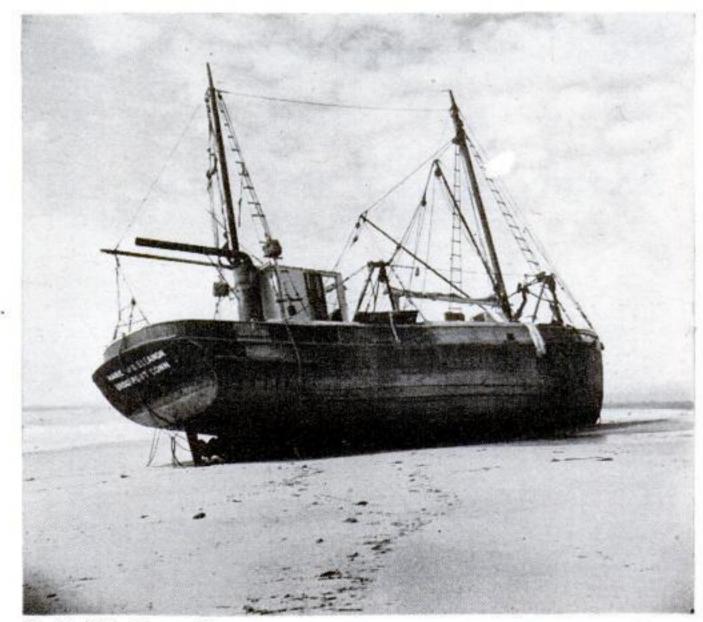




At Sea Isle City, N. J., hardest hit of all Jersey communities, 400 of the town's 700 homes were damaged -50 of them reduced, like this one, almost to kindling wood.



In Atlantic City, Heinz Pier was cut in two, and half the boardwalk was destroyed. At Asbury Park 200 feet of the municipal fishing pier were washed away by the gale.



On Martha's Vineyard a 75-foot schooner was beached. Lightship Vineyard Sound has disappeared. For days parts of the island had no telephone, electricity or water.



COLUMBIA PROUDLY PRESENTS PREMIER OPERATIC BAS



Critics acclaim him "the greatest singing actor of his generation,"
"the best singer in the Metropolitan." They contend that "no one
alive can sing as well"; that such singing as his "is usually reserved,
for one's dreams."

Ezio Pinza is a virile veteran of eighteen phenomenally successful seasons at the Metropolitan, where his presence electrifies its audience, as his vital voice fills its auditorium with great resonant sound . . . a

voice as warm, as flexible, as a tenor's, deeper and richer than a baritone's, a voice that is probably the only true basso cantante, with a cantabile quality difficult for even a baritone to attain.

Master of fifty-five operatic roles, ranging

from the swashbuckling, romantic hero of Mozart's Don Giovanni to Moussorgsky's usurper-czar, Boris Godounov, his amazing repertoire embraces such diverse music as the florid arias of Handel, the lieder of Brahms, and the simple folk songs of his native Italy.

Yes! Ezio Pinza now records exclusively for Columbia, adds his glorious voice to Columbia's ever-growing roll of renowned artists whose incomparable art promises greater musical tomorrows.

Today, the world's greatest artists are heard on Columbia Records, the *only* records with the Sensitone-Surface that makes possible far richer tone, greater durability, amazing freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Records *Great Music Is More Faithfully Yours!*



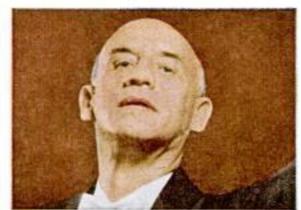
Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks" and D Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Prices shown are exclusive of taxes

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Oscar Levant (Piano): Gershwin's great Concerto in F, with The Phil.-Sym. Orch. of N. Y., cond. by Andre Kostelanetz. Set M-MM-512 . . \$4.50 Recital of Modern Music, from Debussy to today. Set M-508 . . . \$3.50



Dimitri Mitropoulos and The Minneapolis Symph. Orch. bring you the brilliantly descriptive Sorcerer's Apprentice by Dukas. Set x-mx-212. . . . \$2.50 Prokofiev's Classical Symphony in D Major. Set x-mx-166 \$2.50



John Carter, brilliant tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, in an album of Sentimental Song, with instrumental accompaniment. Set M-522 . . \$3.50 d'Hardelot's Because, Foster's Beautiful Dreamer, arr. by Howard. 4242-M. 75¢





Fritz Reiner cond. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orch: A Wagner Concert (five famous orchestral excerpts from Wagner operas). Set M-MM-549. \$4.50 Debussy's Iberia. A magnificent performance. Set M-MM-491 . . . \$3.50



Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, stars of the new comedy radio program, "Ozzie and Harriet."

"THIS IS NO TIME TO BE MODEST" say Ozzie and Harriet





JACK BUTLER LAYS OUT CARBURETOR MIXTURE-CONTROL UNIT AFTER STUDYING EXPLODED VIEW SHOWN BELOW. THIS IS ONE OF SIX MAJOR SUBASSEMBLIES IN CARBURETOR

EXPLODED VIEWS

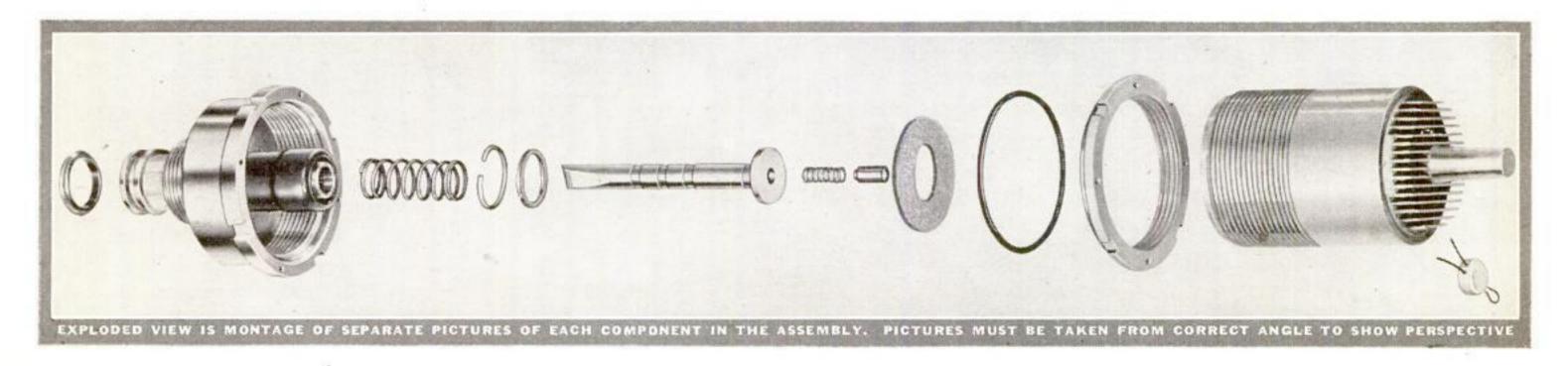
11-year-old boy tests pictures that show how to assemble things

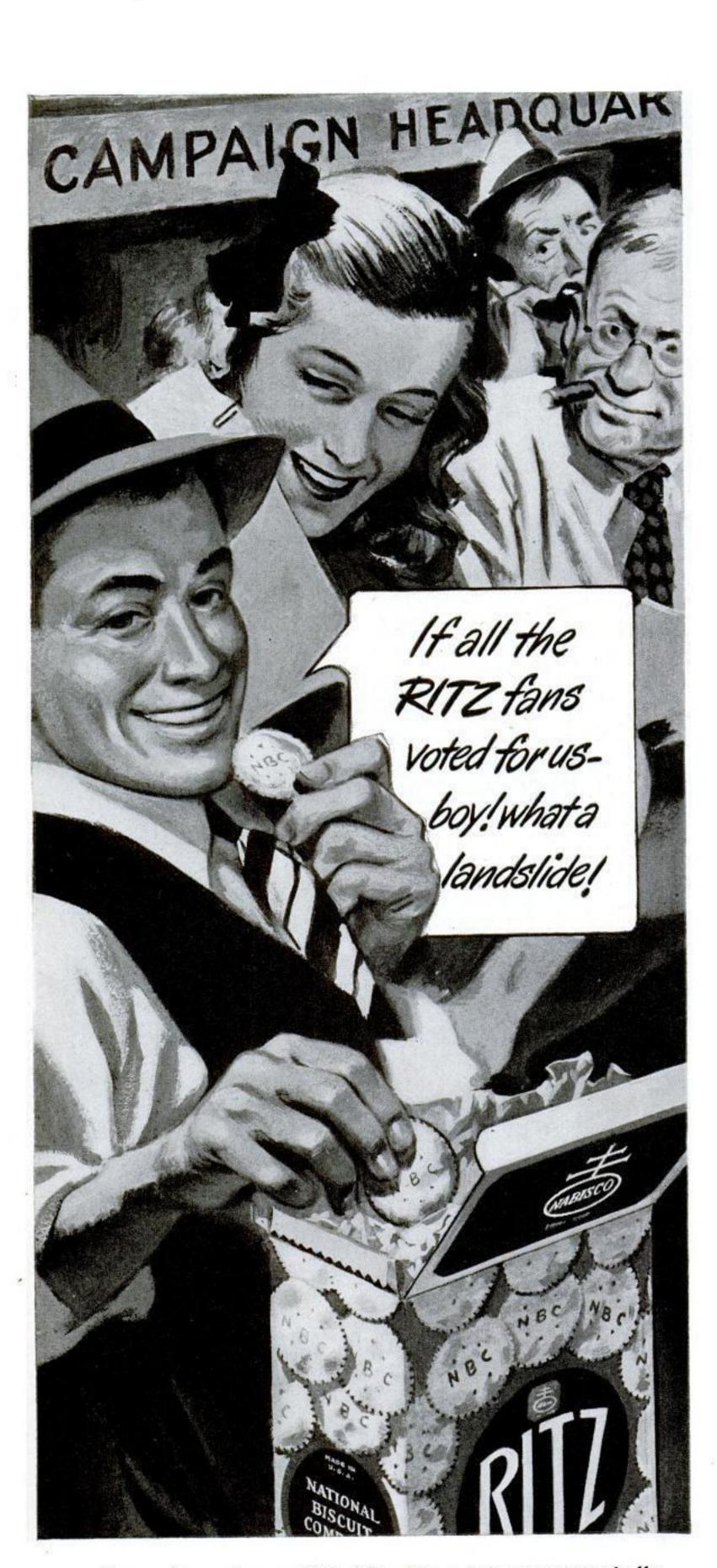
One of the devices that have helped untrained hands to perform precision jobs in this war is the "exploded view" (LIFE, May 8). An exploded view is a picture that shows the pieces of complicated mechanism exploded apart and arranged in relative order of their assembly (below). By looking at it, workers who cannot read a blueprint can see almost at a glance how to put the assembly together.

To make sure that its exploded views get their les-

sons across, Tempo Inc., a Chicago engineering firm, enlists the help of Jack Butler, an average-bright fifth-grader. Jack is confronted with the component parts and exploded views of an assembly. If he can put it together Tempo is satisfied that anyone else can.

In picture above, Jack has laid out a few of the parts of Bendix-Stromberg carburetor according to pattern of its exploded view. Jack was able to assemble all 500 parts of the carburetor in two hours (see page 50).

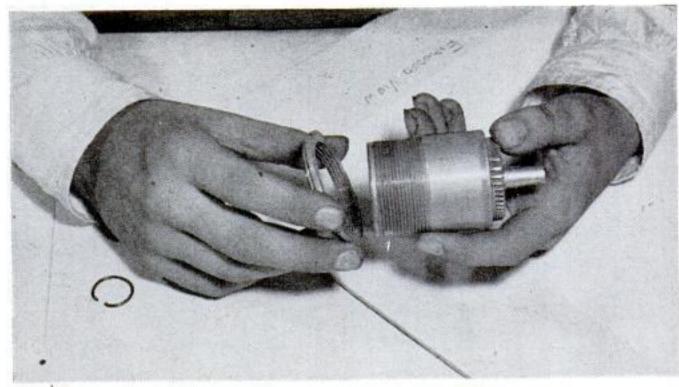


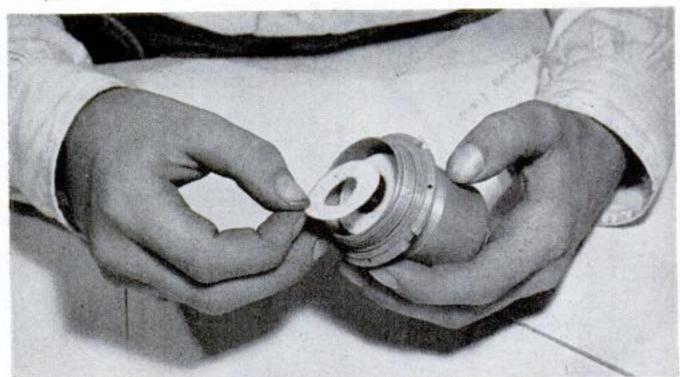


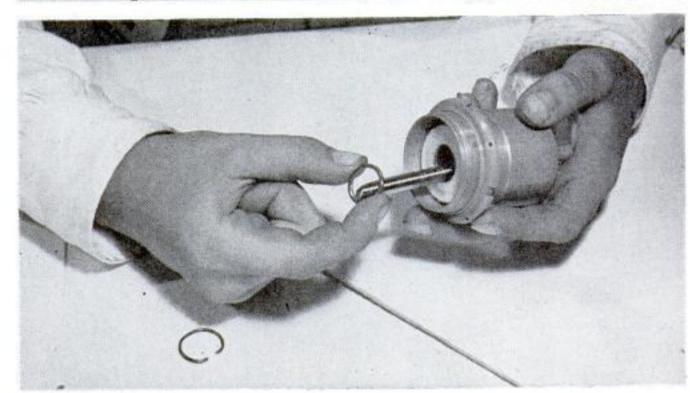
Yes...it surely would be! For Ritz eaters means practically everybody. And is it any wonder? What other cracker is so deliciously flavorful...so crisp and crunchy...so completely all around perfect for every food and occasion! If you want to win your campaign for better meals and better eating—get Ritz on your side. Buy a couple of packages today!

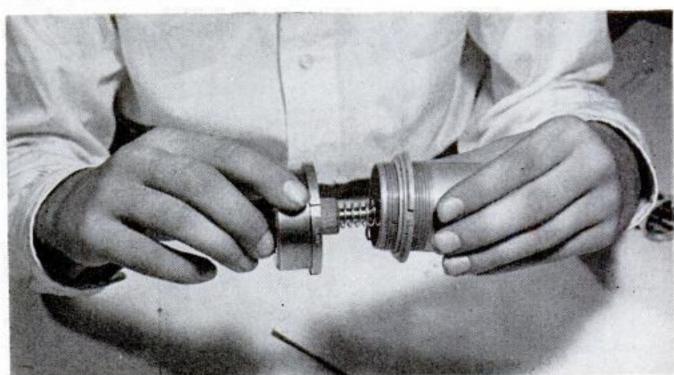
BAKED BY NABISCO NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

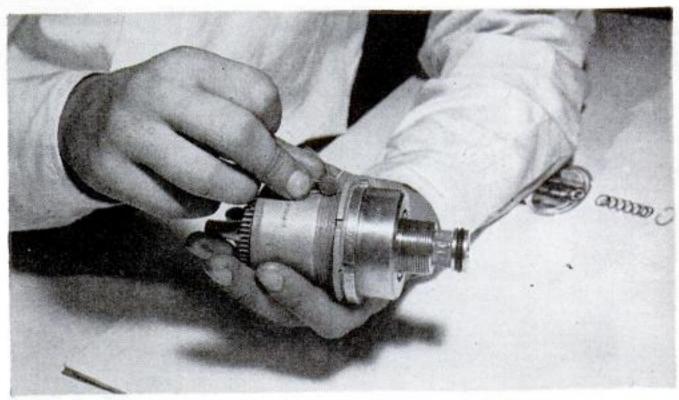
Exploded Views (continued)











Jack Butler's hands are deft at assembling carburetor parts. He had already solved major part of the problem by studying the exploded view, which helped him to sort out the parts and arrange them for assembly. Process shown here took two minutes.

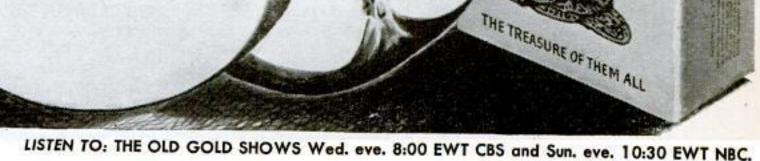
CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



Apple "Honey" Helps Keep Old Golds Fresh!

• You want fine tobacco, of course. But you want it fresh! A mist of Apple "Honey," the nectar of luscious apples, is sprayed on Old Gold's fine tobaccos to help hold in the natural freshness.

"Something new has been added" to these tobaccos. It's Latakia, a costly imported leaf that gives richer flavor. Try Old Golds and see why they have won a million new friends.



SUDDEUM AUTOMATIC MIXMASTER



the Key to simplified cake-making this new 1 Bowl, 4 Minute way

quicker, easier...cakes stay moist longer

If you are one of the fortunate persons who own a Sunbeam Mixmaster, try this simplified 1-bowl, 4-minute cake-making method and see how easily and quickly you can make a delicious, moist, meltingly-tender cake. It's the even Mixmaster mixing that gives "1-bowl" cakes a smoother, finer, feather-light texture. And there's no "trick" to it with Mixmaster to perform the two simple, 2-minute mixing operations. Simply dial No. 2 speed on the exclusive Mix-Finder Dial and you get the perfect mixing speed. Only Mixmaster has this exclusive feature. Although there have been no Mixmasters manufactured at Sunbeam since Spring, 1942, when war production replaced them, they will be back again just as soon as conditions permit.

With this new short-cut method, all the ingredients for a cake are mixed together in one bowl. Two steps combine everything. You skip the long, tedious creaming of butter and sugar, and "alternate addings" of flour and liquid. Your cake is ready for the oven in 4 minutes!

MIXMASTER-MIXING MAKES ALL THIS DIFFERENCE



Butter cake made by "one-bowl"

method, hand-mixed





Butter cake made by "one-bowt" method, Mixmaster-mixed

PICICAL MEAN TONE
SOY PROUG AUTHORS
WICTORY MEAN FIRE
BUTHARISS CAPT

Recipes and instructions for the new simplified method are given in our new kit of special Sunbeam Recipes. All on handy 3"x 5" cards for your file. Send for your free set.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5600 W. Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53, Chicago 50, Illinois. Canadian Factory: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto 9 Over Half a Century Making Quality Products

By the Peacetime Makers of Sunbeam TOASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, SHAVEMASTER

Exploded Views (continued)



Carburetor subassemblies have been put together according to the exploded views that explain them. Jack Butler is now ready to put them together in final assembly.

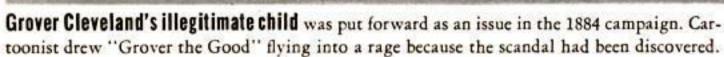


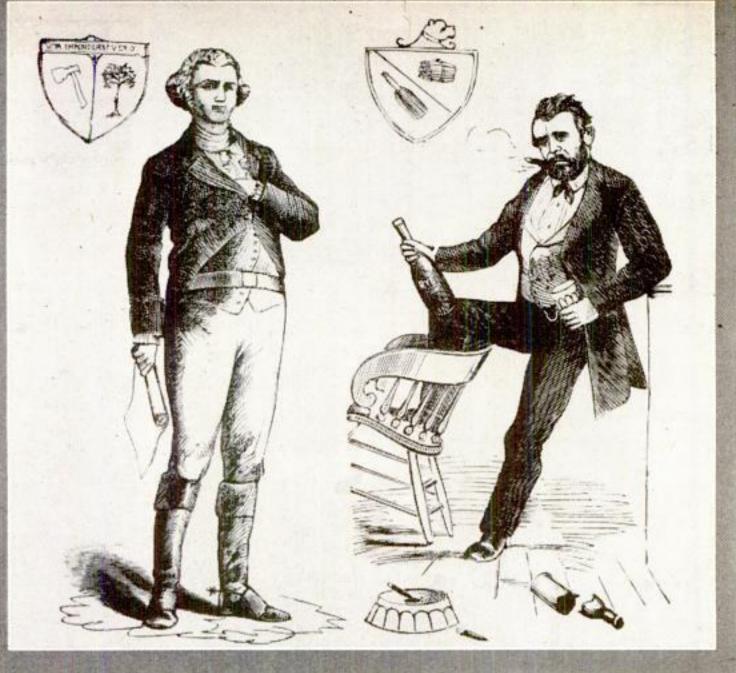
Assembled carburetor is displayed by Jack Butler after two hours' work. Blueprint of carburetor is on wall but he need not understand it to put carburetor together.











Grant's supposed drunkenness and propensity for telling lies were compared in 1880 to morally spotless Washington. Cartoons like this one helped upset the General's hopes for third term.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN SLANDERS

VICIOUS SMEARS AND SCANDALMONGERING OF THE LAST CENTURY MAKE MODERN POLITICS LOOK TAME by Samuel Hopkins adams

Lime, we are recurrently warned, malice, envy and all uncharitableness will surely outdo themselves; the candidates will be lucky if they come out with a shred of character unsmirched. Yet one would be safe in laying long odds against the present campaign remotely approaching in virulence the accepted methods of the hallowed past. Nobody has thus far cast aspersions upon President Roosevelt's legitimacy of birth or editorially advertised Governor Dewey as a brothel-haunting drunkard unfit to consort with decent folk. We have had no cartoons endowing the President with the horns, fangs and forked tail of Old Nick, or depicting his rival as a furry and obscene gorilla. To charge either of the candidates with looting the public treasury or propagating illegitimate offspring by an Indian squaw would be regarded today as equally bad sportsmanship and disastrous political strategy. A century ago or more this sort of thing was uncritically accepted as all in the day's work.

Admirers of the Good Old Days need go back into history only a few decades to discover that every four years (and much of the intervening time) our voting fathers tossed decency, honor, fair play and the libel laws onto the ash heap and plunged into the fray, biting, kicking, gouging, and spitting venom. Nobody was exempt. The historian of a thousand years hence, delving into American documents, may well wonder how Washington kept out of jail, Lincoln saved himself from tar and feathers, and sundry other respected chief magistrates escaped penalties ranging from bastardy proceedings to simple hanging.

Consider this journalistic description of an aspirant to the White House: "A horrid looking wretch he is, sooty and scoundrelly in aspect,

a cross between the nutmeg dealer, the horse swapper, and the night man.'
Such was the opposition portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Subsequently i
took on livelier hues.

Few of our historic leaders escaped the barrage, nor did any sense of the high position restrain some of them from giving as good as they go Washington was plagued by the gadfly poet and journalist, Philip Frenez who took a malign pleasure in transmitting to the Chief Magistrate special messenger marked copies of his more vituperative attacks. "I damned rascal Freneau," said Washington, and let it go at that. Benja Franklin Bache, an unfragrant specimen of journalist who signed the torials in his Philadelphia Aurora "Lightning Rod Jr." in memory of illustrious grandfather, called Washington variously "impostor," "croedile" and "hyena," accused him of looting the U. S. Treasury and declared him "the source of all the misfortunes of our country." The President defended himself against the charge of peculation and ignored the rest.

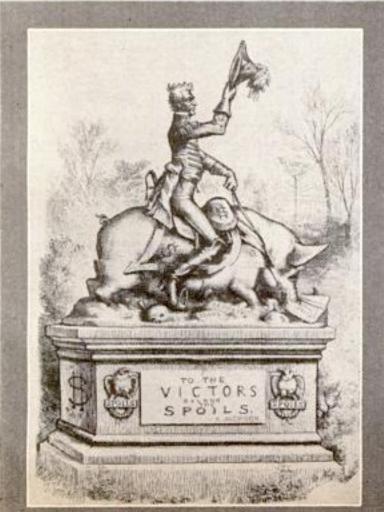
Both as candidate and President, John Adams was subjected to what he termed, in an excess of classical resentment, "a spicissitude of black liquor." The ardent Federalist, Sedgwick, publicly declared him a semimaniac. Mr. Adams, who could himself be "spicissitudinous" at need, used to express his distaste for Federalism by habitually referring to its leader, Alexander Hamilton, as "that bastard brat of a Scotch peddler." A fervent Adams supporter seized upon one of Mr. Hamilton's not-sufficiently-private indiscretions to publicize him as "a rank old fornicator."

Sex reared its ugly head in the Jefferson incumbency also. It was not enough for the Federalists to denounce the President as "the anti-Christ in the White House"; they must also scan his private life and circulate

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Jackson's spoils system was lampooned mercilessly. Cartoon was drawn after his death. Lincoln's sense of humor was perverted by Copperhead cartoonist in 1864. The President is pictured on a Civil War battlefield, callous and indifferent to the death of Union soldiers.

Blaine's dishonesty was alleged in this 1884 cartoon showing him with graft-filled pockets.









hat is "says Private Pringle raitress removes the his second cup of his second cup of spot of his brief stopover at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Never before has Private Pringle seen such an interesting exhibit of truly American arts and crafts . . . baskets of almost every weave and of every form and use . . . pottery that never knew the potter's wheel . . . native blankets of marvelous design and coloring . . . an endless variety of things related to the life, customs and ceremonials of the Southwest Indians. And, luckily, he finds a Navajo silversmith hammering silver into fascinating bracelets at his primitive forge.

he has been told, are the most complete and authentic of their kind in the world. And . . . the attendant explains . . . these famous historical collections are as complete as ever because the museum items are rarely sold.

Of course, some of the usual handicraft articles are missing. But should you visit the Indian Building at Albuquerque, New Mexico, you will find most of the items you want. If you are unable to find some particular article, remember . . . it has gone into fighting weapons to back up Private Pringle.

Remember, too, that in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars we're serving tens of thousands of uniformed men and women every day... in addition to our greatly increased civilian patronage. Private Pringle comes first these days. We know you agree, since you are accepting the situation with patience and good humor.

* * *

SEND YOUR LETTERS V-MAIL—He's waiting anxiously for that letter from you. Send it V-MAIL so he'll get it sooner. V-MAIL is the only mail that always flies . . . and it can't get lost. Use V-MAIL and be sure!

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3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

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Jefferson's evil allies, brandy and the devil, were pictured helping him pull down government. This was a protest against Jefferson's promise to curtail federal powers.

CAMPAIGN SLANDERS (continued)

through their press the charge, quite unsubstantiated, that he kept a mulatto "plaicer" who had borne him a child. Contemporary bards burst into song about it.

> And thou, the scorn of every patriot's name, Thy country's ruin and thy country's shame! Go, wretch! Resign the Presidential chair. Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair. Go scan, philosophist, thy Sally's charms, And sink supinely in her sable arms.

The author, a youth to fortune and to fame unknown, being then but 13 years old, afterward wished to disavow the effusion. Hence it is not to be found in the collected works of William Cullen Bryant.

Troubles with England and France engaged the general mind in the second decade of the 19th Century. The Yankee genius for invective was turned mainly outward. With the accession of John Quincy Adams the political thunderclouds re-formed. Viewing the newly elected Chief Magistrate with a critical eye, the Natchez Gazette found him: "The courtly voluptuary, refined in all the stratagems of sensuality, the privileged libertine at whose approach innocence trembles and the blushing cheek grows pale, who considers virtue as the ignis fatuus of imagination and health and happiness as his lawful prey, the deceitful diplomatist, the fawning sycophant, the superannuated beggar . . ." and so on.

As the most damning indictment against the Adams morals was that he took his early morning bath in the Potomac without benefit of bathing suit (an enterprising lady journalist got an interview out of him by sitting on his clothes), the portrait seems overdrawn.

All this was but stage setting for the most vehement period in our history. Andrew Jackson entered the White House in a bad temper—plentifully justified—and left it in a worse. During the eight years of his incumbency those dignified walls rang with the most virile vocabulary in the range of public life. Never in parliamentary history has there been a more eloquent and unfettered use of the English language than that which embellished the nation's councils in the days of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, the vitriolic journalists such as Blair and Hill, and the elegant, scholarly and terrible homunculus, John Randolph of Roanoke.

Randolph prided himself upon being the gentleman in politics. He called President Adams a traitor, Holmes a dangerous fool, Daniel Webster a vile slanderer and Edward Livingston unfit to touch without tongs, while to Henry Clay he addressed that classic apostrophe: "So brilliant! So corrupt! Like a rotten mackerel in moonlight, he shines and stinks." Clay shot him through the coattails.

Andrew Jackson entered the political arena with the reputation of having hanged one British subject and shot another, executed eight members of his military command for the conventional offense of desertion, married the undivorced wife of another man, fought duels, fist fights and tavern brawls, and of being at all times ready to take on all comers with any weapon and no holds barred.

Jackson was a tough fighter but a fair one. As much cannot be said for his enemies. They centered their first attack upon his poor wife Rachel Jackson with her clay pipe. Crowds paraded before the hotel where the Jacksons lodged, brandishing the legend:

The A

C

of Democracy

The Adulter

Adulteress The

> Bully and

The Cuckold.

They sang,

Oh, Andy! Oh, Andy!

How many men have you hanged in your life?

How many weddings make a wife?

and, in reference to Mrs. Jackson's first husband, an unprintable ditty beginning,

Old Daddy Robard Went to the cupboard.

It broke down the simple and gentle mountain woman. Some said that she cried herself to death, tenderly cared for by the pretty daughter of an innkeeper, Peggy O'Neill, who was to be the other storm center of Jackson's tumultuous life. The President-elect of the U.S. was hardly restrained from running amuck, pistols in hand,

"Pothouse Peggy"

When Old Hickory announced his candidacy for re-election, feeling rose still higher. Delving into his somewhat obscure origine, the opposition produced this genealogical gem which they circulated through the Cincinnati Gazette: "Genl. Jackson's mother was a common prostitute, brought to this country by British soldiers. She afterward married a MULATTO MAN with whom she had many children, of whom Genl. Jackson is one."

Politics fell into the hands of the ladies when Rachel Jackson's young friend, Margaret O'Neill of Gadsby's Hotel, married John H. Eaton, Jackson's Secretary of War. Washington society formed a

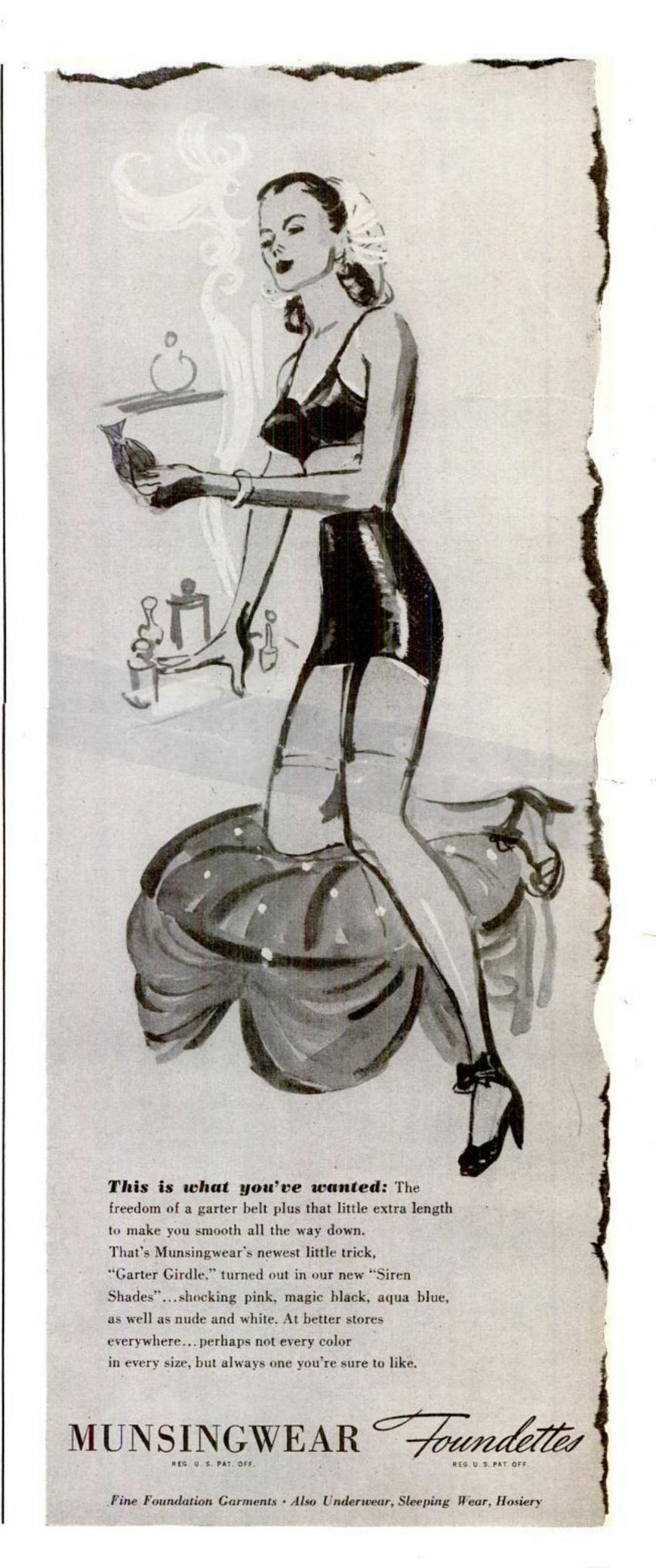
A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE

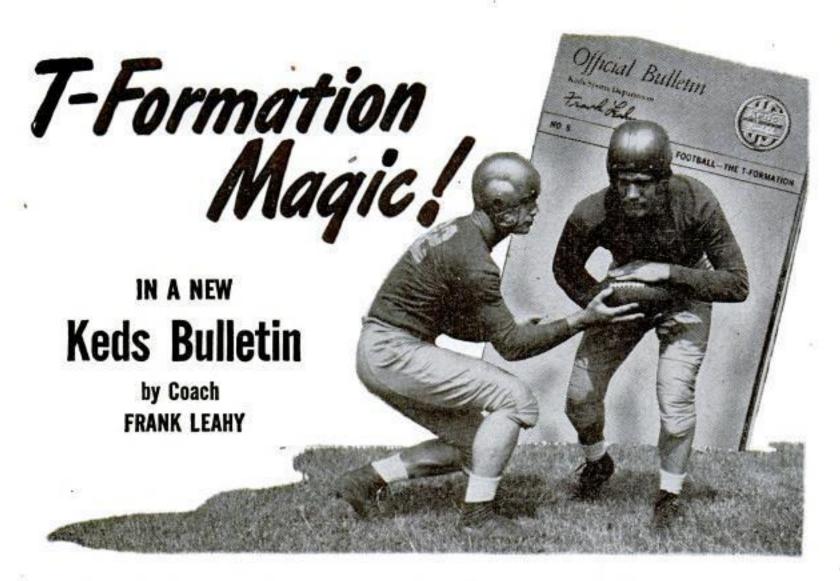
Samuel Hopkins Adams is a versatile novelist, biographer, newspaperman and screen writer whose literary research has often led him into the more turbulent chapters of American political history. His novel Revelry and his popular history The Incredible Era both dealt with the Harding administration. His best-seller The Gorgeous Hussy, which won success as a motion picture, described the tumult which raged within Andrew Jackson's Cabinet over the marriage of Secretary of War John Eaton to barmaid, Peggy O'Neill.

cabal against "this Pothouse Peggy." Everything they had said against poor Mrs. Jackson they now repeated against Peggy and threw in an illegitimate child for good measure. Hotly loyal to the memory of his dead wife, the President supported Peggy with all the force of his prestige and all the vigor of his unmatched profanity. He made it an article of faith and loyalty that the Cabinet members and wives should recognize their colleague's wife socially. Thereupon the dowagers scented or invented scandal in the White House. The fair Peggy was a Presidential light-o'-love and the "passionate old man in the imbecility of his dotage" her docile slave.

The resultant explosion blew the Jackson Cabinet to fragments. Secretary Eaton prowled the streets with a loaded pistol, seeking Secretary Ingham's blood for having "said things" about his wife, and Secretary Ingham threaded Washington's intricate alleys, keeping out of the Secretary of War's warpath. Such was statesmanship in the brave days of old. Secretary of State Van Buren, who as a widower was able to dodge the social issue, stuck by Peggy, and the grateful President made him his successor. It is probably the only instance in history where scandal made a President of the U.S.

When Old Hickory left the White House, cursing his enemies root and branch and bewailing that he had not shot Clay and hanged Calhoun, there entered the most pacific and diplomatic of all its incumbents, Martin Van Buren. Now, if ever, the olive branch would succeed the hickory cudgel. But amateur genealogists got to work upon the Little Magician of Kinderhook and proved to their satisfaction that he was the unacknowledged son of Aaron Burr.





The mightiest formation in Football is the T-Formation. What it is and how it works are in the newest Keds Sports Department Bulletin, written by Coach Frank Leahy: "Football—The T-Formation". Continuous photographs and diagrams show formations and each player's maneuvers—the action that made the Notre Dame "T" such a potent winner on the gridiron last Football season. To get your free copy, write a postcard to the Keds Sports Department at the U.S. Rubber Company branch office listed below in the city nearest your home.



Stance of the center in the Notre Dame T-Formation



Closeup of the center's grip on the ball



Stance of the quarterback



Quarterback in position to feed the ball to halfback

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CAMPAIGN SLANDERS (continued)

Whence arose this brilliant improvisation is obscure. It attained wide credence among the Whigs and was the subject of frequent gibes and left-handed references which President Van Buren ignored with his customary urbane indifference to attacks. His personal character, too, came in for adverse commentary. Earlier in his career a writer in the Corrector had thus welcomed him to the arena: "To write the history of this man would be to trace the progress of vice from its first dawnings in the human breast to its mature and blasting fruition."

Now that he had attained to the highest office, the Whig press saw in him "a monster of duplicity" to whose "low cunning and gross hypocrisy no parallel can be adduced."

"Mr. Van Buren," pointed out the New York American, "consorts

most naturally with the degraded and vile."

The opposition leaders persuaded or hired the redoubtable Davy Crockett to lay down his coon rifle and take up his pen. The result was a campaign biography which, though it might now be adjudged a little beyond the limits of propriety, was in those less reticent days welcomed as a masterpiece of polemics. Davy wrote: "Van Buren is to General Jackson as dung to a diamond. . . . A year old, he could laugh on one side of his face and cry on the other. . . . He struts and swaggers like a crow in the gutter. . . . He is laced up in corsets such as women in town wear, and if possible, tighter than the best of them. It would be difficult to say . . . whether he was man or woman but for his large red-and-gray-whiskers."

In a campaign of torchlight, minstrelsy and mudslinging the Whigs sang the smiling Van Buren out of office and the solemn hero of Tippecanoe, William Henry Harrison, in. A sidelight upon the fervency of campaigning in those days is cast from the borfire jubilation of the victors. When the prairie fires, lighted in sozen different localities of Ohio by the exultant Whigs, had died out, something

more than a third of the state was in ashes.

Harrison and the Indian squaw

The scandalmongers had little time to produce anything spicy against General Harrison since, a few weeks after inauguration, he made a hot-weather meal of a bag of cherries, a pitcher of ice water, a handful of papaws and a quart of milk which proved too much for even his sturdy constitution. Meanwhile the best they could contrive was to publish in the St. Louis Argus an article on the three sons of a Winnebago squaw to whom he had sent \$1,000 apiece, which the editor freehandedly interpreted as an admission of paternity!

For several administrations thereafter a spirit of comparative moderation prevailed. There was an occasional flicker, as when it was alleged against President Polk that he was a drunkard and a coward who had fainted away and fallen off his horse in the face of battle, or when an ardent Abolitionist thus relieved his mind: "Of Mr. Tyler's Cabinet, a majority are Negro-thieves; five of the judges of the Supreme Court are Negro-thieves; the President of the United States is a Negro-thief."

As for the Abolitionists themselves, they were described by Senator Sam Houston with the force of simplicity. "They are bastards,"

he informed the Senate. (Applause)

If vituperation diminished against the White House, the legislative branches kept in practice. There were many times in the late '30s and in the '40s when our legislative halls were quite literally an arena. If a member took offense at a fellow's utterance, he did not pause for the formality of inviting him to step outside but walked over and punched his nose. A newspaper correspondent noted 30 separate and independent Congressional fist fights in a single day's session.

Writing of the uncertain tempers of 1860, Senator Hammond confided to a member of his family: "So far as I know, every member in both Houses is armed with a revolver, some with two, and a bowie knife," and added the precautionary note that he was going out to get heeled himself. All the cumulative passions that were leading inevitably to war coagulated in the venom of that campaign. Not even Jackson was more virulently maligned than Lincoln, and from the North as well as the South. Harper's Weekly caricatured him as a clown and a drunkard. The New York World called him "tyrant, usurper, despot." To William Lloyd Garrison he was "the slavehound from Illinois," and Wendell Phillips proclaimed him an imbecile. Cartoons presented him as a gorilla, a ghoul and a grinning baboon. After the war was in full progress an artist depicted him as cracking jokes over battlefield corpses "with his pimps and pets."

His successor, Andrew Johnson, had precelebrated the 1865 inauguration with a drink too many. The partisan poetasters were upon him at once. The low comedian at the Grover Street Theatre

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5



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Chill it...Pour it...Enjoy it



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Tune in "Stop That Villain," Mutual Network Wednesday evenings 8:30 EWT, Pacific Coast Thursdays 8:30 PWT.

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CAMPAIGN SLANDERS (continued)

won a brilliant popularity with a recitative which celebrated the visits of the vice president to a certain Hole-in-the-Wall where he was

> . . . inspired of many a pot, Which made him drunk as any sot, At the Inauguration.

> Oh, was it not a glorious sight To see the crowd of black and white As well as Andrew Johnson tight At the Inauguration.

Throughout his administration the press harped upon that one alcoholic outbreak. Today it would hardly be good form to term the President of the U. S. "an insolent, drunken brute, in comparison with whom Caligula's horse was respectable," which was the ex-

pression used by the New York World.

So surcharged was the air with animosity that when Grant beat out Johnson in the election the two acted like a pair of bad little boys making faces at one another after a fight. Grant notified the Inauguration Committee that he would neither ride in the same carriage with his defeated rival nor speak to him, and Johnson sent back word that he considered Grant a liar and betrayer and the farther apart they kept the better it suited him. After which exchange of amenities they took part in the parade in separate equipages. Magnanimous in war, Grant was petty and harsh in politics. His methods (or those of the corrupt ring which surrounded him), as employed against Horace Greeley when he became the opposition nominee, were such that the distinguished editor rubbed his fringe of hair when it was all over and remarked in rueful bewilderment that he didn't know whether he had been running for the presidency or the penitentiary. One of the attacks which worst hurt his feelings was a cartoon showing him shaking hands with John Wilkes Booth, obviously congratulating him on having killed Lincoln.

Charges of bastardy

Bastardy, hitherto hardly more than a lighthearted imputation, now became a vital issue with the charge that Grover Cleveland was the father of an illegitimate child. Besought by the terrified party leaders to deny his responsibility, Cleveland refused.

"What shall we do, then?" they demanded.

"Tell the truth," said the candidate.

Not to be outdone, the Democrats produced a countercharge in kind: James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight of Republicanism, they alleged, was the sire of a premarital baby. It was a malodorous contest on both sides. When Blaine failed to disavow the Reverend S. D. Burchard's famous castigation of the Democrats as the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," the slander backfired and cost him the Irish vote, and with it the crucial electoral votes of New York State. Press and pulpit swapped insults. Columbia University students popularized a Democratic couplet:

'Blaine! Blaine! Jay Gould Blaine!

The continental liar from the State of Maine."

Cleveland's alleged infant nearly defeated its father; he squeezed through by the narrowest margin and the Republicans paraded in the streets, derisively chanting:

Ma! Ma! Where's my Pa?

Gone to the Whitehouse. Ha! Ha! Ha!

There was little to caricature in the impeccable record of Benjamin Harrison who beat Cleveland in 1888 and was beaten by him in 1892; nor did Cleveland's second term afford much material for satire. But with the advent of McKinley, supported by the "boodle politics" of Mark Hanna, the cartoonists sharpened their weapons again.

The hate pictures continued after McKinley's victory. Possibly inspired by them, a poet turned his hand to politics in the only direct incitement to Presidential murder on record. Ambrose Bierce circulated through the Hearst press this astonishing quatrain:

The bullet that pierced Goebel's* breast Cannot be found in all the West. Good reason; it is speeding here To stretch McKinley on his bier.

A few months later McKinley was stretched on his bier and Elihu Root was charging that the bullet had been sped by the inspiration

of the rabble-rousing press.

Theodore Roosevelt's overwhelmingly personalized fighting style produced less in the line of slander than might have been foreseen. Taft's incumbency was uneventful, as was Coolidge's later. There were some clandestine whispers about Wilson and his alleged "philandering," but the atmosphere did not become really electric again until Warren G. Harding emerged from the "smoke-filled room" in *Governor Goebel of Kentucky, shot by an unknown killer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

"I've christened her 'Old Reliable'!"

"That's the name they should have hung on this Plymouth when they launched her in 1940. I saw sea duty in the last war, and I'm telling you this car is dependable as a ship's bell. The Navy has me doing a thousand miles of hard driving every week and the car just has to deliver. It can't let me down—and it hasn't let me down.

"The speedometer turned 92,000 miles the other day — and I've never been delayed a minute by any fault of the car. That's a grand record for any car at any price. It's convinced me that Plymouth is the low-cost car with the high-price features. I'm riding this model through the war, however long that takes. And the next car I get will be another Plymouth."*

ANAVY COMMANDER tells this true story of Plymouth reliability. It comes from Plymouth's building cars to meet the toughest driving conditions. In every Plymouth, metal parts are engineered to resist salt air corrosion . . . brakes to operate long and safely in mountain country . . . cooling system to work efficiently in desert heat. Every other feature is as thoroughly proven.

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*According to recent surveys

CAMPAIGN SLANDERS (continued)

Chicago as the choice of the Republican Party. For the second time the allegation of mixed blood was brought forth, but on this occasion through underground channels. A member of the faculty of the College of Wooster (Ohio) had printed on a press, so secret that its identity has never been revealed, a leaflet unequivocally stating that the candidate was of Negro blood and offering genealogical "proof." This charge was finally buried; but after Harding's death another one appeared when a woman named Nan Britton wrote a book accusing Harding of having been the father of her illegitimate child.

Up to Civil War times and a little later a partisan belligerent with something uncomplimentary to say either got up on his feet and proclaimed it from the hustings or rushed into print and put it on record. But gradually slander went underground. In recent times both Alfred E. Smith and Herbert Hoover suffered from whispering campaigns.

The guerrilla attacks on Smith began on the religious side. He was a Roman Catholic; so, as there was nothing to be alleged against him personally, the ancient ogre of Know-Nothingism was resurrected. Reputable newspapers would not touch it. The Ku-Klux Klan, beginning to extend its scope, did some dirty work. A song, prevalent in upstate New York, illustrates the method:

When the Catholics rule the United States
And the Jew grows a Christian nose to his face,
When Pope Pius is head of the Ku-Klux Klan
In the land of Uncle Sam
Then Al Smith will be our president
And the country not worth a damn.

In his fight for re-election Hoover was subjected to the same sort of sniping. The barrage against him took various forms. He was a British subject and not an American citizen; he had imported and oppressed Chinese coolie labor; a British judge in Hong Kong had denounced him for crooked finance; he had built up a fortune out of Belgian Relief funds and added to it from his Russian Relief operations (the truth was that he had spent a considerable part of his own fortune); and, finally, he was a pro-German and had procured the execution of Edith Cavell because she was about to expose him.

Part of this nonsense eventually broke into print in a book published by a fly-by-night concern. One of the joint authors admitted that it was a tissue of lies and publication was stopped, but some of the charges were more cautiously repeated in other books.

Bryce in his classic The American Commonwealth has this to say of our quadrennial warfare:

Fiercer far than the light which beats upon a throne is the light which beats upon a presidential candidate, searching out all the recesses of his past life. It is therefore an easy task for the unscrupulous passions which a contest rouses to gather up rumors, piece out old though unproved stories of corruption, put the worst meaning on doubtful words, and so construct a damning impeachment which will be read in party journals by many voters who never see the defence. The worst of the habit of unsound invective is that the plain citizen, hearing much which he cannot believe, finding foul imputations brought even against those he has come to respect, despairs of sifting the evidence and sets down most of the charges to maliee and "campaign methods," while concluding that the residue is about equally true of all politicians alike.

It is half a century since the keen British analyst painted his picture. Times have changed since then. Compare our contemporary political warfare, in which the standard charge is that Mr. Roosevelt is too old and Mr. Dewey too young, with the free-for-all tactics of the last century, and one suspects that our ancestors would look down upon us as wishy-washy milksops.



"A lascivious old man" was what his opponents called Andrew Jackson. Here "Old Hickory" and Cabinet are depicted receiving a famous Pa risienne danseuse of period.

Like bees to clover

Trust the boys to spot a Carnation lovely! They know her beauty isn't just skin deep. She's the clear-eyed girl with the beautiful teeth and the lovely complexion. She's bubbling over with pep an' fun. She has a happy smile for everyone.

She's a Carnation "baby" from 'way back when.... First, her formula. Then her milk to drink. And now she's staying right on Carnation goodness . . . eating it in milk-rich dishes, as well as drinking it.

How do the boys know? Why, those sturdy lads, like as not, are Carnation "babies" too!

Carnation is good for these energy-spending youngsters. Its extra nutrients, fortified with "sunshine" vitamin D, help protect their fast-growing young forms . . . help build and keep their teeth and bones strong and sound.... You just can't beat Carnation for an all-round, complete food.

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1 can condensed tomato soup 1 tall can Carnation Milk

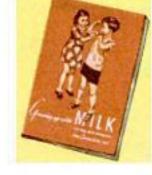
Heat milk in top of double boiler. Heat soup in saucepan. When milk is scalded and soup is piping hot (not boiling) pour soup into milk and seal in vacuum bottle or serve immediately. To avoid curdling, be sure to pour soup into milk instead of vice versa. Do not combine until ready to serve. Serves 4. For the lunch box, use-

> 1/2 cup tomato soup 1 cup Carnation Milk

Add a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, a fresh fruit, and a sweet. You'll be providing your lunch-box-carrier with a delicious, nutritious complete meal.

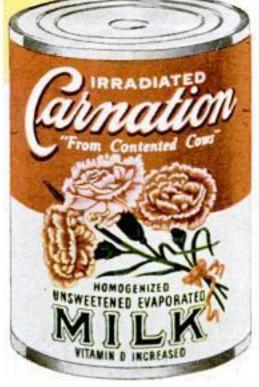
YOU'LL find many more lunch-box possibilities in our 48-page booklet, and heaps of milk-rich dishes that will make handsome lads and lassies vote mother their pin-up girl, for sure. Watch Dad second the motion! Send for "Growing Up With Milk." Address Carnation Company, Dept. L-39, Milwaukee 2, Wis., or Toronto, Ont. It's free!







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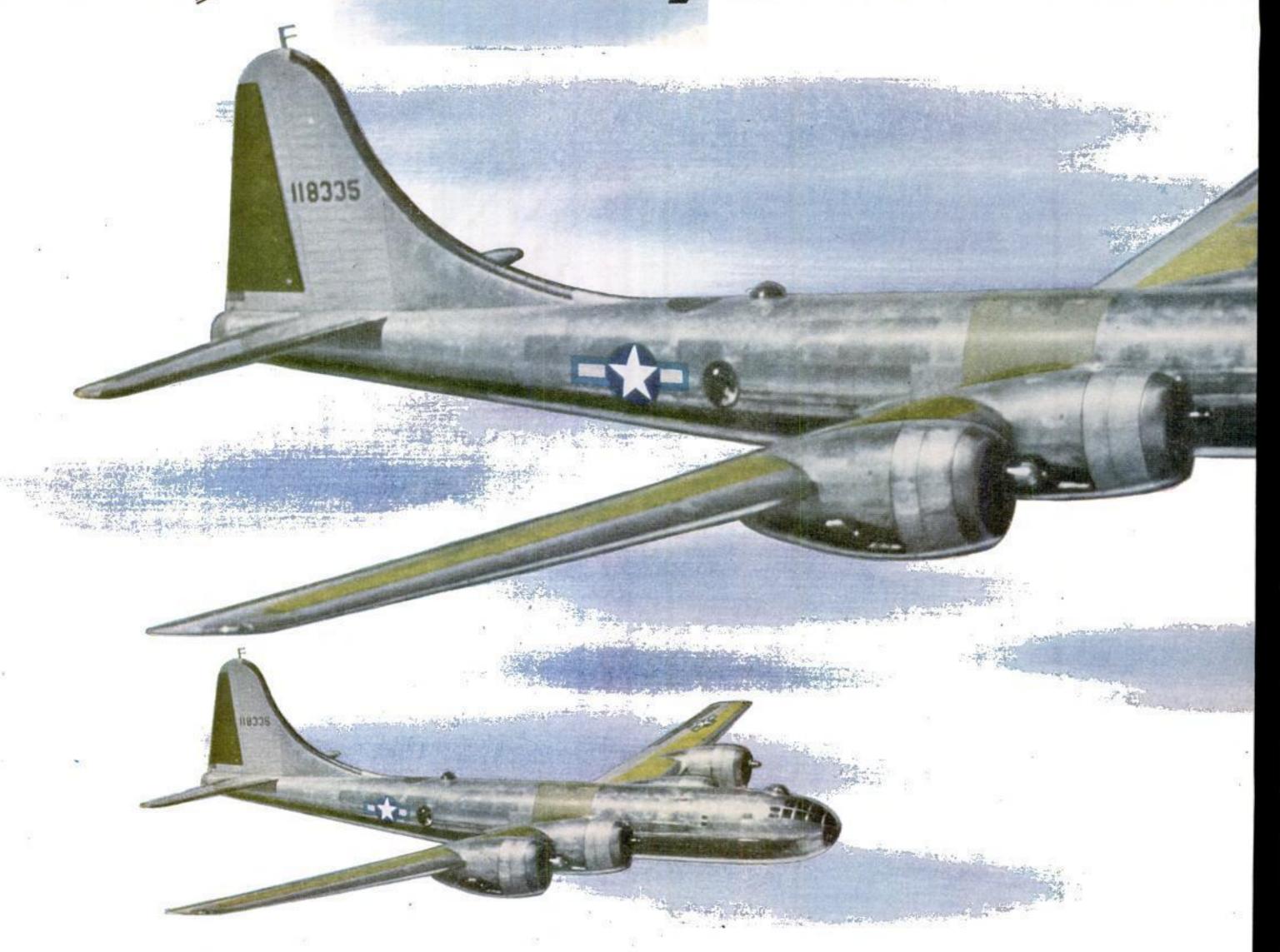






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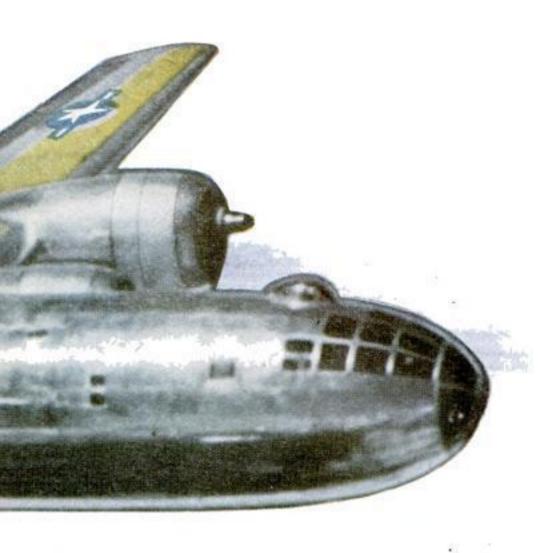
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VOUGHT "CORSAIRS." Goodyear has hit production peaks on this sensational Navy and Marine fighter — has delivered more than a thousand "Corsairs"— built complete and flight tested at its Akron plants.

warplanes!



The Boeing "Superfortress," Northrop "Black Widow," Grumman "Hellcat," Lockheed "Ventura," Lockheed "Lightning," Martin "Mariner"—to name a few—rely on Goodyear Aircraft for precision parts—fuselage sections, wings, tails, ailerons, stabilizers, other control surfaces and countless subassemblies. Hundreds upon hundreds of complete Vought "Corsairs" have been delivered from Goodyear Aircraft plants—and hundreds more are on the way.

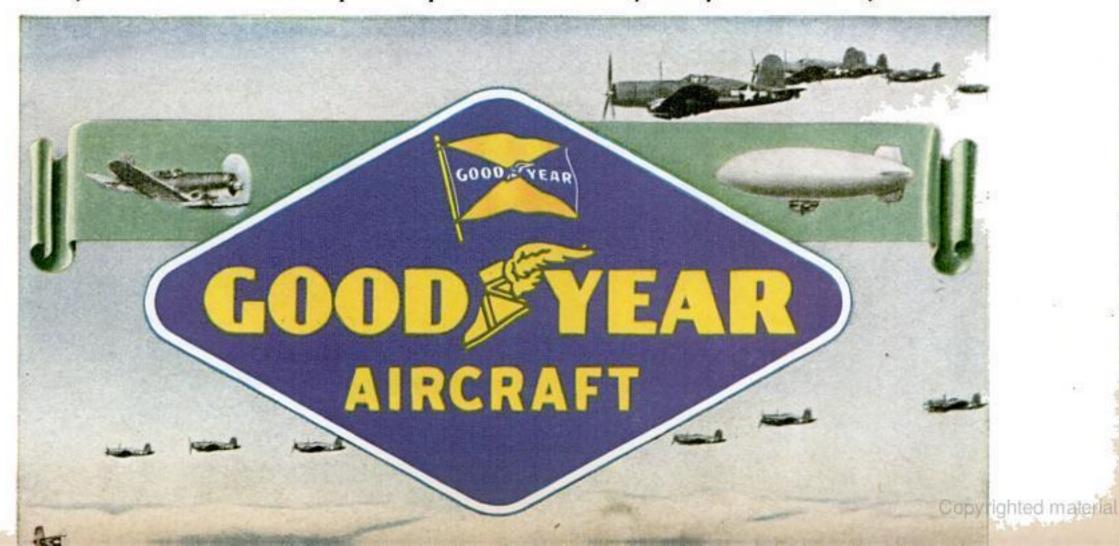
Aircraft manufacture is nothing new to Goodyear. Since the early balloons —Wright "flying machines"—"blimps" —Goodyear has had a vital part in building almost every type of aircraft known!

When war began in 1939, Goodyear had already won a great reputation in aircraft engineering—was expert in the use of light metal alloys and in high-precision manufacture. But suddenly the armed forces needed warplanes in undreamed-of quantities—and Goodyear then had only one aircraft plant, less than a thousand aircraft workers.

Things had to happen fast! New employees, by the thousands, had to be trained to Goodyear methods—while four more modern aircraft plants were rushed to completion. In an amazingly short time, Goodyear Aircraft had five big plants in full production—on 24-hour shifts—with more than 30,000 highly skilled employees!

Today Goodyear Aircraft is one of America's top dozen manufacturers of aircraft and airframe assemblies — and makes assemblies for as many different warplanes as any company in the nation.

Goodyear Research has contributed much to the development of strong, durable light metals – for warplanes – and for scores of civilian products. In aircraft, rubber, fabrics and chemicals. Goodyear Research continues to pioneer-promises that in all of these fields the best is yet to come!



THE BOEING B-29 "SUPERFORTRESS."





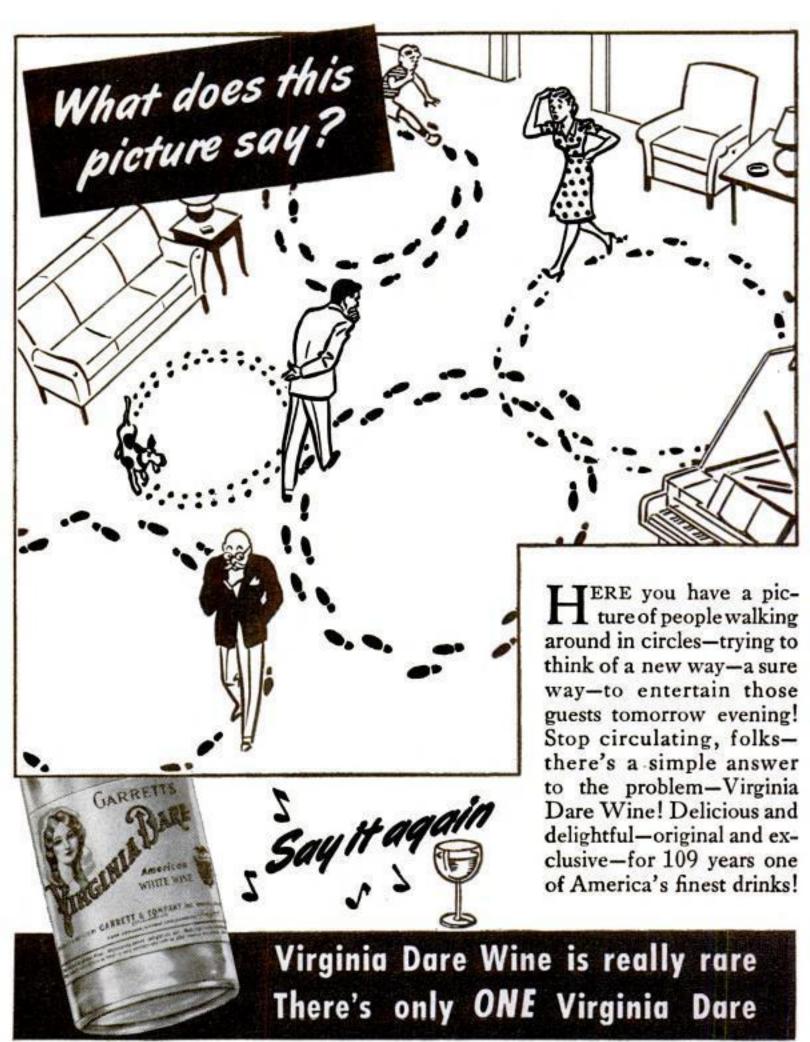
MODEL PARADES BEFORE BOARD OF REVIEW ON CAMPUS OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY IN ST. LOUIS. DESIGNER (STANDING RIGHT) WILL ALTER DRESS AS THE BOARD SUGGESTS

CLOTHES CRITICS

College girls judge new fashions for St. Louis dress manufacturer

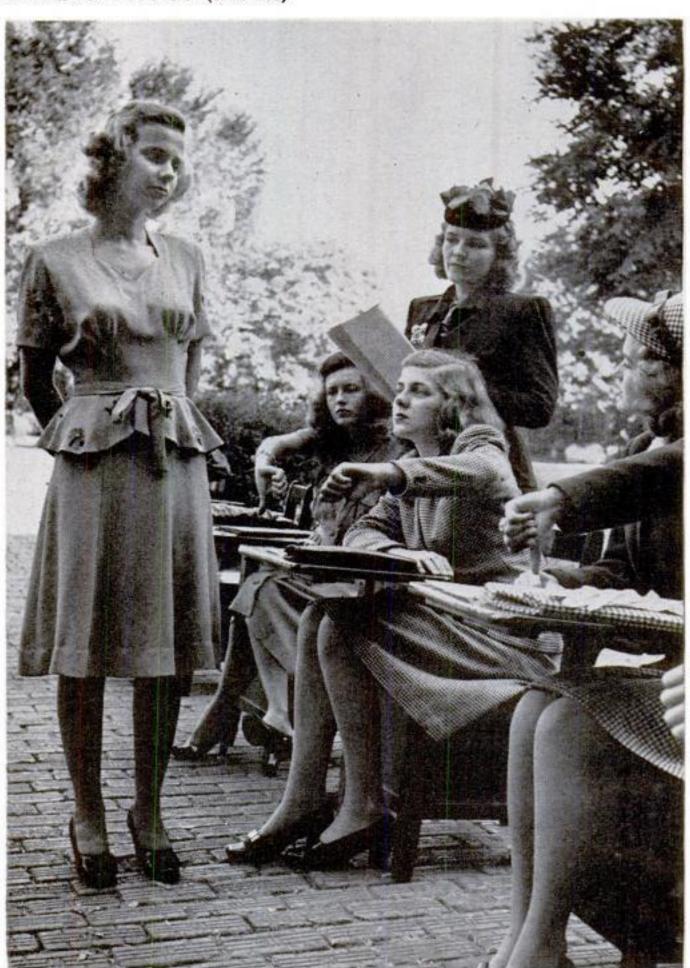
The 17 girls pictured above are in woman's seventh heaven, for they are criticizing clothes which other women will wear. Three years ago the R. Lowenbaum Manufacturing Co. of St. Louis set up a Junior Board of Review to pass judgment on the young ladies' dresses it makes. Judges were enlisted mostly from the girls at Washington University, which specializes in training clothes designers for the big St. Louis dress industry (LIFE, Oct. 19, 1942). Young

critics marked each dress excellent, good or poor. The board's opinions were backed up on sales counters, so Lowenbaum's kept up the practice. Today the girls are asked to suggest improvements on each model—a lower neckline or a wider-flared skirt. Only occasionally will the company go over the judges' heads and send a disapproved dress out for sale. This is done to determine if the board is still on the beam. So far, says the company, judges have never missed.

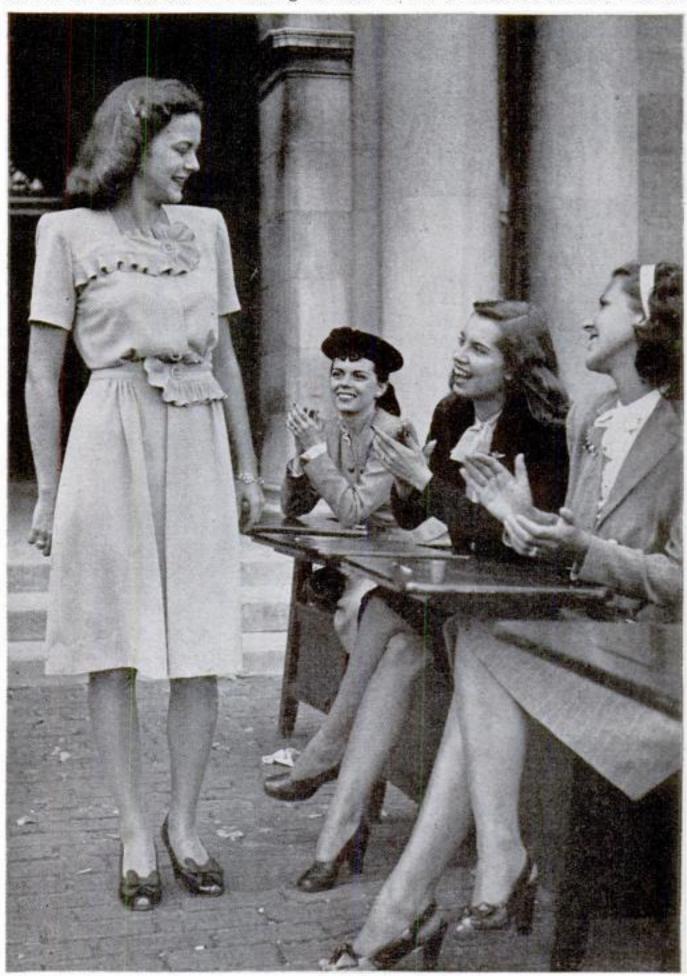




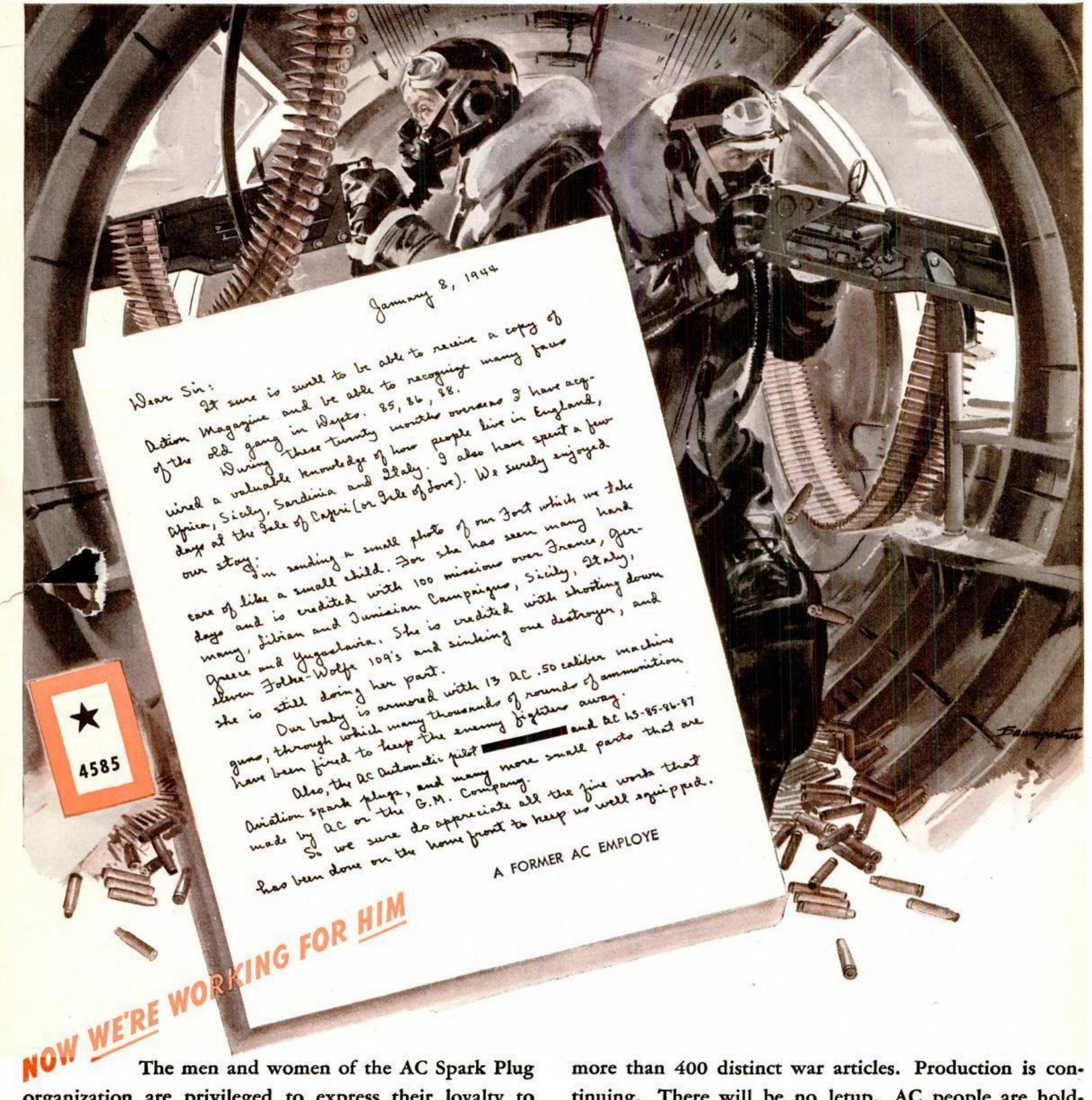
Clothes Critics (continued)



Judges turn thumbs down on overplain dress. "Simple" dresses are said to go over best in the East, but even Boston girls wouldn't like this one. Board threw it out.



Judges applaud ruffled decorations. Designers plan six months ahead of calendar, so this dress won't be in stores till spring. Dresses like these sell for \$12.95 to \$22.95.

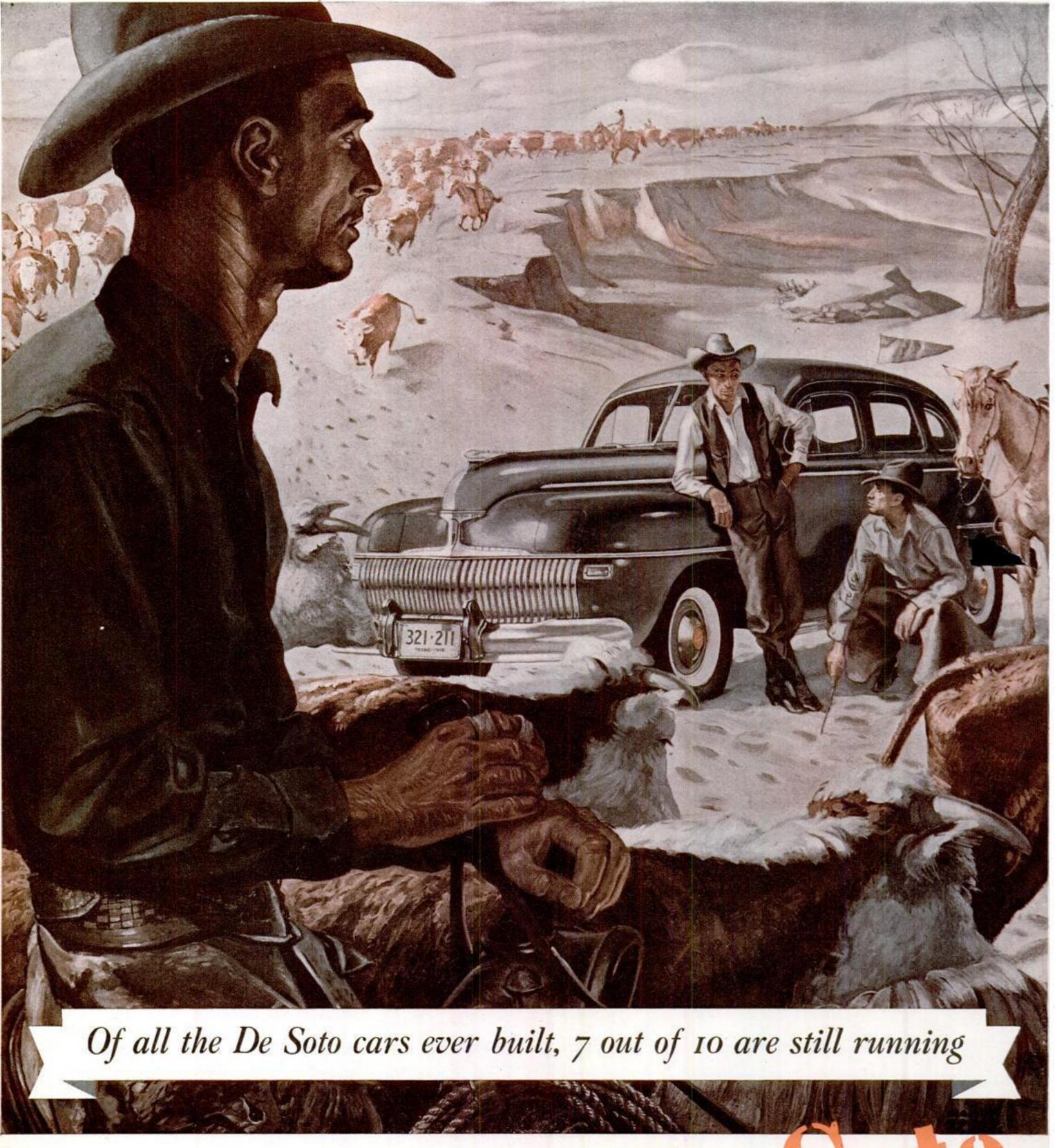


The men and women of the AC Spark Plug organization are privileged to express their loyalty to America's fighters in a way which is not open to everyone. They have done it with production. They have delivered more than 225,000 caliber .50 Browning machine guns, more than 16,000 bombsights, more than 5,000 Sperry automatic pilots, and millions of AC ceramic aircraft spark plugs for fighters and bombers. As a matter of record, these AC people have built

more than 400 distinct war articles. Production is continuing. There will be no letup. AC people are holding themselves to this job-so that Victory will not be delayed and our men may come home sooner. Every Sunday Afternoon - GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR - NBC Network

> Back YOUR Fighting Man! **BUY AN EXTRA** WAR BOND THIS MONTH

PLUG DIVISION F GENERAL



REMEMBER when 25,000 miles used to make a car "middle-aged"? Plenty of De Sotos have now reached 200,000 miles! And with Uncle Sam saying, "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without"—we're glad we build De Sotos so rugged. Meantime, bomber sections

and wings, parts of anti-aircraft guns, nothing but war goods for our fighting men roll out of De Soto factories. But cars will be built again. And a lot of people (who know that 7 out of 10 are still running) will decide on De Soto...

DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in on Major Bowes, every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time.

BACK THE ATTACK-BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE





DEATH AT DUSK IN GRENOBLE

A MAQUIS FIRING SQUAD CARRIES OUT SENTENCE AGAINST SIX YOUNG AND OBSCURE FRENCH TRAITORS

by JOHN OSBORNE

John Osborne is a senior editor of Time magazine, now in Europe as war correspondent for Time and LIFE. At Grenoble he attended the trial of 10 young Frenchmen, members of the collaborationist Vichy police (Milice). In this report he describes the execution of six of the 10.

Grenoble, France

The first rain since the Americans' coming was falling in Grenoble when word swept the streets that six Milice were to be shot dead that evening at 7, near a factory at the end of Cours Berriat. The public was not exactly invited—no announcement gave the place or time-but the public was welcome. And Grenoble's public came.

By 6, wet streets were rivers of Grenoblois on bicycles, afoot, in trolleys, in spitting, decrepit sedans of the Maquis (who seem to possess every civilian motorcar in France), streaming toward the death place in the shadow of a high, rocky hill overlooking the town.

They might have been people hurrying to a circus. They laughed, shouted greetings, raced each other and, at the execution spot, goodnaturedly elbowed and jammed each other aside as they struggled for a vantage point. The place chosen for these first legal executions in Southern France was an open lot beside a brick factory in Grenoble's extreme outskirt. In the same lot the Germans had shot 23 patriots in July and it was deliberately selected for the Milice's executions. But, said the morning paper Les Allobroges, they were to be shot in a different part of the lot. It would not be fitting for the blood of traitors to sully the ground hallowed by patriots' blood.

It was a Maquis day and Frenchmen's day; all Americans, except the press, had been told to stay away. Even the Army's ubiquitous OSS and CIC (Counter Intelligence Corps) kept far from sight.

Six posts had been driven into the ground in

front of the factory wall. Just south of them, while the crowd massed and the rain drenched the ground, stood a squad of Maquis selected to carry out the execution. Other Maquis lined the factory yard, using threats and finally firing a few shots into the ground to keep the crowd back. Bars, homes, apartment buildings overlooking the execution place were invaded by seekers for window space until the harried inhabitants locked the doors and refused to answer bells.

The cold, rainy dusk was just falling when a closed van pressed through the roaring, catcalling, whistling crowd at the north entrance. A booted young Maquis officer whirled, swung his right arm up and down toward the firing squad, which marched in single file to a point opposite the posts and the factory wall, with its back to the biggest part of the crowd. The van door opened and the six doomed Milice stepped out, each ac-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE PRISONERS FACE THE GUNS SQUARELY AS THE DEATH







AGAINST WALL OF A FACTORY AT WESTERN END OF COURS BERRIAT, WHERE GERMANS HAD SHOT 23 PATRIOTS, THE SIX VICHY MILITIA MEN ARE EXECUTED SEPT. 2. ABOVE, THE

DEATH IN GRENOBLE (continued)

companied by a Maquis with a hand on the prisoner's arm. But all six of the doomed walked straight to the posts without help or a struggle, wheeled and stood with their backs to the posts while the Maquis tied their hands securely at kidney level. The youngest of them was 19, the oldest was 26, and the two youngest had been assigned the ends of the post row. They were anything but heroes; they had served against France and some of them had been caught bearing arms against Frenchmen on liberation day, but none could deny that they bore death well. Not one slumped, not one head wavered or turned from the firing squad. I particularly watched the 19-year-old who had said he quit the University of Grenoble and joined the Milice because he believed Petain when le Maréchal summoned Frenchmen to Vichy's service. Now this boy looked toward the sky, just above the heads of the firing squad, as though he would never get his fill of the rain and the Alpine hills looming beyond the town He was standing so when, without audible warning or signal, the executioners fired. They all seemed to be aiming at the chest or the heart, but I couldn't be certain. They fired two volleys. The boy I was particularly watching heaved upward, fell against the post, head down at last.

At that instant the first five bodies, looking north from where I stood, seemed to fall slowly, slowly, slowly in dreadful unison. One still stood erect—the boy at the other end. His hands must have been tied very tightly to the pole because his back was straight and his head had barely nodded toward his killers. Actually in the instant of the last volley but seemingly after an eternity, Maquis officers ran with long strides toward the stakes, fired one pistol shot into each head. By then the boy at my end was almost on the

ground, his still-tied hands just off the ground. The next four sagged far down their stakes, and the body at the extreme northern stake had at last begun its slow slide to earth. Within a minute after the coup de grâce the hands had been cut free from the stakes and the bodies were prone. From a truck men brought six plain wooden coffins which looked like pine. By then the yard was a mixed bedlam—the sound of nails being hammered into the coffin tops, the manifold sounds of the crowd yelling, whistling, crying "Sauvages! Salauds!" At the instant of the coup de grâce, parts of the crowd had broken through the Maquis lines. Now importunate Frenchmen ran, ducked, literally dived and slid past the distracted Maquis. Some of the crowd actually reached the bodies, which were still uncoffined, and tried to paw them. So far as I saw, the Maquis jerked them all back before the bodies were disturbed by these frenzied groups.

Civilians struggle with the Maquis

For a while the yard was a milling madness of struggling civilians and Maquis occasionally firing in the air or into the ground. Over all were the cries, shrieks, whistles, curses, especially from women and girls who made up at least half of the crowd. All this must have lasted no more than five minutes. The rainy night was getting colder, the Maquis soon had the crowd pressed back to the streets, the van had gone with the coffins and by 7:30 Cours Berriat was full of sated home goers.

The last vignette I saw on the execution ground was one Maquis officer coming up to another who had had the privilege of the coup de grâce, shaking hands, slamming boots together and parting with extravagant salutes.







SIX ARE SEEN A FEW SECONDS BEFORE DEATH AND FIVE A FEW SECONDS AFTER

I am susceptible as most, and when I first saw the 10 men and boys in the courtroom dock at this trial, I wanted to cry. They looked so young, wretched, unshaven, yet at the same time evil in their dirt and misery. They obviously had not slept the night before the trial morning, and they had undoubtedly had a rough time in jail. It was very easy to sentimentalize over these men, all of whom were underlings. It was easy to agree with the chief defender, Pierre Guy, that France would be harming only herself if she killed them now.

Yet it was impossible to forget the interview with the Isere Department's new prefect, Regnier. Regnier said he was under tremendous pressure to let the Maquis go into the jails, shoot without trial, and that he had a choice of legal trials and executions or mass lynching. He also said that only those who indubitably were members of the armed Nazi and Vichy police would be killed. It seemed to me the underground French of Grenoble have behaved very well. It is not merely that the trials followed legal forms—that could have been a farce. It is that four of the first ten, all indubitably Milice were not shot but let off because the evidence lessened their degree of guilt.

What you have here and elsewhere are little people trapped by fate and their own failings, very few of the big shots. Everyone in France understands that the first grabbed are the first killed, if there is reasonable evidence of personal guilt. I think the test will come when the really responsible collaborators and police heads are caught. France and her new rulers will be under awful blame if only the little ones are killed.

PICTURES CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE







The coup de grace is given by Maquis officers. This young man is to be seen third from left on page 70. The youngest of the six was 14 years old when France fell, 19 when he died. All were ably defended by the dean of Grenoble's bar, Pierre Guy.



In plain wooden coffins, the dead militiamen are dumped by the Maquis. This youth was the one second from left on page 70. Dusk is closing in, though only seven minutes have passed since the six traitors stepped from van that brought them here.



The excited crowd, half women and girls, tries to rush the bodies, crying, "Sauvages! Salauds!" ("Beasts! Scum!"). Maquis and police pushed them back, but a few got through, managed to touch bodies. In prewar days Grenoble was largely Socialist.



Mine eyes have seen the glory...

 $M_{
m Guinea.\ One\ a\ prisoner\ in\ Germany.}^{
m Y\ TWO\ BROTHERS\ are\ in\ the\ Army.\ One\ in\ New}$

The man I'm going to marry is in the Army. Bomber pilot in Burma.

That's their contribution to freedom, their glory ...

But what is mine?

To sit and wish for my men to come home? Or to want freedom so much that I, too, will go out and help make it come sooner?

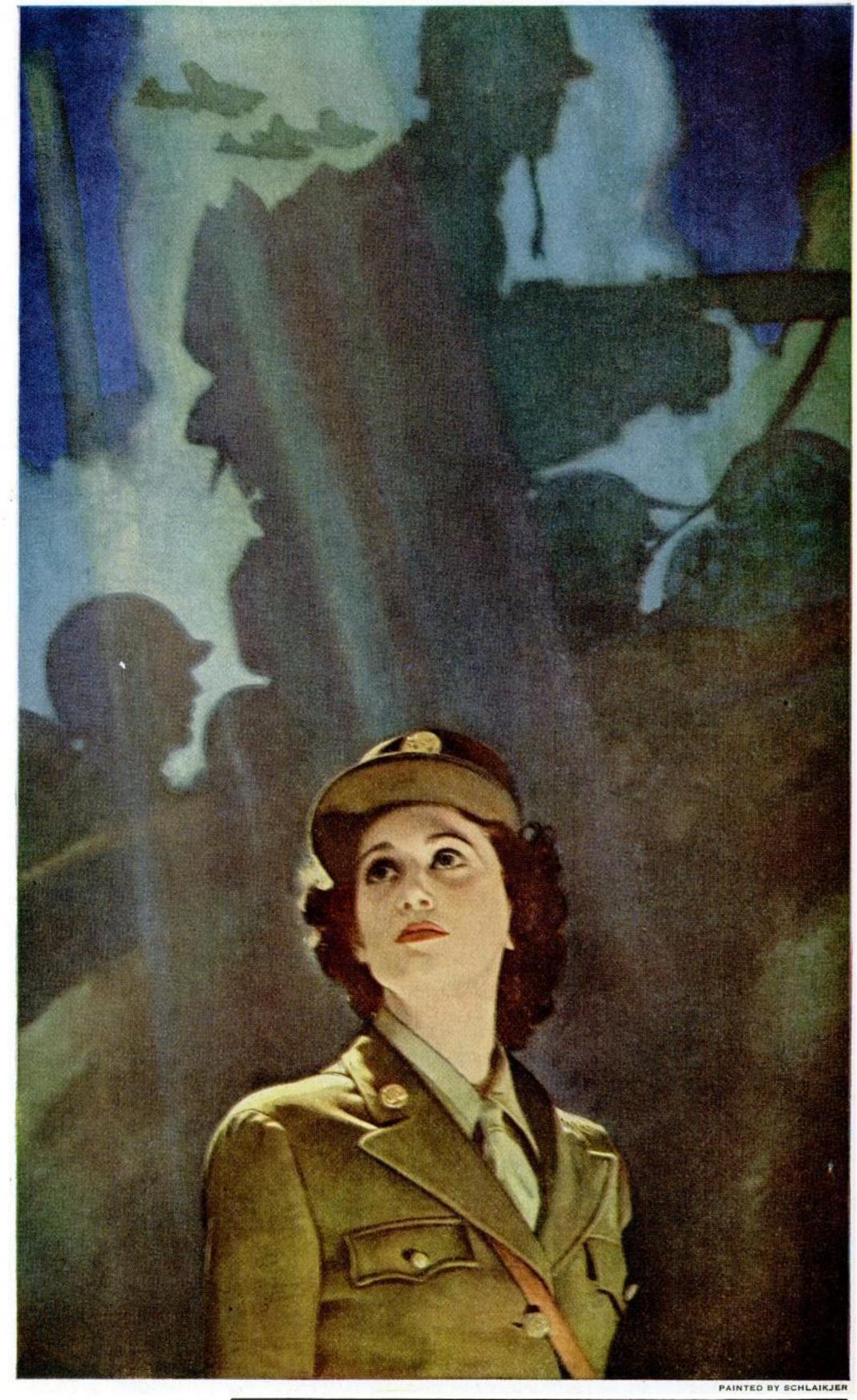
Every hour I live, every day that slides swiftly away into the past, I'm thankful I'm a Wac...

Sharing the work of war with our soldiers. Learning to understand their innermost feelings about freedom and service. To be absorbed, as they are, in the Army of the United States.

I've seen, with my own eyes, that doing my own special Army job is the real way to share their honor, and their glory . . .

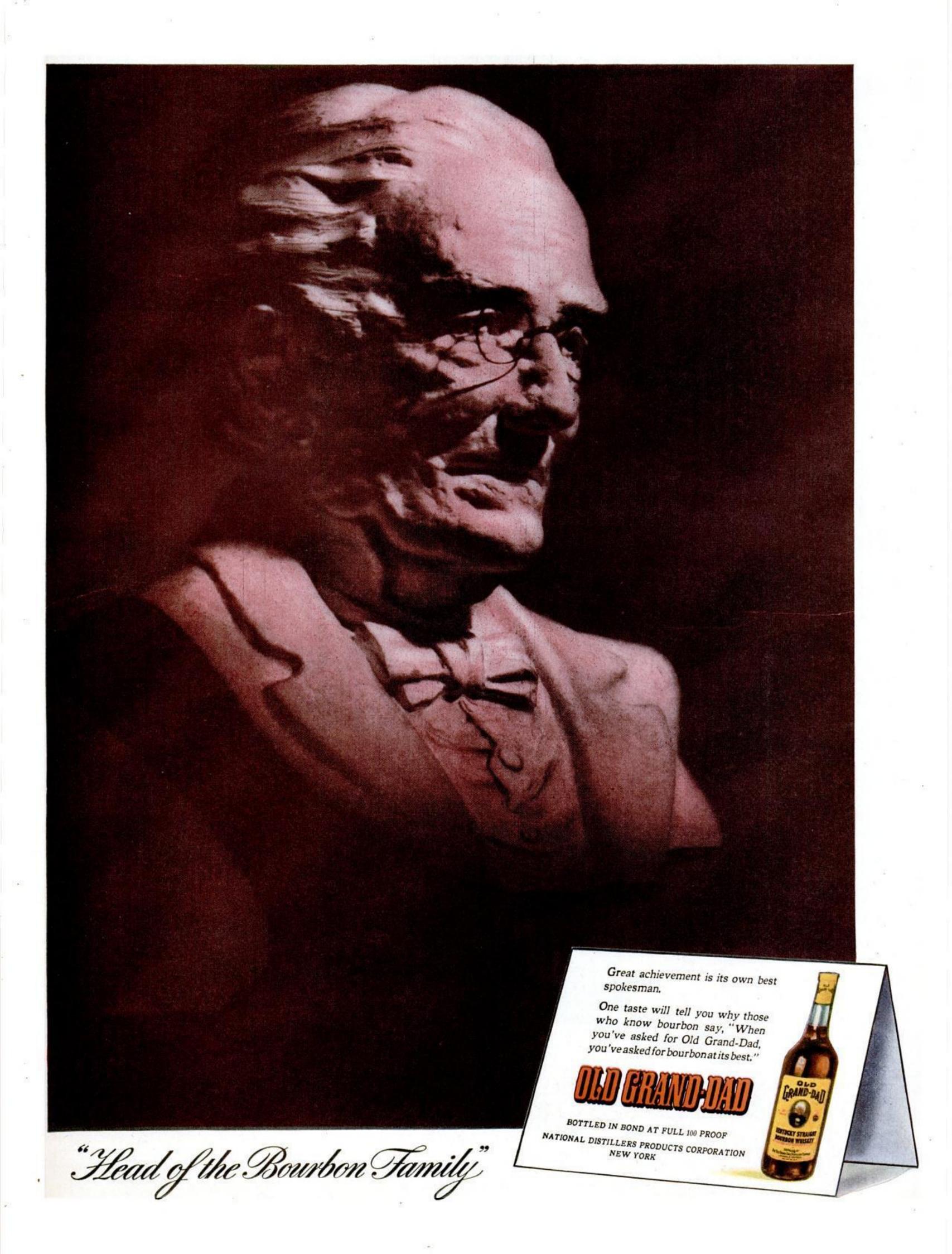
Now. And in the heaven of Victory to come.

For full information about the Women's Army Corps, go to your nearest U.S. Army Recruiting Station. Or mail the coupon at the right.



Good soldiers... THE WAG

ADDRESS	
NAME	
Please send me, without any obligation on my part, the Wacs telling about the jobs they do, how the	
U.S. Army Recruiting and Induction Section 4415 Munitions Building, Washington 25, D. C.	Li 10-44
	E.
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL	IIS COUPON TODAY!





BRIAN DONLEVY, ANN RICHARDS OF "AN AMERICAN ROMANCE" WERE PORTRAYED AS TINTYPE BY STEVAN DOHANOS, BEST KNOWN FOR HIS "SATURDAY EVENING POST" COVERS

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

An American Romance
Illustrators depict scenes from King Vidor's
new film about an immigrant's rise to riches

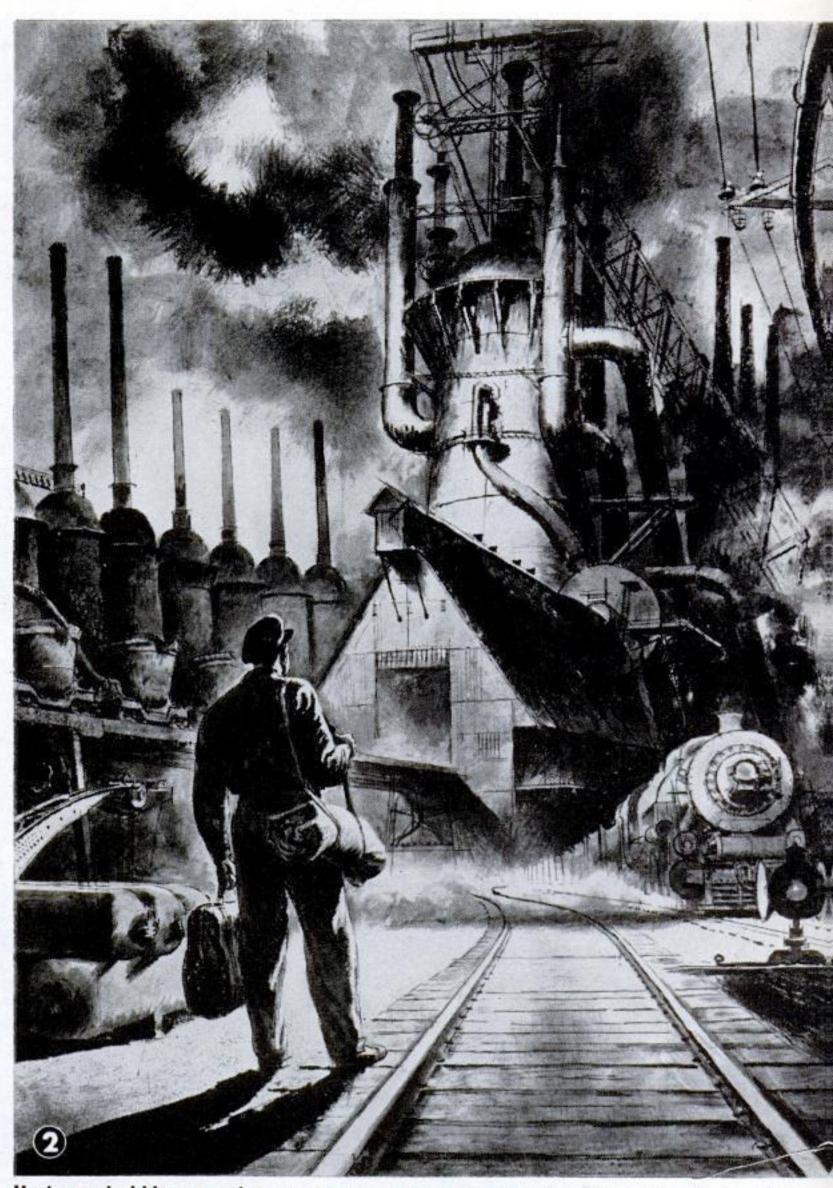
An American Romance took King Vidor 15 months, more than \$3,000,000 to produce. In many ways the result justifies the time and the money expended. Producer-Director Vidor (The Big Parade, The Citadel, Hallelujah) invests this story of an immigrant's success in the U. S. with some of the epic quality that the subject deserves. His magnificent Technicolor industrial shots of steel mills and automobile factories are full of excitement. His willingness to tackle the touchy problem of labor unions is, for the movies, unprecedented and refreshing. His selection of Brian Donlevy to play Steve Dangos, the immigrant who becomes an automobile tycoon, results in an impressive performance which has the steel-like quality of its surroundings. On these pages the story of An American Romance is told in illustrations by a number of well-known artists who set down their conceptions of the film for M-G-M.



Near the turn of the century Stefan Dangosbiblichek arrives in New York from Central Europe. Almost penniless and speaking no English, he is on his way to join his cousin in Minnesota. Graham Kaye, who here depicts his arrival, has done work for government surveys.



At the mill, Steve works hard. He writes to Anna, asks her to marry him. She accepts, joins him in the steel town. Meanwhile he acquires considerable knowledge about steelmaking, becomes a foreman. Ray Prohaska, an illustrator for national magazines, did this painting.



Having worked his way west, he gets job in the Minnesota iron mines. He shortens his name to Steve Dangos, falls in love with Schoolteacher Anna O'Rourke. Ambitious, he goes to a Midwest steel town to get a job. Industrial Artist Peter Helck here shows Steve's approach to steel mill.



Arriving in the steel town, Anna sets up housekeeping with Steve. They raise a family, name their four sons after U. S. presidents. Steve advances in steel mill by devising means of doubling rate of ingot rollings. John Gannam, magazine and advertising illustrator, did this water color.



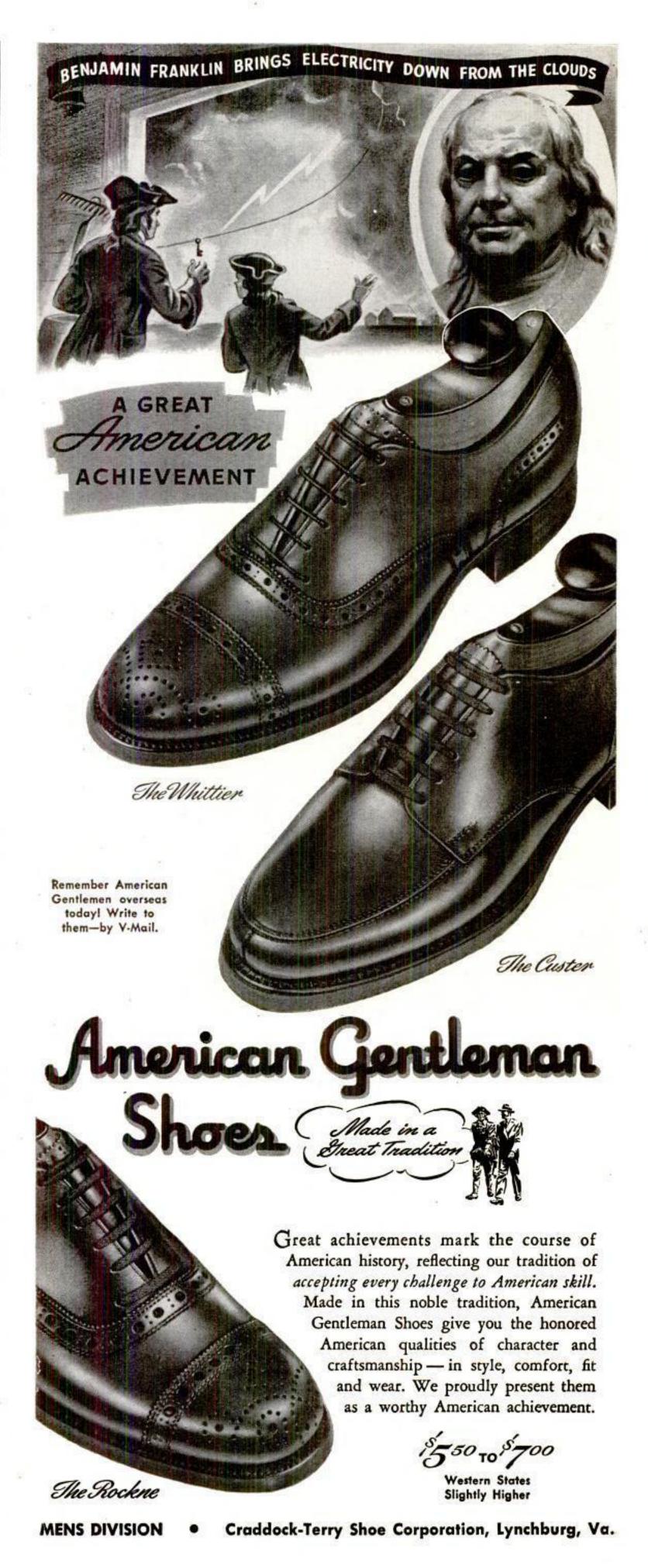
An insatiable desire to learn makes Steve study hard and impatiently. Here Walter Early, best known for his "Elsie the Cow" illustrations, depicts the period when Steve, while working in the iron mines, was being taught English by Anna O'Rourke.



When Steve buys an automobile it breaks down. He decides to build his own. Eventually he gets backing to manufacture it. Sales mount and he becomes an industrial power. Here Gilbert Bundy shows comic aspect of Steve's adventures with his car.



As an automobile tycoon Dangos opposes unions. When his codirectors override him and recognize their employes' union, he quits his company in anger. But Pearl Harbor impels him to return and manufacture airplanes. Walter Klett did this portrait.



77



JOAN MCCRACKEN POSES AGAINST A DEGAS PRINT AND EARLY AMERICAN WALLPAPER IN HER PHILADELPHIA HOME. SHE IS MARRIED TO PVT. JACK DUNPHY, A FORMER DANCER

JOAN McCRACKEN

SHE IS IN NEW SHOW

At 9:30 p.m. on the night of March 31, 1943 the girl above was an obscure member of the ballet in a new show called Oklahoma! By the time the curtain had rung down some two hours later she had established herself on Broadway as an enchanting new talent with a flair for puckish comedy. The girl is 21-year-old Joan McCracken of Philadelphia. A dancer since she was 11, Joan had appeared at Radio City Music Hall and toured abroad with the Littlefield Ballet. Looking for someone to play the "girl who falls down" (opposite page) in Oklahoma!, Dance Director Agnes De-

Mille found Joan, hired her and made Joan famous. Six months ago Joan went to Hollywood. There on the set of Hollywood Canteen, in which she dances, she posed for Gjon Mili's color camera, doing some popular steps (see opposite page) and some classical steps (see following page). Now Joan is returning to Broadway in a new musical called Bloomer Girl. Against an 1861 American setting she flounces about in bloomers and sings a song called T'morra' T'morra' in which, as she yearns vocally for feminine freedom, she does modified strip tease to emphasize her yearnings.







SKIPPER AT THE ADMIRALS' CLUB of the American Airlines—Miriam Audette as a charming hostess helped club members and their families "grounded" by priorities and waiting between planes at New York's enormous La Guardia Field. War workers like Miriam are needed for all types of jobs—in transportation, in offices, in stores. If you are not already in a war job, consult your local U.S. Employment Service to find how and where you can serve best.

Miriam Audette of Glens Falls, New York, engaged to Ordnance Officer Trank L. Havel of St. Louis... They met at the Admirals' Club last October, and became engaged in March



Miriam's exquisite skin has a white-flower texture—a dewy-soft freshness

The's Engaged! She's Tovely! She uses Pond's!

Miriam's complexion makes you think of a Romney portrait—her skin has such soft delicacy. She's another charming bride-to-be with that soft-smooth "Pond's look."

"I really do adore Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

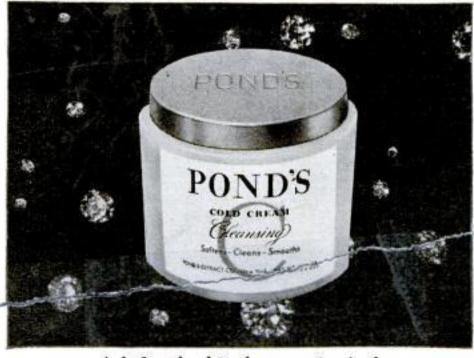
"It's so fluffy-light when you smooth it on—and it certainly makes your face feel gorgeously clean, and soft as can be."

THIS IS MIRIAM'S DAILY BEAUTY CREAMING WITH POND'S . . .

She smeeths on Pend's Juscious Cold Cream and pats with brisk finger tips all over her face and throat. This softens and removes dirt and make-up. Then she tissues off well.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—sending her white-covered finger tips over her forehead and cheeks, around her nose and mouth in little spiral whirls. Tissues off again.

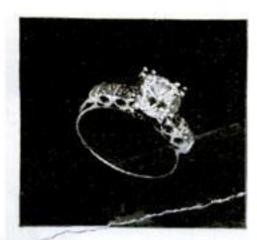
"It's this double creaming that makes my face feel extra special—so beautifully clean and soft," she says about her Pond's beauty care.



Ask for the big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's Cold Cream Miriam's way—every night, every morning, for in-between beauty clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

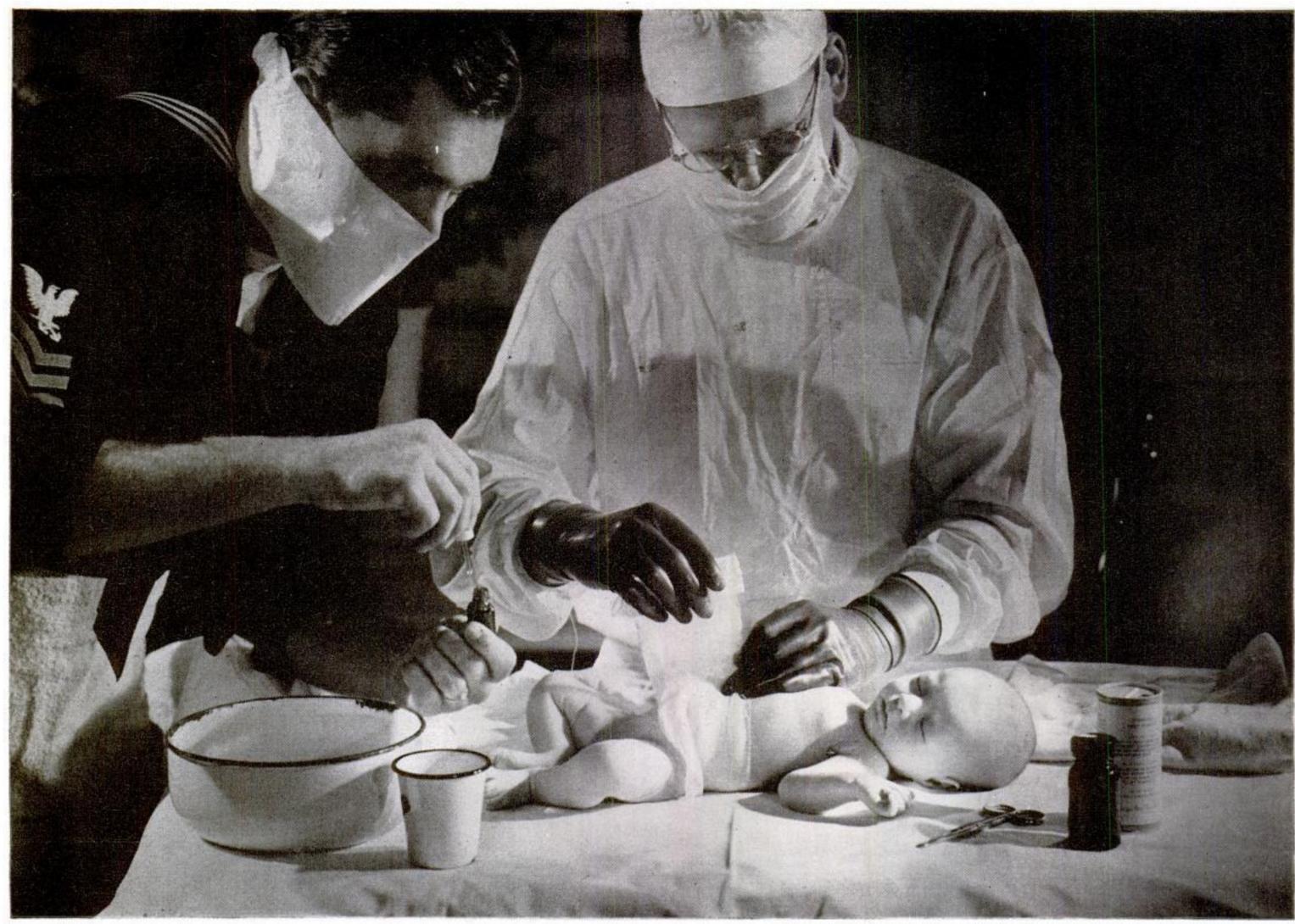
Ask for the big jar—large sizes save glass. And, you'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the big Pond's jar.



HER RING—a handsome 2½-carat diamond in an unusual platinum setting. Two small diamonds are set on either side of the center stone.

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs.Morgan Belmont Lady Louis Mountbatten Mrs.Vanderbilt Phelps Mrs.Tohn A.Roosevelt Mrs.William Rhinelander Stewart The Countess of Radnor



A father and his baby's first meeting—from this proud and thrilling moment your great responsibility begins. For your war-busy doctor has time only for emergencies.

FROM NOW ON, MOTHER, THEY PIN THEIR FAITH ON YOU

FROM now on your baby may have to get along with very little attention from his daddy and from his doctor. On you rests most of the responsibility to make his wartime world happy and safe.

The "other fellow's cold"— his greatest menace

Colds may not be especially serious for older children or adults—but they are a very serious threat to your little baby's health. Respiratory infections and their complications are responsible for the majority of fatal illnesses among infants.

The surest way to protect your baby from the "other fellow's cold" is to keep persons with colds or a nasal irritation of any kind away from

y kind away from the baby and out of his room. If, however, you, or the person taking care of baby should catch cold, it is still possible to reduce the risk of infecting your child.

Protective mask a safeguard

At any time when you find it impossible to isolate your baby from a person with a cold, be sure that a protective mask is worn. If you have a cold, wear a mask when you nurse or bathe or do anything for baby. And make very certain that everyone else with a cold who comes near him does the same.

Tissue mask - effective, easy to make

If you don't have a supply of standard hospital masks readily available when needed, you, yourself, can easily make an effective emergency mask of tissue. All you do is cover the nose and mouth with two thicknesses of ScotTissue, pinning it securely at the back of the head. Laboratory tests show that two thicknesses of ScotTissue act as a barrier against germs . . . greatly reduce the danger of contagion. Don't forget—your baby is helpless to protect himself from respiratory dangers. It's your all-important job to do it for him.

Soft, Strong Bathroom Tissue for Baby and Family

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities . . . you will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.



A ScotTissue emergency mask—shown in the picture above—has two practical merits. It is used only once, and is instantly disposable.

32-page booklet, "Helpful Wartime Suggestions On Mother & Baby Care." Authoritative information on Supplies for Emergency Use, Rest After Birth, Advantages of Nursing Your Baby, Use of the Mask, Bathroom Habits. ALSO—timely leaflet, "A Helping Hand For Mother"—tells how the Visiting or Public Health Nurse can assist you with your baby or any illness. For your free copies of these booklets address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. B2, Chester, Pa.



Trademark 'ScotTisque Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



ON STEPS OF HER HOUSE IN SOUTHEASTERN FRANCE, GERTRUDE STEIN (LEFT) POSES FOR "LIFE" WITH HER COMPANION-SECRETARY, ALICE B. TOKLAS, AND THEIR PET POODLE

THE LIBERATION OF GERTRUDE STEIN

Photographer Carl Mydans stopped off at Culoz, a pretty little village in southeastern France, to call on a world-famous 70-year-old American lady author. Though the Nazis knew and denounced her literary work and though German officers lived right in her house during the occupation, they never recognized the lady as Gertrude Stein, America's most famous literary expatriate. Photographer Mydans knew her by her chunky build, her close-cropped gray hair, by her constant companion and secretary, Alice B. Toklas and by their sleepy-eyed white poodle, Basket. He took group portrait above to memorialize what Ger-

trude Stein calls "The Liberation of Gertrude Stein."

Only a rarefied literary few claim to understand all the works of Pennsylvania-born Author Stein. They are filled with such curious phrases as "Pigeons in the grass alas" and "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." Most critics agree, however, that Miss Stein's word twisting is to literature what the experimental works of her friends Picasso and Braque are to painting. Her early books, notably Three Lives (1908) and The Making of Americans, completed in 1909, have had a strong influence on such authors as Sherwood Anderson, Eugene O'Neill and Ernest Hemingway. But most U. S. readers have been utterly addled by many

of the passages in Tender Buttons (1915); Lucy Church Amiably (1930); and Miss Stein's best-selling autobiography, confusingly titled The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas (1933).

U. S. readers will again have a try at deciphering Stein when Random House next spring publishes All Wars Are Interesting, a book which she wrote under the very eyes of the Nazis. A sample of what they may expect was the farewell note that Miss Stein gave Photographer Mydans, "We can have no more wishes," she wrote, "because anything we wish is as we wish and though we are wishes always Gertrude Stein. P. S.: And yet we wish well of course we wish."



THERE'S no guesswork with a Tappan! For years Tappan has led the way in developing new features designed to give greater dependability and to make cooking far easier, far simpler. When ranges are again available be sure to see the beautiful new Tappan... for everything you've ever wanted, or dreamed of, in a range.



Through the double glass door of Tappan's VISUALITE Oven you actually see food cook. No guesswork, no need to open door. You can tell at a glance—and comfortably—when food is browned to perfection. Keeps kitchen cooler, saves fuel. Oven brilliantly lighted by inside bulb with handy "peek" switch. This is but one of many famous Tappan better-cooking features.

Liquefied Gas Users-For years Tappan has pioneered in specially-engineered models for bottled or tank gas. The TAPPAN STOVE COMPANY, Dept. L, Mansfield, Ohio.

TAPPAN GAS RANGES

Certified Performance

WHEN GOOD COOKS GET TOGETHER ... TAPPAN'S THE TOPIC



Author Stein and friend, Miss Toklas, stroll through liberated village. Miss Stein lost weight under Nazis. She had to walk 7½ miles to town and back for her food.



Village children dance for joy when Miss Stein tells them Allies are driving Nazis all the way back to Berlin. Villagers knew who she was but never told the Germans.



Mayor Justin Rey calls on Miss Stein to celebrate the liberation of his town. Said Miss Stein: "What a day is today, that is, what a day it was day before yesterday."

Men Who Plan Beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V.O.





TOMORROW'S PRIVATE "WALKIE-TALKIE"

When you've caught your creelful of trout in a stream miles from anywhere, you can reach your wife by your personal, portable radio-telephone...ask her to invite the neighbors for dinner...

Then, driving home in your car, you can tell her just what time to expect you!... Fantastic? The portable radiotelephone is already in use by our Armed Forces. Today's weapon, tomorrow's convenience!

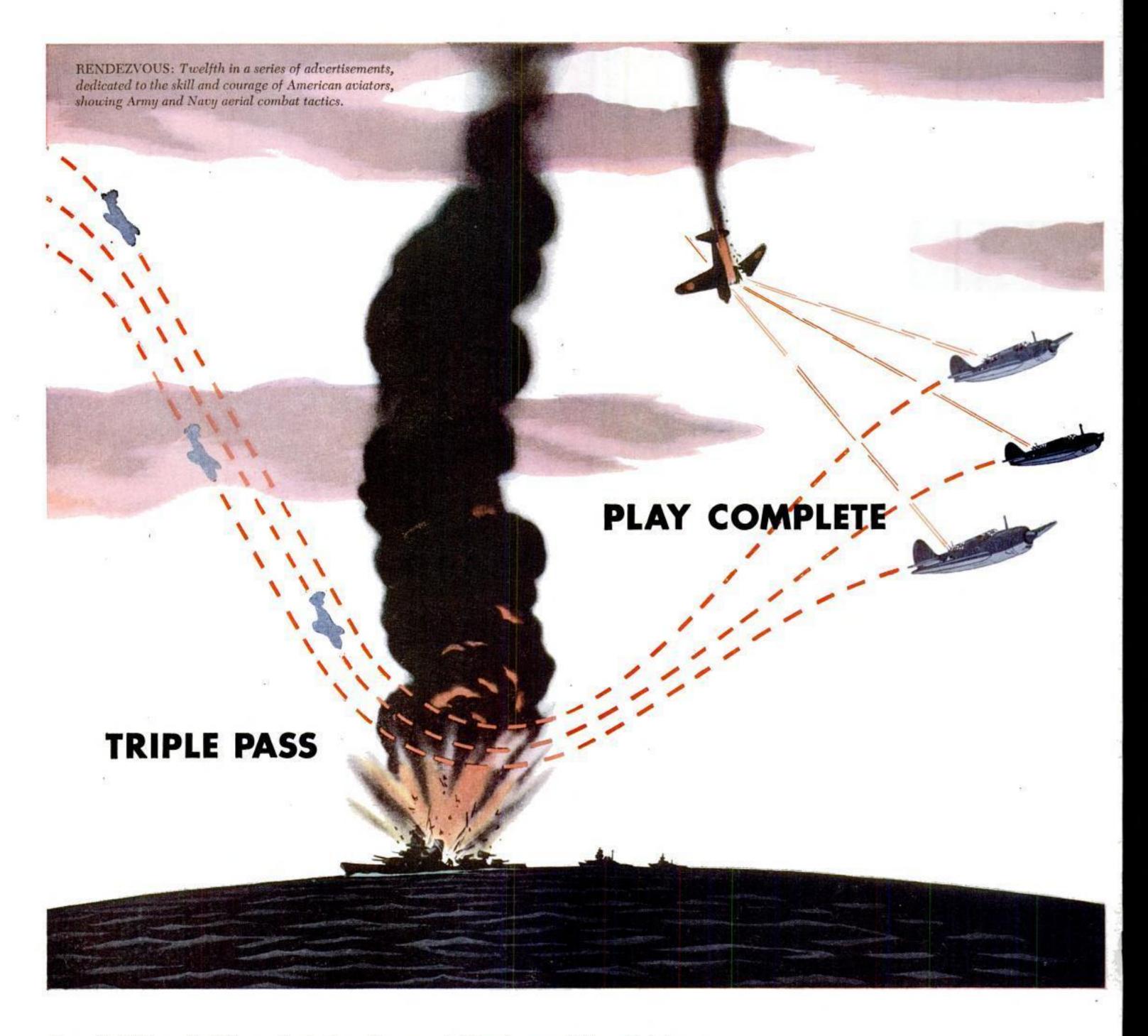
IMPORTED

Six years ago, in 1938, the first stratosphere airplanes were being built...the U.S. tennis team defeated Australia in the Davis Cup matches...Delaware was celebrating its 300th anniversary...and Seagram was selecting the choicest Canadian whiskies. Light when they were first stored away, those whiskies in your Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN of today bring you the world's lightest highball—Canadian Whisky at its glorious best!

Six Years Old-86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



CANADIAN WHISKY . A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES



How U. S. Navy Helldivers attack Jap ships—and "Rendezvous" for self-defense

It's one thing for a squadron of Navy dive bombers to attack a Jap destroyer. Getting back to the carrier safely is something else again.

And that is why the Navy's Aviators have developed a special tactic to provide maximum security, should enemy aircraft penetrate the fighter screen after the attack is completed.

It's called "Rendezvous"—It works like this. On sighting the target, the squadron leader signals the attack and "peels off." One by one his wingmen follow him down into the final aiming glide. Then, spraying the decks with machine-gun fire to knock out anti-aircraft gun crews, they let go with their bombs and climb at full throttle.

Immediately they regroup in a defensive formation. This is the "Rendezvous," the formation which allows the heaviest concentration of fire power—from all planes—on any intruding Jap . . . sweeping blasts that will "help him along" to his honorable ancestors.

Pioneer in the Age of Flight, Shell Research



made possible the first commercial production of 100 octane aviation fuel and supplied it to American Military Aviation . . . giving our fighting aircraft new speed and range, and a great tactical advantage.

Three additional Shell "firsts in fuel" vastly increased both the power and production of aviation fuel.

Today, more Shell 100 octane aviation fuel is supplied to aircraft engine manufacturers, for critical test and run-in purposes, than any other brand.

And now, each day, Shell produces more than enough to fuel a bombing mission of 2,400 planes from England over Germany.



SOLDIER POINTS TO UNTOUCHED LA MADELEINE CHURCH ON RUE ROYALE



ANOTHER GI SPOTS THE EXPENSIVE SHOPS ALONG THE RUE DE RIVOLI



EGYPTIAN OBELISK STANDS UNHARMED IN PLACE DE LA CONCORDE



PARIS

THE CITY OF LIGHT COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS AGAIN

For four years Paris had been virtually invisible to the free world. The city's streets rang to the clumping of Nazi boots and the city's air, which always has a luminous, golden-blue quality, took on the peculiarly unpleasant smell of the Nazi boot polish. And then suddenly, on St. Louis' day, Aug. 25, Paris was free.

To those who love Paris, seeing it again is like rediscovering the faith that there is a heaven. Paris today is the same but it is different. A British soldier who was found hiding in the city said, "It was as if the city was being reborn. The fight in Paris did the Parisians more good than anything in the last four years." Among those who saw Paris coming back to life was LIFE Photographer Frank Scherschel. His pictures of Paris as he found it are shown on the following pages.

The Madeleine, the Obelisk, the Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower were still there. Ernest Hemingway was at the Ritz. The old women were selling flowers on the Place de l'Opéra. The old men were trading stamps on the Avenue Gabriel. Open or soon to open were Maxim's, the Dôme, Rotonde, Coupole, Select, Lipp's, Café des Deux Maggots. And to the delight of Parisians, boots of the American soldiers were almost noiseless.

PARIS (continued)



IN MONTMARTRE the real Parisians take the sun in one of the few tourist places where they are ever seen. This is the Place du Tertre, famous for La Mère Catherine restaurant and, by

night, an arena for Bohemians. Many American tourists have recollections of Montmartre. But, U. S. soldiers have had little chance for Montmartre fun, for Paris is out of bounds for them.



CABBAGES AND LEEKS, latter the base for Vichyssoise soup, are piled in Les Halles market. Keeping up tradition, vendors are still sarcastic, wear blue denim aprons. Beyond is church of St. Eustache.



THE BOURSE, or stock exchange, worried about inflation, the possibility of socialism and the controlled franc (50 to the dollar), saw a falling-off of stock prices after the liberation.

THE PARISIANS CONTINUE THE ART OF LIVING

Like the rest of France, liberated Paris was thoroughly fed up with propaganda of any kind. It wanted entertainment and a chance to fight. And it knew that its future was highly uncertain. The people got out into the green parks to enjoy the sun and congratulate themselves. The stock-market brokers, who had been pretty much let alone by the Germans, speculated warily on how much socialism France would get. The market men of Les Halles peddled their vegetables as

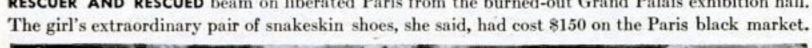
fast as they could get them from the countryside. Food was scarce and expensive.

Like a black cloud over this happiness were the 6,000 collaborators who were already interned, awaiting trial. There was much violent argument as to who had or had not been a collaborator. In the most literal sense, anybody living in France and tolerating the enemy had "collaborated." The nuances of "active" collaboration were difficult to define. Denunciations

were frequently made on the grounds of personal enmity. Charges were even made against such eminent artists as Vlaminck, Despiau, Derain, Segonzac and Friesz, though probably they would be cleared.

The German occupation had done something fundamental to the Parisian soul. Four years of the Nazi had burned away the tired cynicism of Paris. It had modified the traditional attitude of Paris, that anything in the world can be tolerated, laughed at and understood.

RESCUER AND RESCUED beam on liberated Paris from the burned-out Grand Palais exhibition hall.





A WARTIME ARRIVAL, was La Roulotte meaning gypsy caravan. U.S. soldiers who managed to taste Paris night life found prices prohibitive. Dinner with drinks could cost \$20.





THE BICYCLE IS NOW PARIS' MEANS OF TRANSPORT AND SERVES TO SHOW OFF THE BEST-LOOKING GIRLS AND NEATEST LEGS THAT PARIS HAS EVER PRODUCED IN ITS MODERN HISTORY

WAR HAS FORCED THE DICYCLE ON THE PARISIANS

Paris' greatest revelation was that, in privation, it had produced one of the prettiest crops of girls in the memory of living men. For four years they had not eaten too much or loafed. And, above all, they had all been obliged for four years to travel by bicycle. Bicycling Paris in fact was the greatest leg show in the world. The women wore wooden shoes and no stock-

ings, but they were lean and fit. They compensated for plain attire with elaborate hair arrangements and hats.

Except for jeeps, there were virtually no motor vehicles of any kind on the streets of Paris. Transportation was, in fact, the first and most pressing problem of civilian France. The Allied armies could not afford

the trucks or the fuel necessary to bring Paris everything that it needed. The railway system of France was in a state of complete collapse. The day of plenty would not dawn on Paris as long as the armies were still fighting the Germans desperately on the far side of France. Meanwhile, the Allies and the de Gaulle government were doing what they could to feed Paris.



THE RACING CLUB in the Bois de Boulogne now receives its moderately exclusive members on bicycles. There are about

400 bicycles massed in the picture. Though it is deep in the Bois de Boulogne, far from any residential section, the club's

more energetic members still manage to get out there. For other pictures of the Racing Club socialites, turn the page.



UPPER MIDDLE CLASS in Paris congregates at Racing Club at Bois de Boulogne. This club is not to be compared in swank to the Jockey, Le Sporting and St. Cloud. The city's lower classes

have no access to such places. Nor were they well enough fed. French health statistics show increases in tuberculosis and diseases of dietary deficiency, decreases in ailments from overeating.



A GOOD CROWD turns out for tennis at the Racing Club. Admission to club costs 12¢. Few well-to-do people were collaborationists, but neither were they resisters. Underground was manned by workers.



ACROBATIC DISPLAY is put on for admiring children at the Racing Club pool by a muscleconscious member. The day is none too hot, as can be seen by the shivering youngsters.

Paris values both its luxury and its liberty

It astonished Americans to find that some Parisians were living a life of urbane luxury when the liberation came, but the fact is natural enough. The Parisians were never given to useless martyrdom and a part of their spiritual campaign against the Germans was to remain conspicuously the same as ever. Almost anybody could gain admission to the Racing Club and some Germans frequented it, at least in 1940. However, it was, in fact, a most convenient place for French-

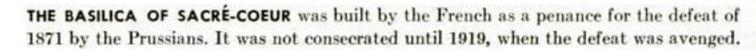
men to meet and talk with some privacy, not an easy feat under the German occupation.

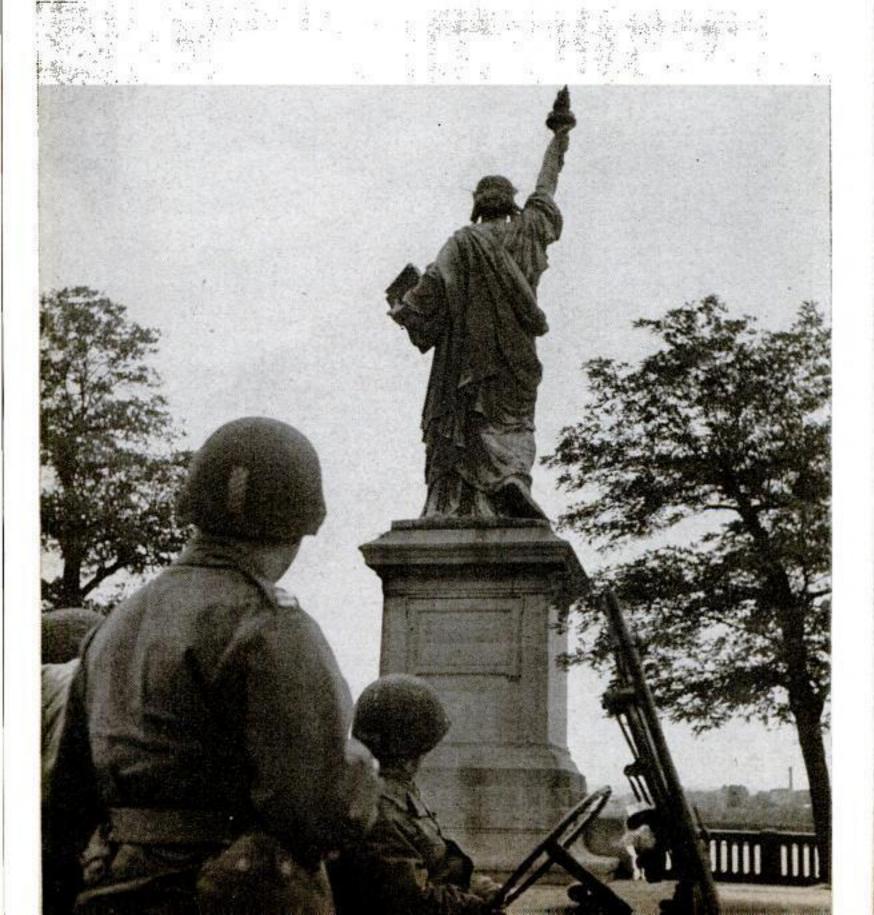
In the first days of liberation, Parisians bustled about laying plans for new business, dickering by cable with America, drawing up contracts, renting premises and generally trying to get ready to make a living in a postwar world.

One difficulty was that the banks were not cashing letters of credit until they found out whether their blocked balances in London and New York would be released. It was expected that this would be done. Morgan's and the Guaranty Trust, whose Paris staffs had been openly anti-German, were getting ready to open for business.

Now out of date was the word "bobard," which had meant any whispered anti-German fact or rumor. Now Parisians laughed openly at signs the Germans had left behind them, "We will return. Auf wiedersehen."

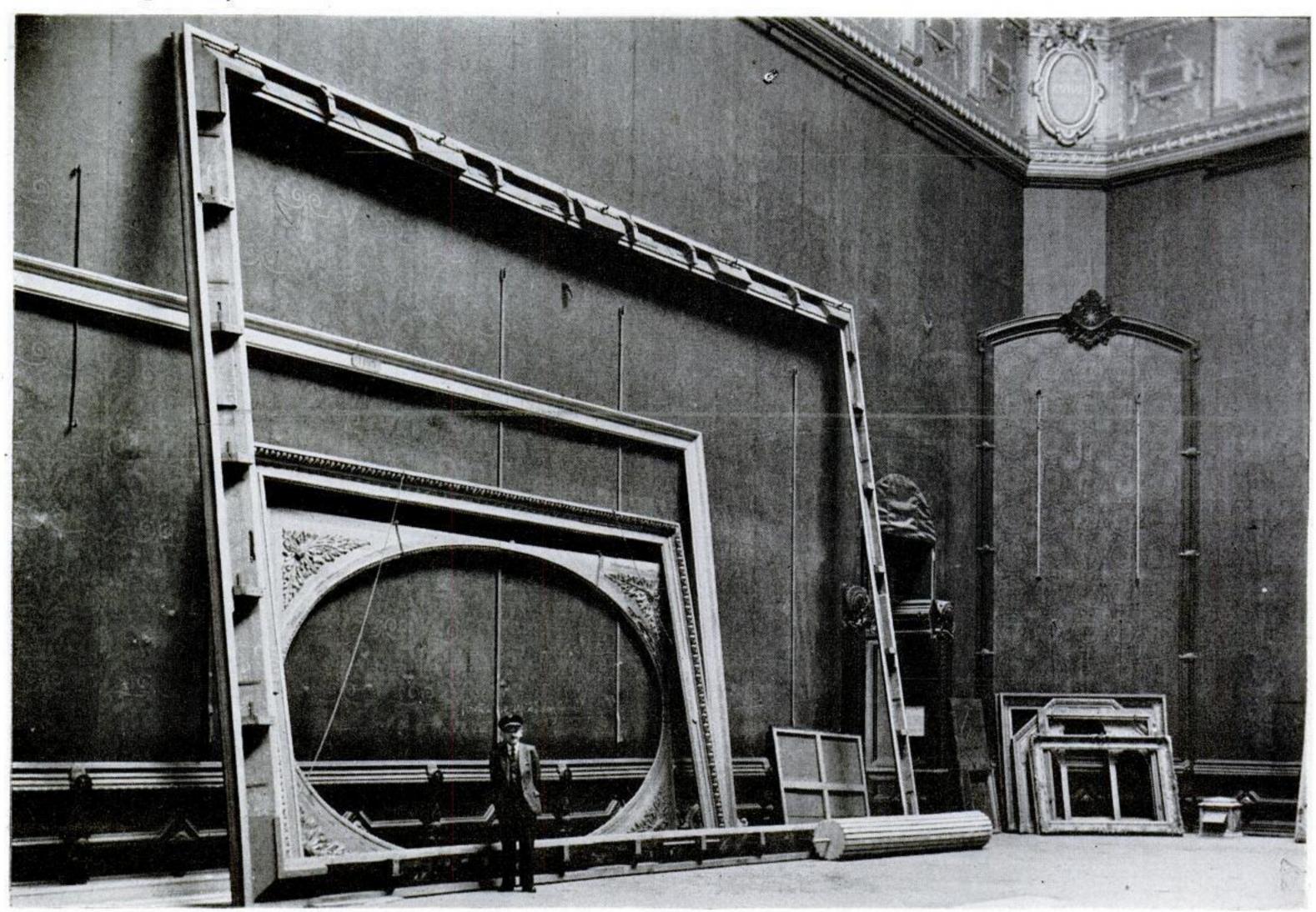
STATUE OF LIBERTY, a small bronze copy of Bartholdi's Liberty Enlightening the World stands on the Isle of the Swans at the Pont de Grenelle. Big one was given United States by France in 1884.







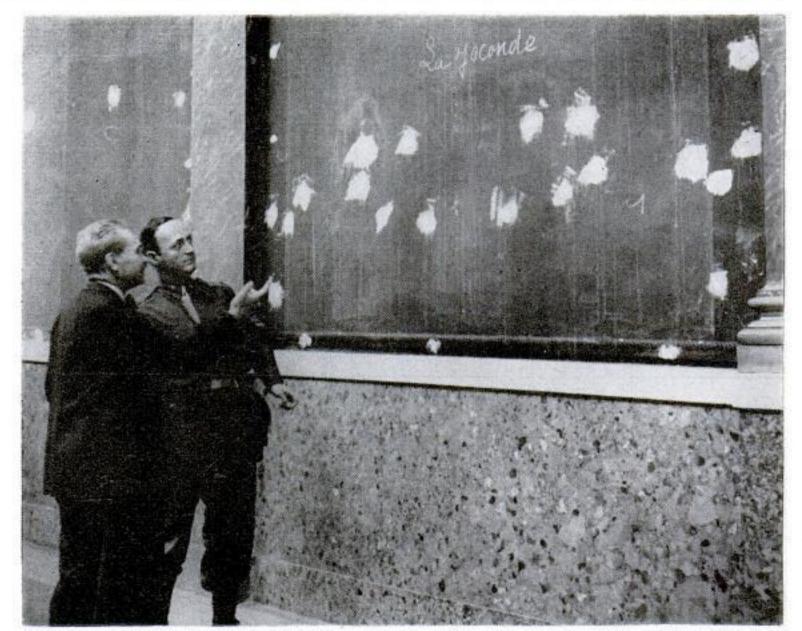
PARIS (continued)



THESE HUGE, EMPTY FRAMES IN THE LOUVRE HELD THE WORKS OF THE GREAT RENAISSANCE ITALIAN, PAOLO VERONESE. THE LARGEST FRAMED HIS "THE DINNER WITH A PARISIAN"



PLASTER CAST REPLACES ORIGINAL VENUS DE MILO, REPORTED SAFELY HIDDEN IN FRANCE



"MONA LISA" (LA JOCONDE), WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT IS GONE BUT SAFE

THE ART OF PARIS IS SAFE FROM THE GERMANS

The great museum of the Louvre presented the odd spectacle shown above. Most of the paintings and sculptures had been in hiding since 1939, somewhere near Le Mans, which was where Patton broke through in the west. Of the Louvre's 350 employes, 200 had been kept on throughout the war. There was a rumor that the Victory of Samethrace had been stolen by the

Germans for Göring, but the statue was believed safe. The national art of France was largely spared because Count Wolf von Metternich, intelligent head of German art committee in Paris, protected it. The world would breathe a great sigh, however, when Leonardo Da Vinci's wonderful *Mona Lisa* and its immediate neighbor, *The Madonna of the Rocks*, two of the most

irreplaceable and haunting works in art, were back in their frames in the Louvre.

Oddly, contemporary painters had done well during the war, for investors could put their faith in nothing European except good art. A small drawing by Pablo Picasso brought as much as 40,000 francs (\$800) and the other known artists of Paris did relatively as well.



AMERICANS ENJOY MONTMARTRE AND THE-PARISIANS ENJOY THEM



LUCIAN KING TRUSCOTT JR.

A TOUGH U. S. GENERAL, ONCE AN OKLAHOMA SCHOOLMASTER, WANTS TO BE PROVOST MARSHAL OF BERLIN by Will lang

A soldier named Patelli stood up on the crowded deck. "Take it from me," he said, "the first wave onto the beach is the best one to be on. Why, you gotta choice on the first wave! If you don't like the pillbox on the right you just move over and take the pillbox on the left. But if you come in later you got no choice. You gotta take the pillbox that the first wave by-passed!"

The soldiers around him grinned and kept on playing cards. A little later when someone said, "Okay, you jokers, take your last look at Italy!" only a few of the men looked up. Even when a small radio was tuned into "Axis Sally," the Nazi propagandist, and she boasted that the Germans know all about the coming invasion of southern France, the soldiers kept on playing cards or talking quietly. Finally the ship's chaplain couldn't stand it any longer. "This bunch of men is awfully unexcited," he complained "I just had a normal crowd at services this morning. On the way across the Channel from England almost everybody turned out."

These men were different. They were 3rd Division men and for many of them this was the start of their fifth major beachhead landing on an enemy coast. To old platoon corporals and sergeants it couldn't be any better or any worse than

This war has developed a group of expert, battle-tested corps commanders whose names are only now becoming familiar. One of these commanders is Lucian King Truscott Jr., who has just been made a lieutenant general and was last reported heading for Belfort Gap. With his men was Time and LIFE War Correspondent Will Lang, who wrote this article. Most of the pictures are by LIFE's George Silk and the drawings below are by LIFE Artist Tom Craig.

those at French Morocco, Sicily, Salerno or Anzio.
"All we're hoping for," said the company medic,
"is that after this one we go home."

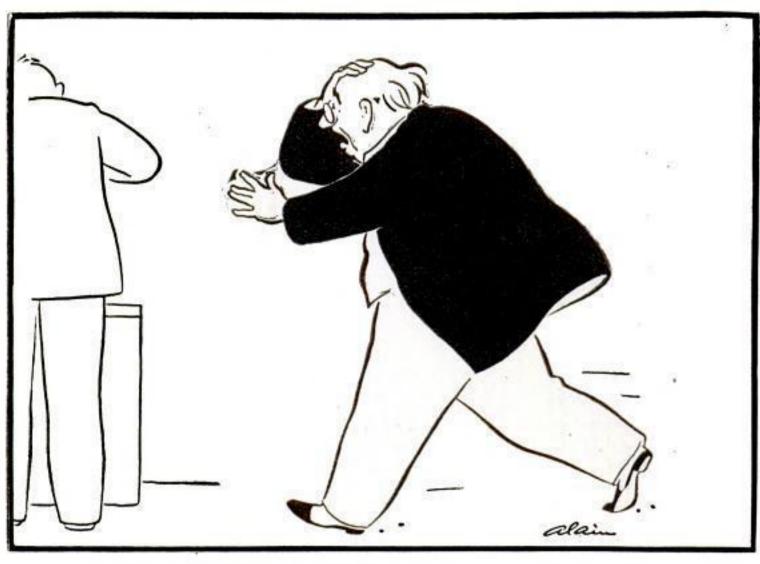
"Yeh," said a voice behind. "But we gotta fight the Boche. How many times we gotta get out in the hot sun just to hear the General say, 'We're gonna fight the Boche!' Hell, we know we gotta fight the Boche, but do we hafta get out in the hot sun every time just to hear the General say so? Damn him, anyway!"

Staff officers on the upper deck didn't need to be told that Lieut. General Lucian King Truscott Jr. was under discussion again. They had been damning him, themselves, for nearly two years, wincing under his tongue-lashings, complaining that he was trying to turn infantrymen into cavalry horses, marveling at his energy and his skill in often out-Pattoning Lieut. General George S. Patton Jr. with slashing and spectacular drives deep into enemy territory. If they damned him their profanity was loaded with affection and they were glad that he now commanded the VI Corps battalions moving toward the beaches of southern France. They knew that, not counting Dieppe where he had been the senior U. S. Army observer, Truscott had been in on six other large and small amphibious attacks. By experience and by reputation he was the ablest sea-to-land commander in the U. S. Army.

A gray-haired man of 49 with an escharotic face—jutting jaw, squinting gray eyes, a perpetual scowl—Truscott gained his experience and his reputation the hard way. In the 11 months in which he commanded the 3rd Division he turned it into one of the greatest combat divisions of the war. His men collected at least seven Congressional Medals of Honor, and they were driven forward so hard and so ably that U. S. Fifth Army maps in Italy always showed what General Mark Clark came to call "an embarrassing bulge" wherever the Division was fighting. At Anzio, Truscott

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





"YE GADS MAN! Surely you don't intend to mix my rare old pre-war whiskey with any other water but sparkling WHITE ROCK mineral water!"

WHITE ROCK IMPROVES FLAVOR . . . HELPS YOU FEEL CHIPPER NEXT DAY





SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY . IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



Truscott's personal staff includes Chinese-American cooks and mess boys (standing) and his driver, Lewis Barna Jr. (front, center) who has jeeped the General 500,000 miles.

TRUSCOTT (continued)

proved that he could hold as well as attack. But it was not until he broke loose and smashed on into Rome that the general public heard much about him. Even then, primarily because he doesn't have a Patton's or a Montgomery's flair for publicity, Truscott didn't trail his clouds of glory before the public.

Texas-born Lucian Truscott is probably the only general in world history who can credit part of his success as an officer to the fact that he once drank poison. As a toddler he swallowed some carbolic acid and, though it didn't kill him, it left him with a rock-crusher voice that gives his orders an awesome ferocity. Partly because of his frightening voice but more because of a loathing of all Germans that makes him explode with rage if any of his men allow themselves to be captured, he is generally credited with being the choleric general of the Italian campaign. Other facts worth noting are that he began his adult life as an Oklahoma schoolmaster; he insists on having fresh flowers in his tent every day; he demands that all his meals be prepared by Chinese-American cooks; he has a four-goal polo handicap, and he wants to be next provost marshal of Berlin. Additionally he is the owner of two items of clothing that reputedly cause enemy shelling to stop when he wears them in the front lines.

Truscott's sartorial lucky pieces are an old pair of faded pink cavalry breeches and a well-worn pair of high brown cavalry boots, both so shaky from past repairs that they are now saved for occasions when the going is really tough. During the final offensive at Anzio there was consternation in the ranks when it became known that Truscott had been injured in a head-on jeep collision. There was regret, of course, that the Old Man had broken a rib and that his legs had been injured. But there was also concern because of reports that he couldn't get his boots back on. Embarrassed, admitting that this was a silly way for grown men to act, his officers approached and asked him if he couldn't try just once more to get his lucky boots on. Truscott groaned into them. The offensive succeeded.

Silk maps make fine scarves

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Other odd accouterments give Truscott's trips to the forward areas as much swish and swashbuckle as was ever laid on by the pistol-packin' Patton. Truscott's stars gleam from a luminous, enameled helmet. Though this makes him a sniper's dream target, his visits please his men as much as the appearance of Stan, the Red Cross doughnut man, and they inspire and hearten new replacements. Truscott shrouds his slightly stooped shoulders in an old leather jacket. Around his neck he invariably has a white scarf-his own jealously guarded personal trademark. The scarf was added to his wardrobe when Truscott found that a parachutist's discarded silk map of Sicily protected his throat from galling road dust. Following suit, General Mark Clark's staff officers now all wear green parachute silk around their necks. VI Corps officers wear Royal Blue (thus distinguishing them from Truscott) and the veteran 3rd, 36th and 45th Divisions, all of which went with Truscott into France, wear distinctive team colors,

There is unorthodoxy in Truscott's dress and often in his battle tactics, but there is nothing slipshod about him. He lives up forward

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100





ACTORS' FACES are extra sensitive

_that's why Ernest Truex shaves with soothing WILLIAMS

Washing heavy stage make-up every day—and removing it—are enough to make any face sore and tender. No wonder then that actors are so sensitive to irritants in shaving cream.

To be gentle to the skin, a shaving cream must be made of topquality, mild ingredients—blended together as carefully as a doctor's prescription. Such a cream is Williams—the result of over 100 years' experience.

Rich, Soaking Lather

Williams is easy on the tenderest face—yet its rich, soaking lather softens tough beards completely. Your whiskers shave off cleanly without scraping or irritation.

Next time you buy shaving cream, get Williams. Feel the difference for yourself.



TRUSCOTT (continued)

and seemingly spends all his normal sleeping hours in dreaming up meticulous battle plans. In the field every move of his men is reported, recorded, charted and filed in a special "war tent" and all new plans are checked through this body of information. On amphibious landings there has to be even more checking and rechecking. In the case of the landings in southern France, the blow had been "telegraphed" ahead by the statements of overanxious public officials, by the air pattern, by the logic of war and by half the know-it-all civilians in Rome. But the plan was sound. With U. S., British and French warships carrying and escorting them and with a shuttling armada of planes overhead, Truscott's battlewise assault troops moved inexorably across the sultry Mediterranean. More battalions were landed in southern France at H-hour than Montgomery and Bradley had put ashore at H-hour in Normandy on June 6.

On the beaches of southern France

His helmet glistening, his white scarf at his neck, wearing his lucky breeches and his lucky boots, Truscott sailed in a flagship carrying such distinguished brass hats as Secretary of Navy James V. Forrestal, Vice Admiral Henry K. Hewitt and Lieut. General Alexander M. Patch, commander of the invading Seventh Army and Truscott's immediate superior. The ship was a brand new command ship, especially built for invasions. In her air-conditioned wardroom there were maps and charts covering every phase of the coming operation. But for all the gadgets and maps there wasn't enough information coming in to suit Truscott. When one of his divisions along the 40-mile invasion front got into trouble he had an excuse to go ashore to see the action at first hand. Then he roared in to the beach in a motor torpedo boat with a handful of staff officers and a French liaison officer against whom he had fought on the beaches of Port Lyautey nearly two years before.

When the party landed Truscott turned to the French officer. Now was the time for a well-turned and historic phrase. But Truscott, the man of action, faltered. Once, at Anzio, while Long Toms were booming in his ears, Truscott had gathered a bouquet of wild lilies of the valley. "God, aren't they beautiful?" he had mumbled. Now, stepping onto French soil, he could only turn and say, "Well, I guess you're glad to be back." The French officer answered just as simply, "It's been a long time." Then, with Truscott leading, they headed for the nearest scene of trouble.

By now it is clear that the invasion of southern France was one of the most amazing exploits yet seen in amphibious warfare. It was an operation that generals dream about although its spectacular success was dimmed by the breakthrough in Normandy and the fall of Paris. Originally the attack was designed to coincide with the Normandy landings. It was delayed but then set up again to draw off German troops pinning down Allied forces in Normandy's tall hedgerows. When Patton's armor broke loose unaided, Truscott's southern invaders gained the psychological and military advantage of having the enemy off balance. The German system of communications and command was almost immediately disrupted when a German divisional general was captured and still further snarled when a German corps commander, in charge of all invasion defenses, was taken prisoner. These were ripe plums, quickly plucked, including still

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



Fresh flowers daily on mess table are a "must" to Truscott's orderlies. At home the General manages to putter about in his small garden. He is particularly fond of violets.



Helps Shorten Working Hours



Eight and twelve hours on the job—here's the way to take the murder out of those hard floors—make those endless hours seem shorter. Tonite, give your feet and ankles a brisk massage with frosty white, stainless Ice-Mint—and repeat again in the morning. The cooling, soothing action of Ice-Mint goes to work at once to relieve fiery burning—to help relax tired muscles. Also helps to soften up stinging corns and callouses. Get a jar of Ice-Mint today.

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Radio has done away with space and time. It puts us in a listening post at happenings of importance everywhere.

No other people in the world enjoy so fully the blessings of this miracle of sound.

Why? Because America alone can build radios by the millions every year.

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Electronic advances, veiled in secrecy now, will bring you finer, richer-voiced Sparton instruments — and soon, we hope.

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All will be built with the high precision for which Sparton is famous.

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Under a plan that benefits the buyer by combining high quality with low price.

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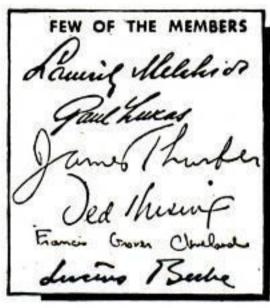
The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan, Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario. Precision Builders Since 1900—Radios and Other Electrical Home Products—Automobile Horns, Sirens, Warning Signals.

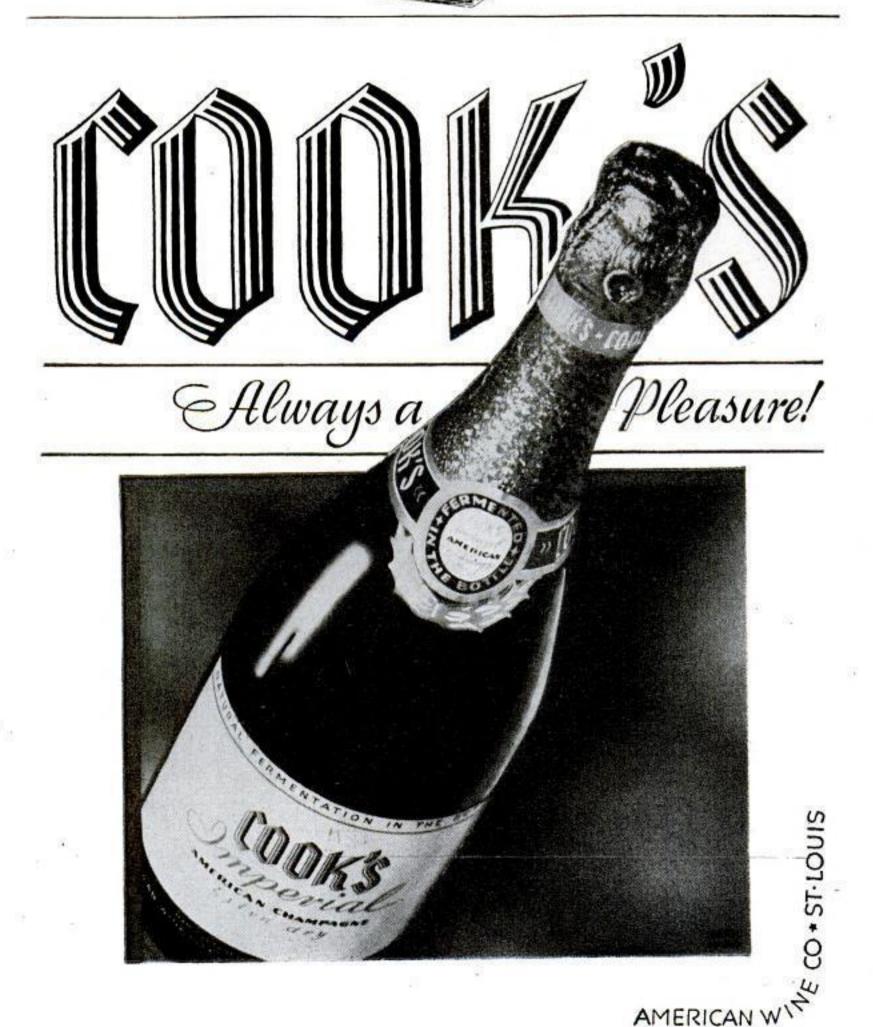


BECAUSE certain ingredients are needed for war production, the supply of Aqua Velva is limited. Long the world's most popular after-shave lotion, there is now less Aqua Velva to meet a growing demand.

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His favorite books accompany Truscott. In war he reads Kipling, but in peace he prefers Shakespeare and Colonel Henderson's Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War.

TRUSCOTT (continued)

another high-ranking German general who was proudly marched to Truscott's headquarters by the paratrooper who captured him. A typical Prussian, complete with monocle in his eye and short bristles on the nape of his neck, the German was a fine trophy. But when it was announced, "Here's a general, sir, all served up on toast"—Truscott didn't even leave his trailer headquarters to view the specimen. Hating the "krauts" with a carbolic venom of the kind that U. S. Marines feel for the Japs, Truscott merely commented, "Send him back to the Seventh Army. I've got other things to do."

These other things concerned capitalizing on his initial landing success. In the first few days his troops crackled along the roads and the hills and valleys like a prairie fire. Within a week the beachhead spread out over more than 2,000 square miles. Joining with Maquis and French Forces of the Interior (all indiscriminately called "Mackeys" by the Americans), the Americans galloped north along the Rhône Valley in a swirling and physically exhausting drive that carried them into Lyon in 19 days and to the approaches of the Belfort Gap in three weeks.

Often running ahead of his maps, Truscott kept up with his men and with them he tasted a victory made doubly sweet by contrast with the frustrations of Cassino and the Anzio beachhead. It was a victory such as all victories should be. Swift and complete, it was additionally gratifying to the veterans of the North African, Sicilian and Italian campaigns in finding at last in southern France a people whom they felt were worth fighting for.

No begging, no dirt, no sly cunning

With all the goodwill in the world, the Americans had had trouble liking the Arabs and Berbers in North Africa—and with them many of the stiff-necked French colonials. Instinctively the doughboys withdrew from appalling poverty and filth as well as from overimportant little persons in Algiers and Italy who plainly showed that they were turncoat fascists. The troops could not help comparing the warm friendliness of the French "Mackeys" with the ignorance, dirtiness and sly cunning of those who for months had been begging them for caramelle and cigarette. They were met by clean, proud, openhearted people genuinely thrilled at seeing them. To cap it all, there were surprise attacks and the fast flanking movements which delight all soldiers and which were staged by Truscott with a skill that, when the full story can be told, may well rank him with Stonewall Jackson as a master of brilliant military movement.

Toulon and Marseille fell to siege but other cities to the north were engulfed in a campaign of fantastic movement. Major General John E. Dahlquist, commander of the 36th Division who once moved his command post 92 miles in one day, shook his big, balding head and said, "There's been nothing like it since the Civil War."

Many of the Seventh Army men never saw the retreating Germans nor fired a shot. For days at a time advance echelons shoved back the Germans with a battering ram of specially organized mechanized infantry and reconnaissance cavalry with armored cars and light and medium tanks. South of Lyon, where the mountains pinch in the Rhône Valley, U. S. artillery, tanks and tank destroyers destroyed 2,000 German vehicles in one action and captured 4,000 prisoners in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

On the set for "THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO" at M-G-M Studio

A Wac* gets an intimate glimpse of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture production and visits with Van Johnson and Phyllis Thaxter, who play Capt. and Mrs. Ted W. Lawson, Mervyn Le Roy, the director, and Hal Rosson, the director of photography.

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has been the stewardship of the same family.

TRUSCOTT (continued)

two days. The Maquis, straining for revenge, led U. S. troops into other towns crawling with frightened or disorganized Germans. There was no letup. Far forward, Truscott found one of his attack orders had not been carried out. He was amazed, disappointed and more than ordinarily quiet about it. "Don't you understand?" he explained. "This is the opportunity of a lifetime. We can trap the entire German corps and the 11th German Panzer Division with a few men and guns. Now get goin'!"

Truscott conceived his own tactics and sold them to his Army superiors. His goal was a junction with the U. S. forces which had broken through Normandy's hedgerows at the west. His corps pushed forward on the east, pellmell for the Belfort Gap near the French-German-Swiss border. The juncture was made, cutting off thousands of Germans in southern France—including the 20,000 who surrendered en masse to an American platoon commander (see LIFE's Re-

ports, p. 17).

By then Truscott's men were slowed down as the Germans concentrated their strength at the Belfort Gap which has been famed in military history since the 13th Century, and which was not cracked in World War I. Last week his troops were moving up closer for the kill and Truscott himself had a new star on his shiny helmet. The Senate approved his elevation to lieutenant general on Sept. 15. It didn't seem to make much impression on him. Sitting in his head-quarters trailer, with maps of the Belfort Gap in front of him and a shock of gray hair stringing down over one corner of his forehead, he rasped, "If that means they wanna send me home, I am going to send that goddam star back to them. This is no time to leave."

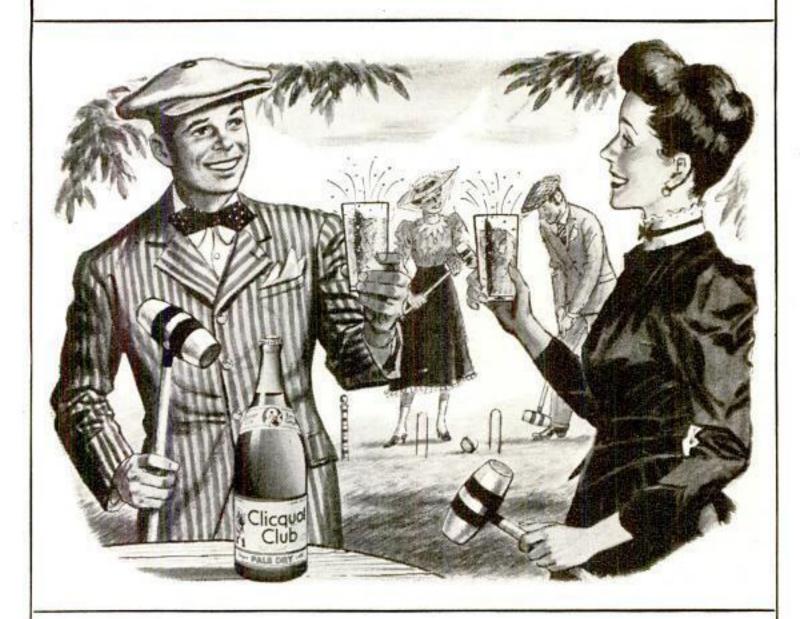
Great generals, in the final analysis, are those who can most quickly and efficiently destroy the enemy and his will to fight and in doing so make the best use of those two old reliables, firepower and movement. Truscott's men know his "you gotta fight the Boche" speech by heart and his old 3rd Division was renowned throughout Italy for its "Kraut Killers club." This Truscottian belligerence, combined with a well-tested belief that the American soldier for all his faults is the world's best fighting man, make an ideal combination for a combat commander. They are qualities that tend to end wars quickly. They might also be handy to have in a provost marshal of Berlin if one is needed. Truscott has several times privately stated that being military police chief of Berlin is his idea of a fine job. He may not be given it, however, because his experience and skill in handling seaborne invasions will be useful in the Pacific after Germany is whipped.

Truscott was an Oklahoma schoolmaster

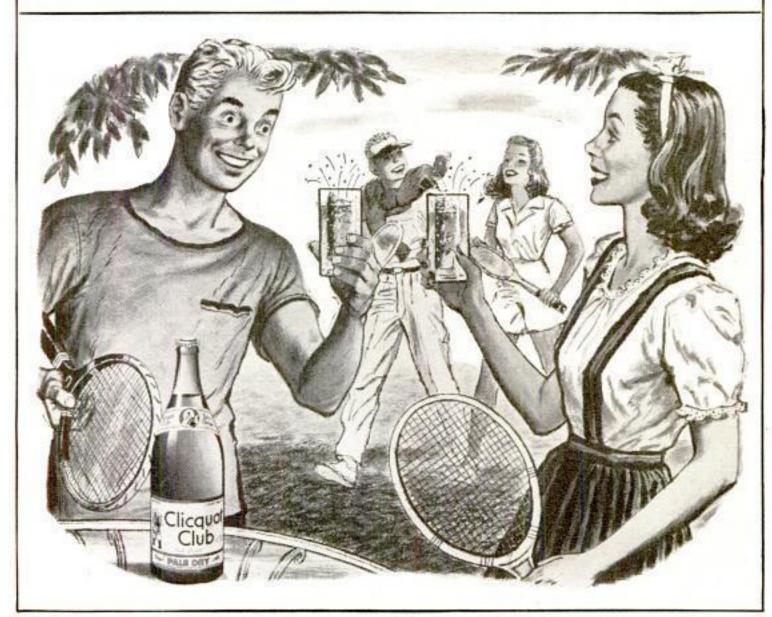
Truscott was born in Chatfield, Texas on date Jan. 9, 1895 and lived there for six years-long enough to claim Texas as his home state-before his family moved to Oklahoma. His mother's father was belligerently Irish and there is stubborn Cornish-English on his paternal side. The town of Truscott, Texas is named for this grandfather who was one of the founders of Texas A. & M. College. Truscott's father was a sickly country doctor with three daughters and a son to support. To help out, young Truscott went into teaching after graduating from high school. He attended normal school in the summers and taught for six winters in drab little one- and two-room schoolhouses in Oklahoma's hinterlands. He was "rescued" by World War I when he received a reserve officer's commission in the cavalry in 1917. He never got overseas but stayed on with the Army getting steady promotions, which in peacetime were not likely to be held up for anyone who played polo as well as he did. In 1919 he married Sarah Randolph, the daughter of a Virginia country doctor and a member of the Thomas Jefferson branch of Virginia's famous Randolph family. Mrs. Truscott now lives at Wild Acres at Charlottesville with the youngest of three Truscott children, James, who is 13. Lucian King Truscott III is now a first-classman at West Point. Mary, the sister, married Cavalryman Robert Wilbourn.

A lieutenant colonel at the time of Pearl Harbor, Truscott had served for four years as an instructor at Fort Riley, two years as a student at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth and four years as an instructor there. On his first overseas wartime assignment Truscott was attached to Lord Louis Mountbatten's Combined Operations Staff where he supplemented his book learning by visiting every Commando training unit in England and Scotland. He helped organize the first American Ranger unit and he sat in on the planning and execution of the Dieppe raid. His intimate knowledge of the Dieppe raid and the American Rangers was duly squeezed out of him by Washington before he was sent out again, this time leading a special task force from the U. S. 9th Infantry Division on the

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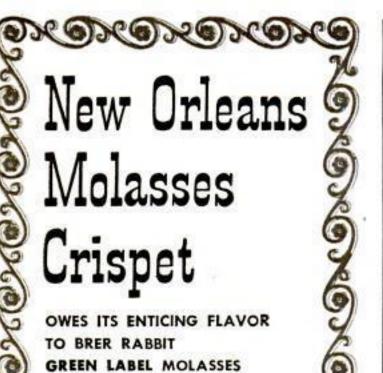
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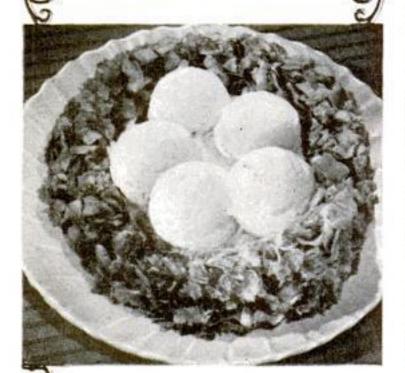
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Everyone who tries this sensational new dessert raves about its mouth-watering goodness! For just the right flavor, use Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses rich with the luscious goodness of Louisiana sugar cane.

New Orleans Molasses Crispet

1/2 cup Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses*

14 cup sugar
14 teaspoon salt
12 tablespoon butter or
margarine
6 cups cornflakes

Boil molasses, sugar and salt to 250° F. or until mixture forms a firm ball in cold water. Add butter; pour over cornflakes. Toss lightly with fork. Arrange in buttered ring mould; do not pack firmly. Cool. Unmould on serving dish. Fill center with vanilla ice cream, over which pour Molasses Fruit Sauce, made by mixing 2 tablespoons Brer Rabbit Gold Label Molasses and ½ cup orange juice with 1 cup currant jelly. 6 to 8 servings.

*For a rich molasses flavor, use Green Label Brer Rabbit. It's a full flavored, dark molasses rec-



*For a milder flavor, use Gold Lobel Brer Rabbit—the highest quality, fancy, light molasses sweet and mild.

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TRUSCOTT (continued)

difficult and bitterly contested mission of capturing Port Lyautey in French Morocco. Here Truscott won the Distinguished Service Medal for brilliant planning and leadership.

After acting as General Eisenhower's field deputy during the early, trying days in Tunisia, Truscott took over command of the 3rd Division—the famous old "Marne Division" of World War I and subsequently a regular Army unit long stationed on the West Coast. In the months that followed, these men gave Truscott his abiding faith in the American soldier. "At first," Truscott has said, "the doughboy is cocky and thinks he can knock the stuffing out of anyone in the world. But he's developed a lot. He has an amazing ability to adjust himself to the circumstances. When this is coupled with his knowledge of weapons and wonderful physical fitness, and when he is given good leadership, there's no doubt that he is the best material in the world."

The Truscott Trot is a grueling pace

With this "world's best material," Truscott initiated a pre-Sicily training program calculated to make his men the fastest, toughest marchers in the Army. Stonewall Jackson did the same thing with his Confederate soldiers and time after time surprised Union troops who did not believe he was anywhere within miles of them. Instead of the old infantry marching rate of 2½ mph, Truscott taught his division to march five miles the first hour, four miles each of the next two hours, and 3½ mph for the remainder of distances up to 30 miles. "You can't lead your men from a command post in the rear," Truscott told his officers and packed them off to accompany their troops on the hikes.

The "Truscott Trot," as his men dubbed their grueling pace, proved more prescient than sadistic once the 3rd Division had landed at Licata in Sicily. There followed an operation which is already classic in military annals for speed and success. After seven days' fighting it captured Agrigento, where Truscott won the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in action, and five days after that its patrols entered Palermo, fully 100 miles to the north. The bulk of this latter distance was covered by all three regiments in three days. On the 14th day the division rested after having slyly gained for Truscott one of his most memorable firsts—the entry into Palermo.

As the various American forces approached Palermo, Patton defined a "blue phase line" just four miles short of the city beyond which no infantry, excepting patrols, were to go. Patton's tanks had been chosen to make the victorious entry into the island's capital. This they did, with banners flying and cameras grinding. But inside the city they found the 3rd Division's Lieut. Colonel John Heintges and his entire battalion quietly patroling the streets.

One week later, conditioned and rested again, the 3rd left Palermo to relieve the 45th Division on the north coast. In 17 days the Division fought its way over a 90-mile stretch of mountains and staged two waterborne landings behind retreating German lines to capture Messina. It was a phenomenal drive which another general interpreted by saying, "What Truscott did in Sicily was to turn his infantry into cavalry."

In Italy the 3rd's progress was slower but just as determined. They were moved to Salerno to reinforce the original assault troops

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



Slam-bang polo is Truscott's idea of fun. Here (second from right) he is captain of the Fort Myer team. In 1934 Mexico matches he played number three for the Army team.







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His lucky boots and breeches are a part of the Truscott legend. Booted and breeched, he stands (right, above) at his former headquarters in Italy with his able chief of staff.

TRUSCOTT (continued)

and thereafter were driven so hard that they seldom lost contact with the retreating enemy for more than a few hours at a time. Once Naples fell, the Germans decided to make their first major stand at the Volturno River and it was here that Truscott demonstrated two of the qualities that cause his men to curse him-with affection. On one occasion he stormed into a forward command post to pin a Legion of Merit ribbon on the breast of an old friend, a gray-haired colonel. Shells were crashing in a nearby thicket when Truscott, with obvious emotion, said, "I can think of no finer way of presenting this decoration than under battle conditions." The colonel's eyes gleamed wetly. Then Truscott stepped back and delivered one of his famous "corncob and turpentine" dressings down. "Now what are you going to do about this goddam situation on the river?" he demanded. "Goddammit, your men will be in trouble if you don't get some armor over to help them."

Another time Truscott relieved a nasty situation by personal intervention. A regiment had just fought its way to the opposite banks of the Volturno and the doughboys were inching their way forward under cruel German artillery fire. Engineers were trying to fling their jointed pontoon bridge across the swift, muddy waters so that tanks could get across before the Germans launched a counterattack against the unprotected infantrymen. Twice that morning dive bombers attacked the bridge site and the engineers had to run. The number of engineers wounded by shell fragments was increasing and the work was slowing down.

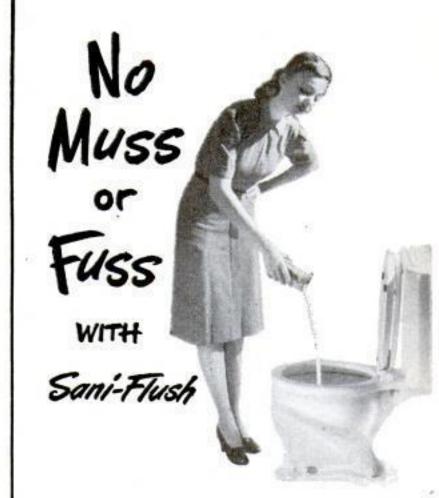
"Fire at anything shooting our men!"

Then Truscott appeared. "Hurry!" he urged. "Hurry!" He spotted his tanks sitting by idly, waiting behind trees for the bridge to be finished. Truscott bounded out of his jeep and began pounding on the steel sides of the tanks until the commanders' heads poked up through the turrets. "Goddammit, get up ahead and fire at some targets of opportunity. Fire at anything shooting our men, but goddammit, do some good for yourselves!" he shouted. He stopped and talked to several wounded men lying on the ground, then turned to the others. He was wearing his lucky breeches and boots and, as could be expected, the shelling stopped at that moment. His carbolic voice rasped through the sudden silence.

"You've only got picks and shovels, men, only your hands, but right now they're better than guns. For God's sake, let's get this job done. We've got a whole regiment of men over there. They'll get wiped out unless you get those tanks across!"

Silently, like men offered new hope, the engineers went back to work. They finished the bridge that day and the Sherman tanks crossed the river in time to frustrate the German counterattack.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



Sani-Flush does so much more than make a toilet bowl look clean! Used at least twice a week, it keeps bowls fresh and sanitary-without scrubbing. Each application cleans away the everforming, invisible film in which toilet germs lurk and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants are needed.

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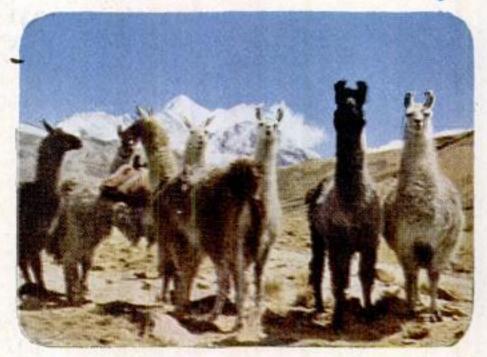




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2 "Seeing a tin mine above-ground, I wasn't much impressed. But below-ground, I realized Bolivia's making a tremendous war contribution. Not only tin, but antimony and tungsten, too.



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even fly...that was my arrival in Bolivia, arsenal of tin for the Allies' war machine," writes a friend of Canadian

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5 "Yes, tomorrow Bolivian treasurehunting will be de luxe. In fact, I found Canadian Club already an esteemed old favorite."

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TRUSCOTT (continued)

A month later Truscott and his 3rd met their toughest opposition in the mountains before Cassino. The division was woefully weak, for it had suffered thousands of battle casualties in its drive from the plains below Salerno. Battalions had been thinned down to company strength, companies to platoon strength. General Truscott decided to attack anyway. It was the bitterest fighting the division ever had, but it opened up the entrance to the Liri Valley and gave other troops a toehold for later attacks. By then the 3rd's ranks of riflemen were down to exhaustion point. They were finally pulled back for rest on Nov. 17 after having been in the battle lines continuously for 59 days, at that time an American Army record in this war. It was not surpassed until shortly thereafter when the 45th Division completed 70 days in the lines.

This type of aggressive warfare is hard not only on the Germans but also on Truscott's officers, for he insists that they be up forward with their troops. Truscott also has a vast impatience with officers who tell him of their difficulties. "What do you mean, it can't be done?" he growls. "Have you tried it? Go out and do it!" Most reports, either optimistic or pessimistic, he regards with cold, mathematical cynicism. "Two thousand prisoners taken! Balls of fire! Divide that by 10!" The habit of discounting most estimates has proven correct so often that his staff now automatically cuts down its figures.

Truscott's 3rd Division was one of two divisions that made the original landings at Anzio in January 1944. Subsequently Truscott was made corps commander in charge of all British and U. S. troops. He found this was a white-elephant assignment. The weary months of Anzio stalemate probably deprived him of a chance to lead beachhead troops into Normandy.

When his careful planning and ingenious preparation finally forced a breakthrough out of the beachhead, Truscott found that another American corps, newly arrived as replacement, was rivaling his men for the honor of being first into the Eternal City. As its just reward the capture of Rome should have been handed on a silver platter to Truscott's VI Corps. Truscott asked no unearned favors, however, and stepped up his drive along the thickly defended Via Appia. Which unit was literally first into Rome—whether battalion, regiment, division or corps—is going to be debated in veterans' smokers for years to come. Yet Truscott, pinning his claims on the 1st Armored Division of the VI Corps, can speak with more authority than most. One of his tank generals has a signed certificate from Rome's chief of police to prove that his tank crews were the first Americans in the center of the city.

Truscott, starting late, is now caught up in the race across France to get his men first into Berlin—and stake out his claim to the job of provost marshal. But if he doesn't get in first and even if he doesn't get the job, there may be other opportunities. Tokyo will be needing a good provost marshal one of these days.



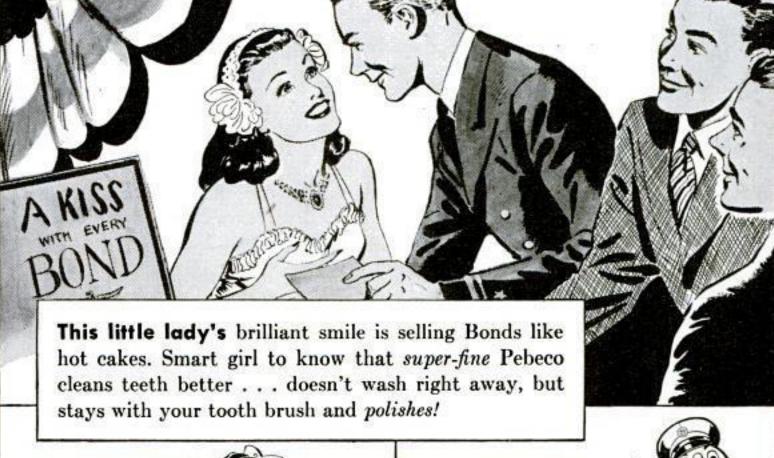
Truscott has been decorated six times since 1942. Here General Sir Harold Alexander pins on decoration of Honorary Companion of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath.



MARCHing with Sinatra

It's a parade of stars, is Frank's new Wednesday night half-hour radio show. With the Voice doubling as singer and MC and such famous personalities as Frederic March, Risë Stevens, Orson Welles and well-known others filling the guest spot each week, you can count on lots of laughs and much of music. Fall in step with Sinatra and company, including glamorous Eileen Barton, the Vimms Vocalists and Axel Stordahl and his orchestra...all presented by Vimms, the best-known name in vitamins. For a pleasant half-hour, tune in Sinatra every Wednesday night, CBS.







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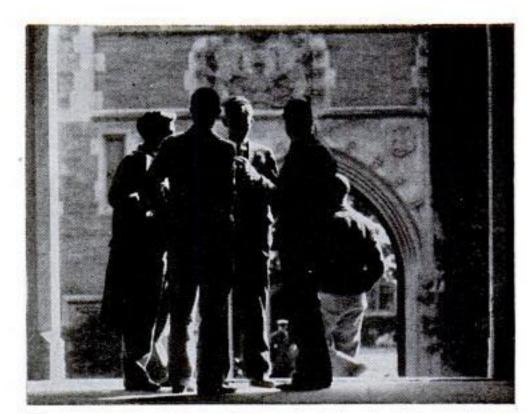
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..and these are things worth saving for!



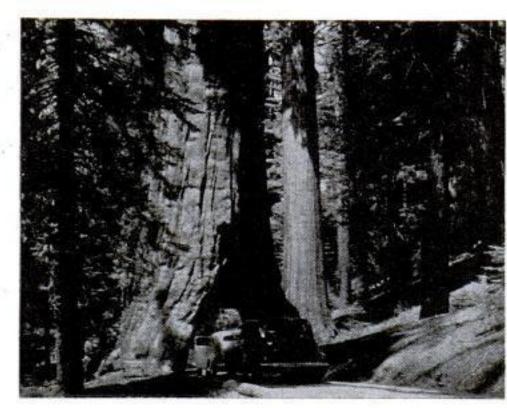
SAVE FOR CHILDREN! It costs money to have a child, to raise a child. But where's the father or mother who would tell you it isn't worth every penny it costs and more? Save now... while the money's coming in ... save to have and enjoy your children while you're young!



SAVE FOR COLLEGE! If you went to college yourself, you want your children to go, too. If you didn't—that's a double reason you want them to have the good life you missed. Start your college fund now—while you're earning good money. It will come in mighty handy.



save for a home! A house of your own, a garden to dig in, room-to-grow for the children—every man and his wife want that. Houses are high-priced, hard to get, now. But there'll be a lot of home building after the war. Why not save for your house now—while the saving's good?



SAVE FOR A TRIP! Today's no time to travel. But after the war—aren't you rarin' to go? To the ocean or the mountains, to Yellowstone or the Smokies, to Mexico or the new Alaska highway. Sensible saving today can finance glorious spending for you and the whole family then.



save to retire! Sooner than you think, the day will come when a little shack in Florida or a place in the country looks better to you than an active life in town. Social security is good—but it won't pay for all you want unless you supplement it by planned saving.



save for safety! Money's easy today! But everybody can remember that it wasn't always that way—and it may not be again. The man who has a little money laid by, helps prevent depression—and is in a lot better shape to ride out hard times if they come.



SAVE TO SAVE AMERICA! It's the money you don't spend that helps keep prices down. And only by keeping prices down—saving, not spending—can we head off inflation, keep America a stable, happy place for our boys to come home to. For your sake, for theirs—SAVE!

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.

2. When you buy, pay no more than ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.

3. Keep your own prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.

4. Save. Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.



A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America



ROBERT BENCHLEY, A REGULAR ROTHSCHILD'S PATRON, SNEAKS UNEASY GLANCE AT THE SCISSORS AT THE TENSE AND AWFUL MOMENT WHEN THEY START TO TRIM HIS BANGS

HOLLYWOOD HAIRCUT

Rothschild's barbers give movie colony patrons de luxe service and make them pay high for it

In Hollywood, where the way that a man parts his hair can be a matter of consequence, a barbershop called Rothschild's takes in some \$75,000 a year. From 8:30 to 6:30 each day the fear of resembling the odd-looking men in the hair-tonic ads attracts a stream of such prominent movie males as Robert Benchley (above), Joseph Cotten, Edward Arnold and Orson Welles to this shop on the balcony of Jerry Rothschild's ritzy haberdashery in Beverly Hills.

Although known as Rothschild's, the barbershop is owned by a Rumanian named Harry Drucker, who opened it in 1938. He now has a staff of eight barbers, six manicurists, two shoeshine boys and a receptionist. Drucker does everything in true Hollywood fashion. The prices are high (shave, 50¢; haircut, \$1; manicure, \$1) and service is by appointment only. To work for Rothschild's a barber must have two months' postgraduate work in massage and use of vibrator after his graduation from barber college. For sensitive clients who want bleaching or dyeing done in strict confidence, Drucker provides private rooms. For those like David O. Selznick, Jerome Kern, Cecil B. DeMille, who prefer to be barbered in private, Rothschild's offers home or office service at \$5 an hour.

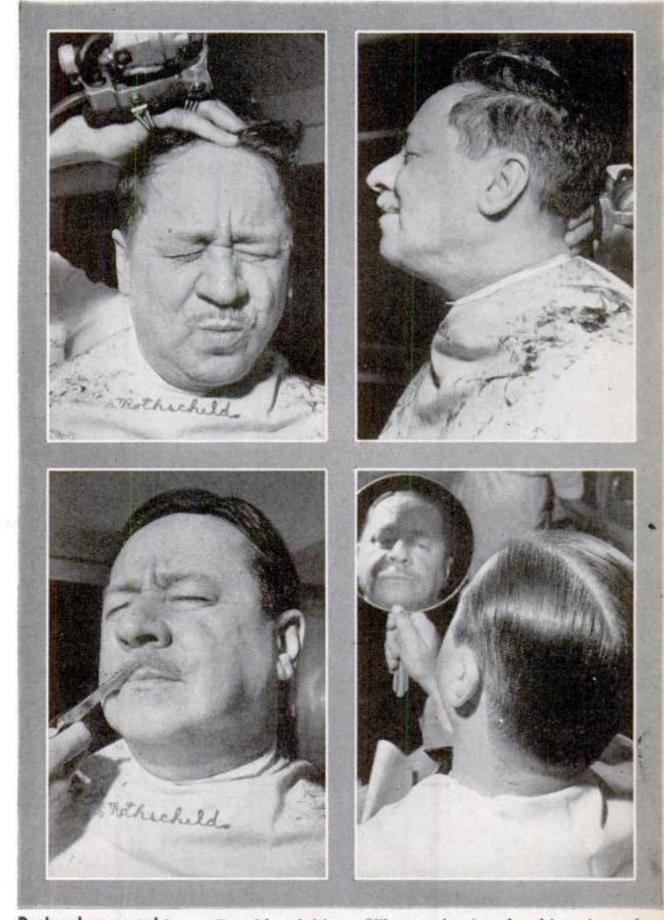




Rothschild's (continued)



The whole works are given Robert Benchley—a shave, manicure, shoeshine and button sewed on his cuff. This kind of service is nearest any plebeian gets to being treated like royalty. Rothschild's customers accept this treatment as if it were their due.



Barbershop gamut leaves Benchley dubious. Vibrator (top) makes him wince, then grin. The mustache trim terrifies him that too much may be coming off. The final look in the mirror is a futile acceptance of things done that cannot be undone now.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117





FIVE GREAT Pan American gateways—Miami, New Orleans, Brownsville, Nuevo Laredo and Los Angeles—are available to Clipper passengers . . . PAA routes connect every principal city in Latin America.

UENOS AIRES

BELEM



BY PIONEERING air service to 68 foreign lands, Pan American has given the U.S.A. the world's greatest air transport system, SOLID LINES—routes available to civilians. DOTTED LINES—routes on war duty, not available to civilians.

"Can I fly to South America now?"

YES, Pan American Clippers have seats available today on many Latin American routes...This includes Mexico, the West Indies, Central and South America.

EVER since Pearl Harbor, Pan American has placed its war duties ahead of everything else. But, thanks to the magnificent job now being done by the Army Air Transport Command and Navy Air Transport Service, and also to increased Pan American schedules, more commercial space is gradually becoming available aboard the Clippers of our Latin-American Division.

This is particularly true of Mexico, the West Indies, Central America and the North Coast of South America. In this area, almost every city is less than 24 hours' flight from the U.S.

Your local Pan American office or your own travel agent will be glad to make reservations and furnish you with schedules, rates and other up-to-date information.

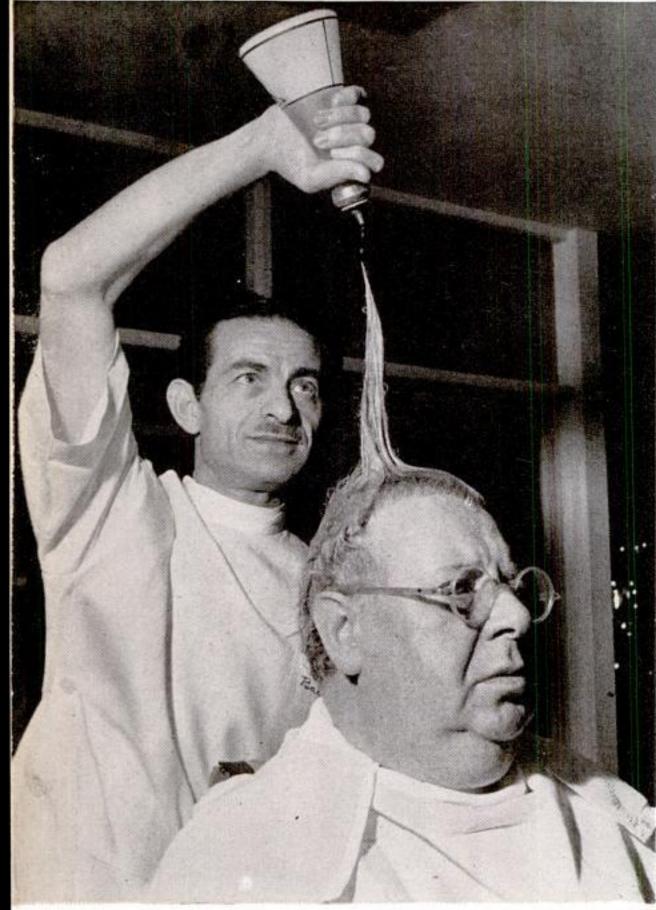
Pan American offices are located in these cities: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Washington, D. C., San Francisco, New Orleans, Seattle, Miami, Houston and Brownsville, Texas. Please consult your local telephone book.

Buying WAR BONDS is a good way to insure that post-war pleasure trip by CLIPPER

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

The System of the Clippers

Rothschild's (continued)



A shampoo doesn't appear to make Actor S. Z. Sakall any too happy. Prices of shampoos at Rothschild's range from 75¢ to \$1.75 for Drucker's Scientific Treatment.



Sakall gets rinsed. Average customer spends \$3.50 on each visit to Rothschild's. Mr. Drucker always makes it a point to shake hands with all customers as they leave.

Here's how your car FEELS...

chassis lubrication!

Now's the time for MARFAK Chassis Lubrication. Keeps your car limber despite freezing weather, makes winter driving smooth and effortless. MARFAK is extra tough and long-lasting. And your Texaco Dealer applies it by chart...never by chance! Your car gets a careful inspection from stem-to-stern with every MARFAK job. But don't wait. Colder weather's just around the corner. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "MARFAK feeling" today!







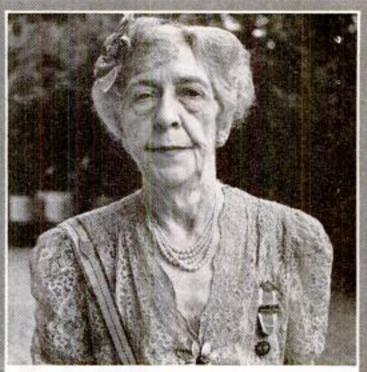
Mrs. Julius Y. Talmadge is descendant of the barons who secured the Magna Carta.



Mrs. W. F. Dykes claims Mary Ball, mother of George Washington, as an ancestor.



Mrs. Claude C. Smith is a founder of the Georgia Society of Mayflower Descendants.



Mrs. Bun Wylie wears ribbon stomacher as an honorary regent of Georgia D.A.R.



Miss Juanita Chisholm, ex-chapter regent, is national historian of Huguenot Society.



Mrs. Howard McCall wears 14 gold bars bearing names of Revolutionary forebears.



Miss Helen Prescott, 83, last living founder of chapter, is also its honorary genealogist.



Mrs. Clarence Tebo is proud of membership in United Daughters of Confederacy.

Life Goes to a D.A.R. Reception

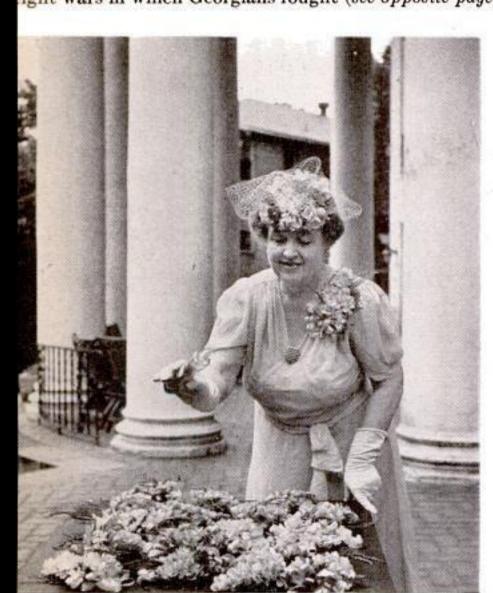
oseph Habersham Chapter in Atlanta, Ga. pays honor to the first Southerner to become national president

or the first time in their 54-year history, the Daughters of the American Revolution last April elected a Southerner to be their president general. She is Mrs. Julius Y. (May Erwin) Talmadge, a member of Elijah Clark Chapter of Athens, Ga. and a descendant of many Revolutionary soldiers, among them Colonel Arthur Erwin, who reportedly made the boats in which Washington crossed the Delaware.

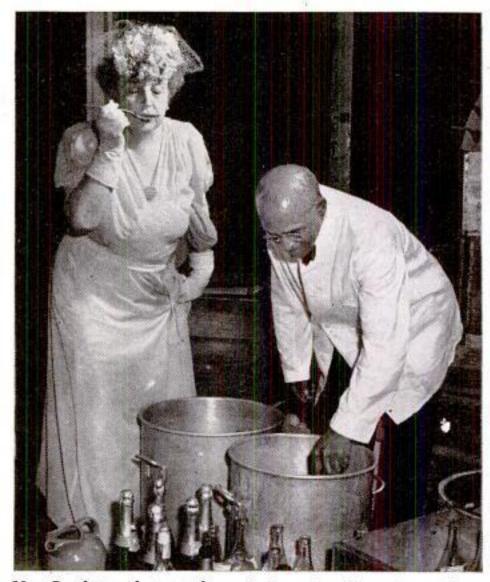
In recognition of the honor Mrs. Talmadge brings their native state, members of loseph Habersham Chapter of Atlanta (some are pictured above) a few weeks ago intertained her at a reception at the chapter house whose eight pillars represent high wars in which Georgians fought (see opposite page). Because chapter members

refer to Mrs. Talmadge as "our Georgia peach," the peach was chosen as the decorative theme and refreshments featured peach champagne punch.

The reception was run by Mrs. Charles P. Byrd, who is related by marriage to the Virginia Byrds. Atlanta rose generously to the occasion with contributions of corsages, ice cream, candy, invitations, paper plates, stamps and champagne at cut rate. The state commissioner of agriculture sent over four bushels of peaches. Despite Mrs. Byrd's supervision of the punch making (below) two extra bottles of brandy were emptied into the mixture by impish nonmembers of D. A. R. One elderly D. A. R. cautioned another: "Go easy on this punch—it'll make your hair curl!"



Irs. Byrd pours cologne on paper peach blossoms, used beause real ones were unobtainable. Honored guests wore them.



Mrs. Byrd samples punch, made from family recipe with 12 quarts of champagne. The 350 guests quaffed six gallons of it.



Mrs. Talmadge is given cake by Mrs. J. D. Nall, who baked it from secret recipe. Pink frosting spelled out "Greetings."



What do you want to do with your Navy?

There she rides, the greatest Navy the world has ever seen, twice as powerful as any other fleet afloat . . .

... the largest massed aggregation of strength in all the long history of sea power, direct descendant of the supreme navies of the past: of the sword-nosed Greek ships that terrified the watchers on the towers of Troy ... of the iron-rammed triremes of Tyre and Carthage and Rome ... of the shield-girt boats of the Vikings ... of the Venetian galleys full of chain-mailed Crusaders ... of the British Navy with which Nelson crushed Napoleon's naval ambitions at Trafalgar.

Our NAVY's battles in this war have already become classics: the Battle of Midway may well be studied as long as men fight on and under and over the sea. And no one will really know until this war is over how much the Navy contributed to the successful breaching of "Fortress Europe"—or how brilliantly it is outfighting the Japanese octopus in the Pacific.

But when peace comes, when the guns are still ... what will become of our Navy then? Will we maintain it in its present overwhelming power? Or will we decide to spend our money in other ways?

A modern Navy is perhaps the costliest possession known to man.

And yet its cost is only a fraction of the cost of war. So the question we must decide is whether a supreme Navy is really our cheapest and best form of nationwide life and property insurance.

We nearly all agree that, whatever the cost, if we are to play a hand in the world hereafter, we must lead from strength and not from weakness.

The problem is: how much strength?

Maybe it will be easier to decide on the Navy's place in our budget if we first think through the kind of Navy we need and how we mean to use it.-

- Do we need a "big battleship" Navy or is the carrier taking its place? Is the battleship really too expensive a way to carry gunpower?
- ▶ Is airpower developing so fast that the role of the Navy will become secondary? Should the Navy continue to have its separate air force?
- Will there be a revolutionary change in the next few years in motive power or gunpower? What do rockets, jet propulsion, perhaps even atomic power, have in store for future sea power?
- What territory are we trying to protect with the Navy? Or are we undertaking to help keep the peace the world around?
- ▶ What bases must we own or have access to for these purposes? Will we share them with the British...the Russians...all the United Nations?
- What will our possible opponents in any future war be doing with their Navies? Is it enough to keep ahead of the next largest or must we outbuild all of them put together?
- ▶ Shall we make it possible—and is it desirable—

for a million and a half men to stay in the Navy?.

(That would be cutting present personnel in half.)

Should older men retire faster and make more room at the top?

▶ Should we maintain the Marine Corps in proportion? The Coast Guard? And the Merchant fleet (which has already reached the record-breaking total of 3400 ships)?

In this country no President or Administration however able—can carry out a strong, consistent naval policy without popular backing and popular understanding.

Are you contributing to that understanding—by developing an opinion of your own—by discussing these problems with other people? For instance:

Did you ready Navy Secretary Forrestal's interesting article in the Saturday Evening Post for June 24, "Will We Choose Naval Suicide Again?"

Did you note the picture sequence in LIFE for May 8 headed "Biggest Navy Has Revolutionized the World's Naval Strategy"?

Did you ponder a bit over Admiral Ernest J. King's review of the Navy's part in the war so far, as summarized in TIME for May 1?

Do you own that old classic on sea fighting, "The Influence of Sea Power on History," by Admiral A. T. Mahan (Little, Brown & Co., \$4.50)?

An evening spent on this subject won't make you a naval expert. But it will help you understand what the naval experts are talking about, help make you a more intelligent citizen . . . something this nation needs now as never before.

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves informed. So, in advertisements like this, TIME is seeking to encourage wide thinking and reading not only of the newspapers and TIME, but also of books and periodicals that argue the cases and advance the causes that are in the news.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U. S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.



The weekly NEWSMAGAZINE
9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.



A harp ensemble directed by Mary Griffith Dobbs (right) softly played old Southern melodies after guests had been through the receiving line of 40 members. Invitations were issued to 500 guests. The Joseph Habersham Chapter is named after one of the



Revolutionary "liberty boys" who captured a British ship near mouth of Savannah River, also helped seize 600 pounds of powder which were sent north and used at battle of Bunker Hill. Later he became George Washington's Postmaster General.

telesionerism to a service

Surprise /



No one who knows what's in them is surprised at the excellence of HEUBLEIN'S Dry Martinis.

Made from scarce, smooth, pot-stilled MILSHIRE GIN and the world's finest Dry Vermouth.

At liquor stores, handily bottled, ready to add ice and serve.

THE SIX HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:

Dry Martini, 71 proof • Manhattan, 65 proof
Martini, Medium, 60 proof • Side Car, 60 proof
Old Fashioned, 83 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof



COCKTAILS

Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits, G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.



THERE'S NO FINER treat than hot, fragrant coffee innippy football weather. There's warmth and zest in every cup—flavor in every sip. Nothing on earth brings such cheering refreshment! Especially when coffee is made right—full strength, fresh every time, brewed to the full capacity of the pot. At work or relaxing—at home or abroad—on all occasions, have another cup of coffee—the all-American drink for all Americans.

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA
CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
EL SALVADOR MEXICO VENEZUELA

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

COFFEE
The Friendly Drink...
from Good Neighbors

LIFE'S MISCELLANY

PURITAN'S KICK

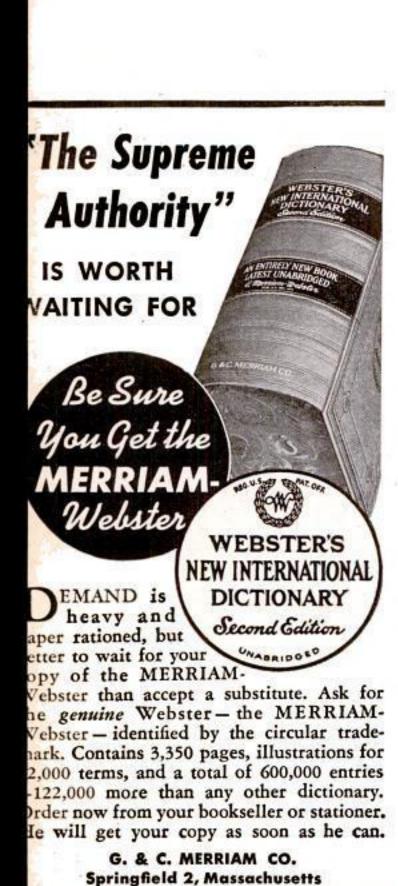
During the late summer heat wave in Massachusetts LIFE Photographer Walter Sanders took pictures of the Whipple House, historic landmark in Ipswich. Powers Model Rose-Ellen Cameron, posing as a young Puritan, sweltered under a very modest and heavy dress. The low, antique ceilings and white-hot floodlights made matters worse. When the ordeal was finally over, Rose-Ellen was delighted. "I'm so happy I could jump out that window and kick sky-high," she remarked. She did and the pictures below are the result.



WORK DONE, PRETTY PURITAN MAID RUNS TO WINDOW AND THROWS IT OPE



CLAMBERING OVER SILL, SHE JUMPS OUT OF THE HOUSE INTO THE COOL YARD



EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



QUICK RELIEF

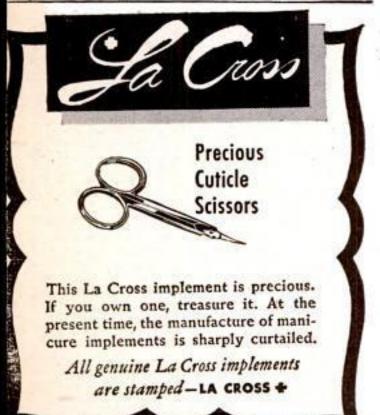
Lyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, un, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh hem the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops neach eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes.

the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.



SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES

* Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps *



For more than four decades,
America's Finest Manicure Implements
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION, FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

LIFE'S MISCELLANY (continued)



OUTDOORS, SHE GOES OVER TO LAWN



THE ASSUMES UNPURITANICAL POSE



HAPPY, SKY-HIGH KICK ENDS DAY

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

For "luck" that holds

Sound





Something Special happens when you sound your Z for

PENNZOIL

Before new cars are plentiful, most of us will long ago have run out of just plain "driving luck". If we stay on wheels, it will be because we have given our cars something special in the way of care.

That's not hard to do when you specify the Pennsylvania motor oil especially refined to keep engines free from sludge and other deposits that skyrocket wear and puncture efficiency.

You'll find it at the yellow oval sign.

Ask for Pennzoil—and be sure to sound
the z-z-z-z so there'll be no mistake.

Better dealers from coast to coast display this sign

ıck...

Pure Pennsylvania

Safe Lubrication

Gasoline STILL powers the attack . . .

DON'T WASTE IT!

*Registered trade mark

*Registered trade mark

PENNZOIL GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

BEFORE YOU PUT IN ANTI-FREEZE

Clean rust and scale out of the cooling system



Don't let rust and grease in your cooling system cause overheating and loss of your anti-freeze. Be safe! Use Du Pont Cleanser, which actually dissolves rust, and cleans thoroughly without reverse flushing.

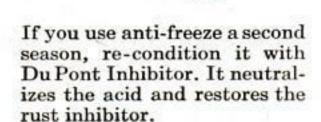
DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER



After cleaning out the cooling system of your car, make it LEAK-PROOF! Pour in a bottle of Du Pont Sealer. It works equally well in water and anti-freeze.

DU PONT Cooling System SEALER

Stops leaks.
Prevents loss
of anti-freeze.



DU PONT Acid and Rust INHIBITOR

Good also for use with plain water or alcohol.



For sale in auto supply stores, garages and service stations everywhere.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



LIFE'S MISCELLANY (continued)

STILWELL ART

Like her father, General Joseph W. Stilwell, 23-year-old Alison Stilwell has spent many years in China and is a serious student of Chinese art. According to connoisseurs, Miss Stilwell has done extraordinarily well in mastering the delicate art of Chinese painting on silk, a difficult art form for Occidentals. Although she is currently doing her painting in California, Miss Stilwell wants to go back to China as soon as the war is over.



MISS STILWELL HANGS A BUDDHA. SHE LEARNED ART UNDER PRINCE P'U J







TREE SHOWS MOOD OF CHINESE ART



BAMBOO HAS A GRACEFUL SYMMETRY



LOWERS CAPTURE CHINESE STYL

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Tor Sten of Judgment...
ILDBID CALINEBIT

"Custom" Blended for the enjoyment of those who can afford the finest... Lord Calvert has been for years the most expensive whiskey blended in America. So rare...so smooth...so mellow...it has never been produced except in limited quantities. Each bottle is numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert. Lord Calvert is 86.8 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.





March 50 minutes...rest 10!

Hour after hour, mile after mile, that's Johnny Doughboy's marching routine. And when that 10-minute rest period comes along, well, the photograph above tells its own story. That's when Camels come into the picture. Yes, Camels. For Camels and uniforms have been constant companions from way back—they were in '18, and they are today, the soldier's favorite cigarette.

The "soldier's pack"

That's Camels! Cool, extra-mild—with a full-flavored appeal that never wears out its welcome. No matter how many you smoke, Camels don't go flat on your taste. Camels always taste fresh... always taste good! If you're not already a Camel smoker, give them a try today. Let your own individual taste tell you the meaning of the words, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel."



FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS.)